A Well-Spent Life

MEMOIR OF

CORNELIUS NICHOLSON

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Thos Nicholson

BORN MARCH 14, 1804, DIED JULY 5, 1889.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

MEMOIR

OF

CORNELIUS NICHOLSON,

J P., D.L., F.G.S., F S.A.

WITH A SELECTION OF HIS LECTURES AND LETTERS.

KENDAL:
PUBLISHED BY T. WILSON.

1890.

DEDICATION.

TO THE HONOURED MEMORY OF MY MOTHER,

WHO FOR 44 YEARS

ENCOURAGED MY FATHER IN HIS ACTIVE CAREER,

AND BRIGHTENED OUR HAPPY HOME,

THIS LABOUR OF LOVE IS DEDICATED BY HER

SORROWING DAUGHTER,

CORNELIA NICHOLSON.

Ashleigh, Ventnor,
March 14th, 1890.

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MEMOIR OF CORNELIUS NICHOLSON.

"*One man in his time plays many parts.*"

THE active and useful life of my father began in the then quiet village of Ambleside; near the head of Windermere, in that beautiful valley which is guarded by the "Brotherhood of Mountains," which Wordsworth loved so well!

Cornelius Nicholson was born on March 14th, 1804. His parents were in a humble position of life, but they were highly esteemed for uprightness of conduct. His mother was beloved by all her neighbours, she held the office of postmistress in Ambleside for 50 years. She was a woman of strong native sense and sound judgment which every one who came into communication with her instantly recognised. As a proof of the high regard in which Mrs. Nicholson was held, a large portrait of her was presented to her daughters in 1851 as a "tribute of esteem from her friends in Ambleside."

In a letter of condolence, at her death, Harriett Martineau closed with the following sentence:—"Nay, not your mother only, but the mother of us all" (in Ambleside), which graphically expressed the estimation of her friends. In the funeral sermon preached in the Parish Church, on the Sunday following her interment

the vicar described her as a "Mother in Israel," and this sentence forms the motto in a memorial window of stained glass placed by my father in Ambleside church. He often said that he owed all his powers of mind and body to his mother! But she was left a widow at an early age, and had a large family to bring up on slender means, so the struggle of life was hard, and she could not afford to give her son Cornelius as many advantages in education as he craved for. Probably it was well for his character that these early days were full of difficulties, they stimulated his energy, and increased his perseverance. It is as an incentive to other young men, who may now be feeling discouraged in the battle of life, that this short memoir is written.

My father early displayed an insatiable love of learning; being compelled to leave school before the age when men at the present day begin their college career, he determined to educate himself. With his small earnings he bought books (not the yellow-backed novels which poison the minds of young persons now), but standard works, such as Paley's Evidences of Christianity, Plutarch's Lives, &c. These he devoured in his leisure moments, sometimes wandering among his native hills, and sometimes enjoying the beauties of the Lakes.

One day, he and Hartley Coleridge (who was one of his favorite companions), were together in a boat on Windermere, my father was lazily holding the oars while Hartley read aloud from Milton's Works; through some accident the volume slipped from his hand into the water, with an adroit movement Hartley Coleridge

took off his hat and fished up the book out of the lake, and then turning to my father made this clever speech, "there's 'Paradise Lost' regained"!

At the age of 14 (that is to say in 1818), Cornelius Nicholson removed to Kendal, and was apprenticed to Richard Lough, proprietor of the *Kendal Chronicle* newspaper. In the occupation of a compositor, the appetite for knowledge grew upon what it fed. Passing literature and passing criticisms came to him in his daily work, and almost all his evenings were given to books, as many as he could buy or borrow; there was no public circulating library in Kendal open to youths in his station of life at that time, and it probably was this personal need which suggested to him, and urged him to found, the "Kendal Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library," that was the title first given to the "Mechanics' Institute." The circumstances connected with the initiation of this Institution were peculiarly interesting; they will be found minutely described in the pamphlet written for its Jubilee Festival in 1873. It may be noted here that the Kendal Mechanics' Institute was the *first* provincial Institute in England. The London Institute had been originated by Dr. Birkbeck shortly before this, but that was the only one that preceded Kendal, which illustrates the discernment of its author and promoter, who was then only 19 years of age. His official and active association with this Institution brought him into prominence in the town. He was made a member of the committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, and in conjunction with some of the leaders of philanthropy in the neighbourhood, he became a fellow-worker in almost all the local charitable institutions.

It was at about this period of his life that my dear father's marvellous memory was first noticed. He was living in Kendal with an aunt, and one Sunday evening he talked to her of a fine sermon that he had heard preached that day, by a stranger in the Parish Church; soon afterwards the vicar called, and mentioning this striking sermon, he remarked that it was a great pity no reporter had been present, as he should have liked that discourse to have been printed; to which the lady replied, "I believe that my nephew can write it out for you, he repeated a great many passages to me." She requested my father to try what he could do, and the next day he brought her a copy of the whole sermon, which was afterwards shewn to the gifted preacher who said, "these are not only my sentiments but my own words, and I consider it a marvellous achievement for so young a man who did not even take notes at the time the sermon was delivered."

This gift of memory he afterwards cultivated to the great enjoyment of his friends; even to the last few years of his life he was able to repeat long quotations from eminent authors, such as Sheridan's Orations, Coleridge's Hymn to Mont Blanc, Wordsworth's Platonic Ode, and Hood's Eugene Aram. All these were his great favourites; I have often heard my father say that the Hymn to Mont Blanc was a second "Omnia Opera."

In September, 1825, Mr. Nicholson began business as a bookseller and printer in conjunction with Mr. John Hudson, under the firm of "Hudson & Nicholson," prior even to the expiration of his apprenticeship; for he had served his employer so well that his articles were surrendered to him to enable him to commence business,

even in competition with that very master! For more than a year past he had been the incognito editor of the newspaper, doing the double duties of compositor and editor.

In 1830 and 1831 my father was living as a bachelor in Kirkbarrow House, Kirkland, and it was here that he projected and compiled the "Annals of Kendal."

The collection of the materials for this work was a great labour, there not having previously been even a hand-book or a topographical sketch of any kind published. All the facts in earliest history, and in comparatively recent times had to be hunted up after the compiler's day's work was over; it occupied the nights of two winters, and I have heard him say that he not only wrote the manuscript, but he made the paper on which it was written, also the ink, and cut and prepared the quill pen.

The first edition of "The Annals" was published in April, 1832, by Hudson and Nicholson, and in 12 years it was out of print.

The next task taken in hand by Mr. Nicholson was the establishment of a Paper Manufactory at Burneside. The accidental sight of a new paper machine in the Isle of Man inspired him with the resolution of erecting a similar one at Burneside; the only difficulty was the want of working capital, but he found a generous friend in the late Mr. John Wakefield, the banker, who never failed to hold out a helping hand to those who had earned his confidence; with his noble assistance the undertaking was begun, the manufactory prospered, and thirteen years afterwards (in 1845) my father sold the business to Mr. James Cropper.

The following account of the farewell tea party from a contemporary newspaper may be interesting and also the address from the workpeople :—

TEA PARTY AT BURNESIDE.

On Tuesday evening, a most interesting and lively scene was presented in the rural little village of Burneside, when the whole of Mr. C. Nicholson's workpeople were invited by him to a farewell tea-party, on occasion of his closing his long and successful connection with the paper manufactories which are carried on there and at Cowan Head. About 200 persons, including the workpeople and many of Mr. Nicholson's personal friends, were assembled together in a large room at the top of the paper mill, which was most tastefully decorated with *paper* and beautiful flowers. There were three tables placed lengthwise in the room, each covered wtth snow white *paper* table covers, and the window curtains were also ingeniously formed out of the same useful article. The room was decorated all round the walls, rafters, &c. with banners, bearing appropriate devices and mottoes relating to temperance and industry, all cut out of paper likewise. The lady and gentlemen visitors kindly presided at the different tea-trays, assisting Mrs. Nicholson in the distribution of the tea and cakes, of which we need not say there was ample provision. The gentlemen stewards had each a rosette composed of pink paper, and the waiters one of white, so cleverly and tastefully formed, that any one might have mistaken them for beautiful ribbons. There was a band in attendance, who at intervals enlivened the company with their cheerful strains, both vocal and instrumental. After the removal of the tea-things, Mr. Nicholson, labouring under great emotion, addressed the company in a very pleasing manner, saying farewell to his assembled workpeople, at the same time introducing to them his successor, Mr. James Cropper. He dwelt with much feeling upon the happiness he had enjoyed, and the good faith he had always experienced

from them, during the whole period of his connection, recommending them to persevere in the same course which had been productive of so much increased comfort in their homes and families. Many were affected to tears during the delivery of his address, evidently shewing the sincerest regret at the breaking up of a connection which had been productive of so much benefit to all parties. An address signed by all the workpeople, and expressive of their sorrow at parting, was then presented to Mr. Nicholson, who was taken by surprise on receiving it, and acknowledged it in feeling terms. The mutual relations between the employer and the employed, and the advantages of temperance and industry, were appropriately dwelt upon by the several speakers who afterwards addressed the meeting, including J. J. Wilson, Esq., Rev. Ed. Hawkes, J. Whitwell, Esq., J. Cropper, Esq., of Liverpool. This gentleman, whose name has long been connected with the cause of benevolence, and the father of the young gentleman who succeeds Mr. Nicholson, in speaking to the assembled workpeople, affectionately requested them, on behalf of his son, to use the same diligence they had hitherto done, and to assist him to carry out his plans, which he was sure would always be formed with a view to their improvement, as well as to his own interest. The young gentleman seemed to make a very favourable impression on the company, though, as he said, he laboured under the disadvantage of appearing before them at a time when their hearts were filled with regret at parting with a long-tried friend and master. The meeting commenced and ended with the singing of a hymn, and all must have departed to their homes better for having spent a few hours in such a delightful intercourse, as we wish might be universal amongst masters and workpeople, affording, as it does, the best guarantee for the progress of improvement and right feeling.

An address from the work-people of the Burneside and Cowan Head Mills, to C. Nicholson, Esq., on his leaving these concerns.

Burneside, 15 July, 1845.

Sir,—We the work-people employed in Burneside and Cowan Head Mills, respectfully address you on this occasion of your leaving us and these concerns.

We beg leave to assure you, that you and your family have our warmest wishes for the continuance of your well-being, prosperity, and general happiness.

Your general kindness to us on all occasions has commanded our highest respect and esteem, our service in your employ has been a pleasure, we have laboured in peace, and we have been punctually rewarded by you for our labour.

In all cases of sickness, or bereavements in our families, the kind attention, sympathy, and assistance afforded by you and Mrs. Nicholson in these cases, has been a source of consolation and relief to us, in our family afflictions.

We have always been assisted by you in carrying out any good cause in which we engaged, whether for the relief of the distressed, the promotion of virtuous habits, or christian principles, your benevolent efforts on behalf of Richard Walker, your assistance in the Bible Society, and your kind indulgence to us, in the promotion of the Temperance cause, are evidences of your assistance, and efforts to lessen the misery and promote the happiness of those among whom you live.

It has been by your kind indulgence and assistance that we have been privileged to promote the cause of sobriety in this village, more than in any other village in this locality.

This room you have annually given us, for our Temperance festivals, and allowed us to fit it up with your materials on all those occasions as it is now seen. These festivals, you and Mrs. Nicholson have countenanced by your presence, and here among us you have often presided, approved, and commended our efforts in the cause of sobriety.

The recollection of your indulgences and kindness on these and many other occasions call forth our grateful acknowledgements and our sincere and heartfelt thanks at this time.

We know that you have pleasure in the expectation that Mr. Cropper our present employer in all these things will equal, if not exceed you, it is also a consolation to us to know, that your place will in him be so well supplied.

Yet the recollection of the past binds us in affection to you.

And we pray that in all your future engagements, you may be successful and prosperous, that you may be happy yourself, happy in your family, and happy in all your connections, and may you by the exercise of your abilities and influence, prove a blessing to your country and to all around you as long as you live. And may you so live that when you are called hence it may be to enter into the joy of our Lord.

These expressions of our respect and esteem for you, and our acknowledgements for your past favours and kindness we most respectfully beg you accept from us,

Your respectful and obedient servants.

Here follow the signatures.

Mr. John Cropper thus writes to my mother, from Liverpool, his impressions of the affectionate farewell from the workpeople at Burneside :—

Bay Cottage, 17th July, 1845.

My dear Mrs. Nicholson.—I have a note on business from Mr. Nicholson to-day, in which he hopes that I enjoyed the tea-party on Tuesday.

I assure you that I felt, and so does my daughter Sarah, that it was a very interesting sight, and that I only imperfectly expressed what I felt on the occasion, in the few confused and unpremeditated remarks I was called on to make.

It is at all times truly gratifying to one's feelings to receive expressions of affection, but especially so on such an occasion,

and I must say it has impressed me with a very increased interest in the people, who so naturally, and so fully manifested their feelings for both yourself and Mr. Nicholson, to whom they owe so much. I had not expected such a display of kind feeling, and I am therefore rejoiced to think that my son will have such people about him, and I mean it not in the least disparagingly, if I say, that I hope they will not find they have made a change for the worse.

This note affords me the opportunity of conveying to you and to Mr. Nicholson, and to your children, my most sincere good wishes for your future success and happiness in life; but above all, that whilst you are enjoying the fruits of honest, honourable industry, you may not lose sight of a far more valuable inheritance "a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens," purchased at no less a price than with the precious Blood of Christ, and laid up for those who heartily and unfeignedly believe.—Believe me, dear Madam, very sincerely yours,

Jno. Cropper.

The story of my beloved parents' marriage must be given in my father's own words:—"Some years before this time I became attached and betrothed to the lady who was to be the partner and solace of my life, Miss Mary Anne Hudson; but from prudential motives we put off our marriage until my larger business concern, the paper manufactory, was established. So on the 30th of May, 1833, our happiness was consummated in the Parish Church, by the vicar of Kendal, the Revd. John Hudson, who on account of his relationship to the bride, not only married her, but gave her away!. For 44 years we have been signally blessed and mutually comforted. My dear wife passed away into the 'Arms of Jesus' on the 3rd March, 1877.

"These dates shew to me what has not occurred to me before, that in my case March is a notable month. I was born in March, our elder daughter was born in March, and in March I was cut off from my life-long treasure! We have had two very dear daughters given to us, Mary Agnes, born 4th March, 1834, who is now the wife of Mr. James Stuart, of Harrow; and Cornelia, born January 23rd, 1843."

My dear parents lived for two years at Burneside, and in 1835 removed to Cowan Head, where they resided for ten years in a house near the mill.

In the year 1835 my father became a life-member of the British Association for the advancement of Science; he attended many of their annual assemblies, and sometimes took part in the discussions in the geological section, having already given attention to geological investigations.

About this time a close friendship sprang up between him and Mr. Thomas Gough, and they two projected and founded the Kendal Natural History & Scientific Society. Their first efforts were but coldly received, they issued a printed circular inviting the attendance of gentlemen and tradesmen at a meeting to be held in a large room at the Commercial Hotel, to pass resolutions for the establishment of the Society. The rules were drawn up by my father, who became honorary secretary, but the meeting was a complete failure; only one gentleman appeared, beside the two promoters, namely Mr. W. D. Crewdson, of Helm Lodge.

Not to be daunted, however, the two young men personally canvassed the town, and the next formal invitation produced a good meeting. Mr. Gough took

the office of curator of the Museum, and my father frequently contributed essays and lectures, one of which, on the "Roman Road over High Street," will be found at the end of this memoir.

The report of a special general meeting held in September, 1836, may be read with interest by the survivors of those whose names are mentioned; and the letter from Professor Sedgwick is worthy of note.

KENDAL NATURAL HISTORY & SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The projectors and directors of the Kendal Natural History and Scientific Society, have eminent reasons for congratulation on the success of their undertaking. It is congratulatory also, and complimentary to the public-spirited gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. We should doubt whether any institution of a similar character—combining instruction with gratification, alike honourable and elevating to the mind—ever made more rapid advances in a comparatively small town. To illustrate these remarks, it will only be necessary to give a bare statement of the proceedings of the society since its establishment.

The first object of the committee was to obtain suitable premises—comprising apartments for the Museum and Library, and conveniences, as a residence, for the sub-curator and librarian. The committee were peculiarly fortunate in meeting with the premises in Lowther Street, which had been temporarily occupied as the Bank of Westmorland, and which they engaged on lease, for 21 years. The room for the Museum is perhaps the most eligible of any room that could be found in the town. It is approached by a staircase which conducts at once from the entrance hall. It is well lighted at both ends; from the south-east by a large oriel window, which throws light up both sides of the room. The furniture of the museum

is elegant and well arranged, displaying the plumage of the birds, and the beauties of the specimens generally, to great advantage. The museum is ordered to be open to subscribers and their friends, during the Winter, from ten till one, and from two till four, daily (Sundays excepted).

At a special general meeting of the Society, held on the 22nd September, 1836, three important rules were added to the code of laws which had previously been adopted for the government of the Society (and which were advertised in this paper). These rules were for the purpose of investing the property of the Society in four trustees, for the better security of the said property to the use and benefit of the members. The trustees appointed were, Edward Wilson, Esq., John Richards, Esq., Isaac Braithwaite, Esq., and Mr. Samuel Marshall. It was announced at this meeting, that the Earl of Lonsdale accepted with pleasure the office of patron, and kindly promised to promote, as far as he was able, the objects of the Society. At this meeting also, the following persons were elected honorary members of the Society :—

Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaux.
W. Wordsworth, Esq.
Dr. Dalton.
Dr. Holme, Manchester.
Dr. Birkbeck.
Dr. Southey.
Professor Sedgwick.
Professor Wilson, (Christopher North).
Gilpin Gorst, Esq.

There were, besides, *forty* ordinary members elected, which makes the present total number of members, 94! Letters have been received from Lord Brougham, Dr. Southey, W. Wordsworth, Esq., Dr. Holme, and Professor Sedgwick, severally acknowledging their election as honorary members. The letter of Professor Sedgwick rises so high above the formality of the occasion, and seems at once so creditable to the writer

and complimentary to the design of the institution, that we cannot withhold its publication :—

To the Secretary of the Kendal Natural History and Scientific Society. (*C. Nicholson.*)

Trinity College, Cambridge, Oct. 22, 1835.

Sir,—I have this moment, on my return to College, become acquainted with the honor conferred upon me by the Kendal Natural History and Scientific Society at their general meeting on the 22nd of September last. A distinction like this, offered by a set of independent men, united together for the promotion of scientific inquiries, must ever be regarded by me with feelings of honest pride; and I beg leave to assure your society that my sentiments are increased tenfold by the thought that I am now enrolled among gentlemen and fellow-labourers, who live in the county of my birth, and with some of whom I have long been on terms of cordial friendship. I am anxious that you should consider this not merely as a formal letter of thanks, but also as an expression of congratulation on the organization of your society, of good hopes for its future success, and of my hearty willingness to co-operate with the working portion of its members in any way in which I can make myself of use to them.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most faithful servant,

A. Sedgwick.

The next public undertaking which Mr. Nicholson projected was the reservoir in Kentmere, which was accomplished with the aid of Mr. John Wakefield of Sedgwick. The River Kent often had failed in the summer months to supply the requisite motor to the water wheels of the mills; and in winter the superabundance was again an obstruction to work, so the Kentmere reservoir was designed to regulate the flow

of water, and it has answered fully and satisfactorily the purpose for which it was formed.

The enterprise which called forth most prominently the energy and persistence of my father's mind, was the introduction of Railways through Westmorland. In the obituary notices of his life in the various newspapers after his decease, he is almost invariably styled "one of the pioneers of Railways in the North"! Many of his old friends have begged him several times to write the history of their introduction into Westmorland and Cumberland, but he always refused, saying he could not do so correctly without mentioning too prominently his own share in the struggle. *Now* when he has passed away, I shall not be blamed for recording with pleasure, and with filial pride, the efforts which he made for the public good, which eventually were crowned with success. It will be noticed from the quotations which I am enabled to give from the newspapers of that period, how heartily these efforts were recognised by the gentlemen who worked with him.

The battle began in 1836, and was continued till the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Act was obtained in May, 1844. There was a severe contest between the east coast towns, Stockton, Newcastle, &c., the west towns, Whitehaven, Maryport, &c., and the central towns, Kendal and Carlisle, for the favour of the great trunk line of railway to connect London with Edinburgh and Glasgow; Kendal took the lead in this contest, and my father conducted the forces from first to last, almost single-handed. There was no prospect, at that time, that any more than one through line could pay between the Metropolis and Scotland.

In 1837 he wrote and published a stirring pamphlet which really originated the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, and the Caledonian Railway Companies ; it was entitled "The London and Glasgow Railway through Westmorland and Cumberland: the interests of Kendal considered." This appeal to the inhabitants of Kendal woke them up to the conviction that unless they bestirred themselves their manufactures would be stranded. This pamphlet has been long out of print, but it seems to me too important to be forgotten, it will be found printed on a future page.

A railway committee was at length formed of which Mr. Nicholson was appointed secretary; he visited Penrith and Carlisle personally, and procured the formation of committees in these towns also. But the greatest task consisted in raising the requisite amount of capital, £1,200,000! And here the projector must certainly have failed if he had not been able to persuade the Railway companies already in operation between London and Lancaster to subsidise the projected Lancaster and Carlisle branch. In this, after repeated efforts, he succeeded. The afore-mentioned companies promised £500,000, and the remaining £750,000 was raised by dint of personal canvassing in the district, Fortunately the Bill was not opposed in Parliament, else it must have been thrown out on standing orders, for so hastily were the plans prepared, that one portion of them was copied out from the county map! A contract for the construction of the railway was formally executed on the night before the Bill went to the chairman of the committees, by Mr. C. Nicholson on the one part, and by Messrs. Brassey, Mackenzie, & Co. on the other

part, so the engineer had no difficulty in proving the sufficiency of the capital. Two witnesses only were called, Mr. Errington, the engineer (partner of Mr. Joseph Locke), and my father, who proved the preamble of the Bill, and the traffic tables which had been prepared solely by himself. He turned the first sod of the railway in Grayrigg, and the line was opened in September, 1846. The following is the account of the opening ceremonies from the "Kendal Mercury" of September 21st, 1846.

OPENING OF THE LANCASTER AND CARLISLE RAILWAY TO KENDAL.

The formal opening of this railway, as far as Kendal, took place on Monday, Sep. 21st, 1846. This event has long been looked forward to by the inhabitants of this town and the immediate neighbourhood with great interest; and expectation was the more eager, in consequence of the several delays that had taken place, after it had been publicly understood that all was ready for active operations. General Pasley, the Government Superintendent of Railways, went over the line on Friday, and gave his certificate of approval of *one* line, the eastern, and the directors of the Lancaster and Carlisle, in conjunction with those of the Windermere Railway, appointed Monday for the active commencement of traffic. The day was beautifully fine, and the proceedings throughout were everything that could be wished. A short history of the line, with a glance at the works upon it and the stations, will, we doubt not, be acceptable in this place to our readers. It must, however, be understood that we speak only of that portion of it which has been opened.

THE HISTORY OF THE LINE.

The subject of a railway communication to Kendal was mooted as early as the year 1837, by Mr. Nicholson, the present

Mayor of the Borough, who published a pamphlet on "The London and Glasgow Railway through Westmorland and Cumberland." Mr. Nicholson forcibly pointed out the injury that Kendal would sustain if it were left isolated, and, to use the words of Mr. Errington at the Whitehall Rooms, "it is a fact notorious to the railway world," that the frightful pictures of desolation which he presented, stimulated the energies of the Kendal people, and the result is that the metropolis of Westmorland, so abundant in facilities both for manufactures and agriculture, now possesses every required advantage for the full development of its resources.

A western line to Scotland would, under any circumstances, have been made; but the route by Kendal was declared to be impracticable; and even if that town could be brought upon the line, the passage over Shap Fells was pronounced to be out of engineering possibility. The question, however, was one that was worth agitating, and the most careful and diligent surveys were instituted. A very good and direct line was traced by Mr. Amsinck through Longsleddale by Bampton to Penrith, but it was found that a tunnel would have to be made underneath the town of Lancaster, and the porphyritic mountain of Gatescarth would have to be cut through for two miles and 21 chains, so that it became necessary to abandon the idea of a communication in that direction.

In the meantime, a government commission had been appointed, consisting of Sir F. Smith, R.E., and Professor Barlow, to inquire into the subject of Railway Communication between London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; and those gentlemen, being opposed to a line both on the eastern and western coast of the island, pronounced in favour of a western line, and the claims of Kendal came again into consideration. They condemned at once the idea of a line across Morecambe Bay as visionary, and gave an opinion in favour of a line up the Lune, by Hornby, Kirkby Lonsdale, and Sedbergh, as *per se* the most direct. Kendal would, however, have been removed at least ten miles from the route of communication, and the Commis-

sioners (to quote their own words) feeling how desirable were "the advantages of railway communication to the population of the lower part of the valley of the Kent, and to the thriving town of Kendal in particular," suggested the possibility of discovering an inland line, which, while it avoided the formidable barrier of Gatescarth, might still approach the town. Such a line was found at the foot of the Grayrigg Fells, and the "amalgamation" of the rival inland lines takes place about nine miles from Orton. The railway does not approach Kendal closer than Oxenholme; but this is as near as it could be brought, and the intervening space of about two miles is supplied by the Kendal and Windermere line.

A company was accordingly formed to raise a capital of £1,200,000, with power to increase their capital by the additional amount of £400,000. But great difficulty was experienced in getting the shares taken up and it was feared that the scheme would be abortive, when the Grand Junction, seeing the importance of promoting this line as a grand trunk line, of which their own line would form an essential link, came to the rescue and took shares to the amount of £250,000. The Bill was immediately brought into Parliament. It passed without any considerable opposition in the session of 1844, and the works were begun in the month of September of the same year. The prospectus was for only a single line of rails, but it was thought advisable at once to enlarge the plan, and the proprietors having borrowed the additional amount, which their act empowered them to do, determined most judiciously that a double line should be at once laid down.

THE WORKS ON THE LINE.

The engineers are Messrs. Locke and Errington, and the contractors Messrs. Brassey and Stephenson. The contractors undertook to have it open throughout in 18 months from the commencement of the works; but circumstances, which they could not control, have prevented the accomplishment of their intentions, and it is no small proof of their vigour and energy,

that they have been enabled to bring their task so near to completion as they have done.

The distance to Oxenholme from the Lancaster terminus in Meeting House Lane is not quite 20 miles, which, with the two miles of the Windermere Line, makes the whole length a little less than the coach road. The line joins the Lancaster and Preston about a mile south of the Penny Street Station in the former town, and proceeds westward through a very deep cutting, and it is thence carried by two great embankments of considerable length to the river Lune. The second embankment is ended by a row of eight stone and brick arches of 53 feet span, leading to the viaduct over the Lune. This viaduct is a stupendous construction, and it will greatly ornament the town, as well as be useful in affording a foot passage along side, but railed off from the lines. It consists of three arches, 120 feet span, crossing the river, and of seven smaller arches on each side. The height is 53 feet to the rails. The line, as originally laid out, passed to the east of the town of Lancaster, crossing the river above the town, and thus avoiding any interference with the navigation. A petition was, however, presented to the Company by the inhabitants of Lancaster, to alter the line so as to pass nearer the town. This request was acceded to, and the Company obtained a bill last year, authorising them to make the Lancaster Deviation Line, which is the line now constructed; and it has been completed, including the viaduct over the river Lune, in little more than a year.

The bridge over the Canal and the Aldcliffe Lane at Lancaster is a light and elegant structure, of two cast-iron arches of 30 feet span. At the point where the line crosses the Milnthorpe turnpike road is a bridge of very peculiar construction, being very much askew. It is built of freestone from the quarries at Lancaster. The angle at which this bridge is built is 30 degrees.

The bridge over the Keer is the only timber bridge on the line. It has been built of timber in order to ensure perfect security in a soil, the treacherous nature of which is sufficiently

shewn by the misshapen arch which carries the turnpike road over the river close to this point.

The viaduct over the river Bela is a handsome bridge of two arches, beautifully situated, and forming a pretty object in the landscape. The bold and rugged limestone of which it is built is procured from the adjacent hill of Farlton Knott and the ridge above Beetham, which can be seen from this point. It is very suitable for railway masonry, its massive, weather-beaten appearance giving every security for its stability. This stone has been employed on all the line from Carnforth to Kendal, and even further north. Any visitor who will climb the hill to visit the quarries where this stone is procured will be well repaid for his trouble. It is indeed an interesting sight to see so many workmen engaged, some in hewing the stone to form blocks on which the rails are laid, and others cutting it with greater care and precision to the shapes required for the various bridges. These quarries belong to Messrs. Waithman and Davidson.

We must not omit the two very extensive cuttings on the line, which are at Carnforth and Cinderbarrow, at each of which places upwards of 150,000 cubic yards have been excavated. The former of these cuttings is half a mile long and averages fifty feet in depth, and the other is a mile long and thirty feet deep. The cuttings through the limestone rock at Natland Brow and Greenhead have been tedious and expensive works. Near Bolton-le-Sands is an extensive embankment of nearly 20 feet high, made over a peat-moss of 20 feet in depth, which, as will be readily credited, swallowed an immense quantity of earth; but it is now perfectly consolidated.

There are twenty-four bridges over the railway along the line from Lancaster to Kendal, and under it there are thirty-eight. This is exclusive of cattle-gates. The amount of earthwork is about a million and a half of cubic yards, or upwards of 70,000 per mile. The cost of constructing the line will be about £17,000 per mile. The average number of men that have been employed on the line is about 1,200.

THE STATIONS.

The stations are five in number, and are from the designs of Mr. Tite, who built the new Royal Exchange in London. The station at Meeting House Lane, which will ultimately supersede that in Penny Street, is a very beautiful building, of freestone, in the Elizabethan style, and is built, as are the other stations, under the direction of Mr. Hembrow, architect to the contractors. We arrive next at Hest Bank station, which is beautifully situated on the edge of Morecambe Bay. Hest Bank, as we need not inform our readers, is a very favourite bathing resort, and there is no doubt that it will be still more frequented by visitors now that the railway renders access to it so easy. The next station is at Carnforth; after which comes the station for Holme and Burton, which will also accommodate the Yealands, Silverdale, and Beetham. The Milnthorpe station is next, and this, it is expected, will be a leading station, as being the nearest point to Ulverstone, and the southern portion of the Lake District. The Kendal station, as we have before mentioned, is at Longpool, and is on the Windermere line. The building, which is temporary, is of wood, and we trust ere long to see it replaced by an erection as imposing and commodious as the station-house at Penrith.

THE EXCURSION.

But we must haste to speak of the more immediate business of the day. Mr. Hasell, Major Maclean, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Salkeld represented the directors of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway; and the Windermere directors appeared in the person of Mr. W. Whitwell, Mr. J. J. Wilson, Mr. Harrison, Hundhow, and Mr. Cropper. It had been intended to leave the Long Pool station in Kendal at half-past eleven o'clock; but a considerable delay took place in consequence of the carriages not arriving from Lancaster so soon as was expected, and it was not till 12h. 20m. that all was ready to start. There were about 150 ladies and gentlemen in the train, which consisted of

six carriages, and precisely at the time mentioned, the train was put in motion, amid the hearty cheers of the vast assemblage of spectators and the strains of a brass-band, which had been engaged for the occasion. The train was drawn by the *Dalemain*, a new engine belonging to the Lancaster and Carlisle Company, and upon the engine were Mr. Errington and Mr. Worthington. Oxenholme was reached in eight minutes, and Sedgwick by 12h. 42m. Fourteen minutes more brought the train to Holme; Carnforth was neared at five minutes after one, where a stoppage of three minutes took place to take in water, and where the coach that had left Kendal at half-past eleven was passed; and the train arrived at the station in Meeting House Lane, at Lancaster, precisely at 1.22, the distance between the two termini being thus accomplished in six minutes within the hour. We have travelled on many lines, and we can truly say that we have never passed over a line where less rocking and unsteadiness of motion were felt. A considerable delay took place at Lancaster, where a fresh train, consisting of thirteen carriages, was in waiting, into which the travellers from Kendal were transferred. The train, thus enlarged, contained at least 400 individuals, and was drawn by the engine *Bela*, Mr. Trevethick, superintendent of the locomotive department at Crewe,—for the Grand Junction, or as it is now called the "London and North Western Railway Company," on whose line Crewe is an important station, furnished the working plant,—taking charge of it. The return journey did not commence till near two o'clock, and it was a few minutes after three when the Kendal terminus was reached. The Castle Hill, and every other eminence from which a sight of the novel travelling array could be obtained, was crowded with spectators, who cheered most enthusiastically, and at the different stations, particularly at Milnthorpe, the reception was equally animated and vivacious.

The course of the line from the Viaduct is towards Hest Bank; Morecambe Bay on the left, with Black Combe, Coniston Old Man, and other adjoining hills for a background, forming

without exception one of the boldest and most picturesque views we ever beheld. The sea being calm, the bay, almost closed in by the hills, had all the appearance of an extensive lake, and the scene was one which elicited general admiration. Leaving Hest Bank in the rear, we are whisked past Bolton on the right, with its church whose clock is famed as one of the best in England; and then we approach Carnforth. The line thence passes east of Warton and west of Burton, reaching Cinderbarrow. Two miles north of this is the Holme station, where the line stretches along an embankment two miles in length, crossing the river Beetha, and having on the east Farleton Knot. It then proceeds to the Milnthorpe station, which is in the course of erection, and to the Rowel cut, passing Sedgwick, where there is a cutting half a mile long and forty feet deep, and running along an embankment a quarter of a mile long and sixty feet in depth. Passing under the Burton and Lancaster road, the line extends to Oxenholme, at which point, as we have previously intimated, the Kendal and Windermere line joins the Lancaster and Carlisle, the gradient of the incline to Kendal being 1 in 80.

The coach-drive between Lancaster and Kendal, particularly *via* Milnthorpe, is known to be one of the most delightful rides in the kingdom. The railway, it will be seen, so far from detracting from its picturesqueness of effect, has added greatly to it, and many new views have been opened out, which the poet Gray would call "little unsuspected paradises." The view which is presented of Kendal low down in the valley, just as you approach the junction at Oxenholme, is most striking; and, in fact, all those views with which the traveller has long been familiar, gain much in effect from the commanding and elevated situation from which you are enabled to survey them.

We have great pleasure in adding that not a single accident or mischance of any description occurred, and it is impossible that anything could have been more complete and satisfactory, whether in the arrangement or the details than the "opening-day" of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway.

The day was celebrated as a holiday in Kendal, all the shops being closed, and the grand event was looked upon as the dawn of revived prosperity.

DEJEUNER AT THE WHITEHALL IN KENDAL.

Immediately on the return of the train from Lancaster, those ladies and gentlemen to whom invitations had been sent by the Directors of the Kendal and Windermere Railway, who gave the entertainment, repaired to the Whitehall Buildings in New Street, where a most splendid and *recherche* collation, prepared by Mr. Fisher, of the Commercial Inn, was set out. The *dejeuner* took place in the Assembly Room, and nearly 150 guests sat down. C. Nicholson, Esq., the mayor of Kendal, presided. He was supported on his left by Mr. Alderman Thompson, one of the county members, and by E. W. Hasell, Esq., chairman of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, on his right. John Wakefield, Esq,, of Sedgwick, officiated as vice. Amongst the guests present we observed the Rev. J. W. Barnes, vicar of Kendal; Rev. J. F. Amos, the curate; W. Rotherham, Esq., of Liverpool, one of the directors of the London and North Western Railway; R. Garnett, Esq., Quernmore, near Lancaster; J. Bryans, Esq., Bellefield, Bowness; J. T. Clay, Esq., Croft Lodge; Joseph Salkeld, Esq., Penrith; Henry Howard, Esq., of Greystoke; Major Maclean, Penrith; J. E. Errington, Esq., J. B. Worthington, Esq., Wm. Robinson, Esq., Thomas Swainson, Esq., Thomas Johnson, Esq., S. E. Bolden, Esq., H. Baldwin, Esq., all of Lancaster; Thomas Harrison, Esq., Dr. Proudfoot, Wm. Longmire, Esq., James Noble, Esq., J. J. Wilson, Esq., Wm. Whitwell, Esq., of Kendal; Wm. Fothergill, Esq., Bridge House, near Kendal; John Harrison, Esq., Hundhow; Messrs. Stephenson and Mould, the contractors, &c., &c., &c.

Grace was said before sitting down to the table by the Rev. the vicar, and on the conclusion of the repast by the Rev. J. F. Amos.

Full justice having been done to the delicacies served up from the *cuisine* of Mrs. Fisher, the chairman proceeded at once to business, apologising for the apparent haste, as it was necessary to return in a very short time to Lancaster.

The MAYOR said he rose to give the company who had honoured the Kendal and Windermere Railway Directors with their presence, a hearty welcome. They had met in the room later than was expected, but the delay was unavoidable. He regretted it the more, as it would shorten the period they would have to spend together, for it had been arranged that the train should return shortly to Lancaster, where a dinner was to take place. He begged, therefore, that they would do the eating and drinking with speed, as they ought to do on occasion of the opening of a railway (laughter). He had to apologise for the absence, from ill health, of their respected chairman, Mr. John Gandy, and it was on account of his absence that the duty of presiding devolved on him (Mr. Nicholson), as vice-chairman. There would be no time to spare from the refreshment part of their duties, for speech making, and, moreover, the principal part of the speaking would be reserved for after dinner: but there were one or two toasts which it was necessary to give, and these he should content himself with proposing with all due brevity. He once more welcomed them most cordially, and begged that they would enjoy themselves as cheerfully as they could for an hour or so (cheers and laughter).

The CHAIRMAN then gave "The Queen," "Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal Family."

The CHAIRMAN said, in proposing "The Lord Lieutenant of the County," he did not wish that the health of that nobleman should be drunk as a mere matter of formality. He was entitled to the distinction partly from his connection with the county, and pre-eminently so from the active share he had taken in the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway. He (the chairman) believed it was he who discovered the pass that unites the valley of the Lune and the valley of the Kent in the iron

bonds of a railway (cheers); and he was entitled for that service to every honour that could be paid to him. He was also a great friend of railways, independently of his connection with the Lancaster and Carlisle; and he was sure that they would join in cordially drinking "the health of the Earl of Lonsdale, the Lord Lieutenant of the County" (loud cheers).

The CHAIRMAN said he would give them "the Members of the County." One of them he was happy to see among them on that occasion, and he was sure that pressing engagements only prevented the attendance of the other. Of Colonel Lowther, it was needless to say that every one respected him who knew him. Alderman Thompson, whom he had the pleasure of seeing at his right hand, was one of those enterprising spirits who did so much credit to the country; and he had, by his great talents and unwearied industry, won his way to the highest honours. He begged to give them "the Members of the County."

Mr. Ald. THOMPSON, on rising, was received with applause. He said he begged to thank them on behalf of his gallant colleague and himself, for the compliment that had been paid to them. He also begged to return his sincere thanks to his friend, the chairman, for the very flattering manner in which he had been kind enough to introduce the names of the County members. He was sure that the chairman had faithfully accounted for the absence of his colleague. He (Mr. Ald. Thompson) believed that he was in a distant part of the country, and he felt sure that had he been within the limits of the county, he would have been present to answer for himself. He (Mr. Ald. Thompson) would not be unmindful of the hint that had been given, that, as their stay in that room must be of short duration, the speeches must be brief also. He believed that few people made shorter speeches than himself, and if he were to make a long speech on that occasion, it would be the first time he had done so (laughter); but he could not forego the expression of his gratification at the event they were met that day to celebrate. He reciprocated to the fullest extent

those feelings of hopeful anticipation that the promoters of the scheme entertained. He was himself a native of the county, and he should be most unjust—nay, most ungrateful if he did not take an interest in all that concerned its welfare (applause), and no undertaking could tend more to the general prosperity of the county than the railways which were in progress. It was well known that the people of Westmorland were an industrious and persevering race, but the county was at a great distance from the chief markets of the manufacturing districts. Thanks, however, to the enterprise of the age, those markets were now close to our doors (applause). It was impossible but that great and signal advantages must accrue to all who were connected with the soil from the facilities that were thus opened out. With regard to the agricultural portion of the community, he had always felt that they laboured under great disadvantages in getting their produce into the best markets. A glance at the difference of price that prevailed in the local markets and the great towns to which he referred, would show at once, and most convincingly, that the farmers of this county would get a more remunerating price for their articles, and, at the same time, the cost would be lowered to the consumer. It was anomalous that the price of butter should only be 9d. in the Kendal market, while in Manchester it fetched as much as 16d. the pound.* There existed a mutuality between the residents of different districts, and what he had mentioned was only a small portion of the blessings which he trusted the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway would bring with it (applause). But they were now in the town of Kendal, which used to be one of the most considerable manufacturing towns in the kingdom. The distinction had been lost from the want of an outlet for its goods, and it had fallen in consequence behind other towns. All those disadvantages were about to be removed, and there would now be an easy access to Liverpool

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* The worthy Alderman has here fallen into an error. Butter has been for some time at a shilling a pound in Kendal market.—P.D. 1846.

and other places, whence their manufactures might be exported. He was afraid he was trespassing on their time, but there was one circumstance to which he must advert. The line which was partially opened that day, showed what science could effect, and did the greatest credit to the engineer. A few years ago, difficulties were thought to exist which it was impossible to surmount. But the skill of the engineer, aided by the enterprising capitalists who had supported his measures, had overcome every obstacle, and the inhabitants of Kendal were on the eve of a new era (cheers). He again thanked them for the honour they had done him in inviting him to that splendid entertainment, and congratulated them on the brightening prospects that were before them.

The CHAIRMAN rose to take advantage of the speech that had just been delivered, and to make it the preface to the toast of the afternoon, "Success to the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, and health and happiness to its chairman Mr. Hasell" (loud cheers). He (the chairman) would add but a single observation to what had fallen from the last speaker, and that was, that the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway was the best engineered line in the kingdom. It was therefore the cheapest, and passing through such a country as it did, it did the greatest credit to the engineers, Messrs. Locke and Errington. He begged to give the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, and the health of the chairman, Mr. Hasell.

MR. HASELL was received with loud applause. He said he was very sorry that the first office which the mayor had to perform was to interfere with one of those banners which spoke of success to the Lancaster and Carlisle and the Windermere Railways, but he trusted that it was no omen of ill success (laughter and cheers). Long speeches were proscribed, if indeed under any circumstances they would be suitable to an occasion like the presnt, and he was therefore glad that his friend, the worthy member for Westmorland, had, by the observations that had fallen from him, done away with the necessity of alluding further to the benefits which the line whose opening

they had met to celebrate, would confer upon the town. Those advantages were very great and very obvious, and the interest which was manifested by their meeting together on that occasion, proved that they were fully sensible of them. The engineers had much difficulty in planning the line, and with regard to the directors, the praise that had been bestowed upon him was much more justly due to his brother directors than to himself. This he might say, that if ever there was a body of men anxious faithfully to discharge their duties, it was his brother directors and himself. They had among them gentlemen engaged in manufactures and gentlemen engaged in agriculture, but all had acted unitedly together as one man, and he trusted that, through the skill of their engineers, one of whom he was happy to see present, the railway would be soon working with great speed and safety. He (Mr. H.) felt assured that it would prove of great advantage not only to the inhabitants of this part of the country, but to the nation at large, for it was one of the large trunk railways passing from London to Scotland. It was no trifling object which the directors had under their care, and most thankful should he be to Almighty Providence, if they should be enabled to carry out their great work (cheers). The progress thus far made was fully satisfactory, and when it was remembered that they had that morning passed to Lancaster in three-quarters of an hour, or at the rate of thirty miles an hour, while with a much heavier train they had returned in an hour and five minutes, or at the rate of twenty miles an hour, they were not indulging unfounded hopes that in the course of six or eight weeks there would be opened out to the public a line surpassed by none in the kingdom. All that had been said at the outset about difficult gradients had been shown to be unfounded. The remarks which he (Mr. Hasell) had made applied principally to that railway which they had brought nearly to completion, and which was to connect London with Glasgow and even with Edinburgh, and forward to Johnny Groat's House, and up into the Highlands as far as might be found needful; but it might be said the line you are describing

is a mile from the town of Kendal, and the question would be asked, how are you to get thither? He (Mr. Hasell) would therefore introduce to their notice a little railway, which a friend of theirs had described as a gem of a railway (cheers). He hoped it would introduce many gems from the south, and turn out a glittering gem in the shape of money glittering in the the pockets of the proprietors (applause). His friend, as a director of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, had yielded to none in diligence to push the interests of the main line, and the Windermere line was a capital connecting link with it. He begged to propose the health of the directors of the Kendal and Windermere line, coupling with it the name of the chairman, whose services at the board of directors of the other railway they had been very sorry to lose (loud cheers).

The CHAIRMAN, in responding, said he was firmly persuaded that the Kendal and Windermere had yet to prove what it was capable of, and that it would confer on the town of Kendal advantages more than he dared to mention. It would also confer on the inhabitants of the lake district benefits of which they had no idea. It would be also signally useful to the working classes, in drawing them away from the haunts of vice and intemperance, and open out to them the beauties of nature, by which their minds would be enlarged and their hearts expanded. With regard to the Lancaster and Carlisle, it might be pardonable in him to indulge in a feeling of pride, for he had ten years ago written in its favour. To suppose that a railway could be constructed through such a line of country was by many thought to be impracticable; and if it could be made, it was pronounced that it could never reward the proprietors. But he would not detain them with further observations on behalf of the Windermere Railway directors: he thanked them for the compliment that had been paid them. Before he sat down, he begged to propose the health of his excellent friend, and their friend—as he was sure of the friendship of all who knew him,—the vicar of Kendal (loud cheers).

The VICAR briefly responded. He feared the chairman in speaking of him in the way in which he had done, had caught somewhat of the railway mania, and had gone too fast (laughter). He, however, cordially and sincerely thanked them for the honour they had done him.

The VICE-CHAIRMAN briefly proposed the "Health of the ladies who had honoured them with their presence," and Mr. Hasell suggested that the name of the lady of the chairman should be placed at the head of the list.

The CHAIRMAN appropriately acknowledged the compliment. He also begged to propose the "Healths of the Engineers, Mr. Locke and Mr. Errington." It was impossible, he said, to speak in terms of exaggeration of the ability with which the line had been first laid down and carried out (loud cheers).

Mr. ERRINGTON rose to return thanks. He would willingly have dispensed with the honour which had been paid to the engineers, were it only for the purpose of saving time. For his own part, he begged in the fewest words to thank them most sincerely, not only for drinking their healths, but for the good temper and patience which had been extended towards them. His friend, Mr. Locke, he was sure, would feel that his absence on that occasion was a great deprivation; but he was that moment engaged in opening another railway, or under any other circumstances he would have been present. He (Mr. Errington) hoped and trusted that what had been accomplished would be for the public good. Would they permit him, on behalf of the railway authorities, to express the deep obligation which they felt, for the lively interest that had been manifested by the public in the spiritual welfare of the railway labourers? This was a mark of benevolence which reflected the highest credit on the men who had so exerted themselves. Mr. E. continued, he should not be performing his duty if he did not mention what was a fact notorious to all the railway world, that their worthy chairman had had more to do with bringing the line in that direction than any other individual. In fact, it was he who had absolutely turned the railway

towards Kendal (loud cheers). No one had exerted himself so untiringly to secure the benefit of railway communication to Kendal, and it was only due to their chairman to bear this testimony in his behalf.

The VICE-CHAIRMAN gave the health of the contractors, Messrs. Brassey and Stephenson.

Mr. HASELL bore testimony to the efforts of Mr. Stephenson, and regretted that he had in his former address forgotten to advert to them.

Mr. ERRINGTON had also omitted to do that justice to the contractors which they deserved, in stating their earnest desire to carry out the work. Notwithstanding the unfortunate accidents that had occurred, it was impossible that greater care and precaution could have been exercised. The contractors had about thirty thousand men in their control and pay, and that fact was itself the strongest proof that they were men of great vigour and experience (loud cheers).

Mr. STEPHENSON appropriately responded. He said he had long looked forward with pleasure to that day. He cordially thanked them for the way in which the name of the contractors had been mentioned. If the engineers and the directors had not worked hand in hand with them, they could not have accomplished what they had done, and their labours would not have been so near a happy close. He hoped that, in six or eight weeks, the line would be opened throughout. They had very cross-grained materials to deal with, but the directors might be assured that everything should be done which lay within the compass of human means (applause).

The CHAIRMAN said there was a stranger present, whose name he begged to introduce to them. He meant Mr. R. Garnett, who was largely connected with the London and Birmingham Railway, and was also a director of the Lancaster and Preston line. He proposed the health of Mr. Robt. Garnett and the strangers present.

Mr. GARNETT, in responding, said, he must congratulate the meeting on the auspicious occasion that had called them together. It was a most important occasion, and he trusted that all the benefits would be realised to the town and the country generally, which were anticipated. He trusted and felt sure that the expectation of the engineers and contractors would be realised to the fullest extent (applause).

Mr. Ald. THOMPSON said, the meeting must not separate without an acknowledgment to his excellent friend at the bottom of the table (Mr. Wakefield). Every one who knew him, knew that not a public work was proposed which he did not encourage and promote with all the activity in his power.

The VICE-CHAIRMAN believed he was the only one who adhered to the rule laid down of making short speeches (laughter). He cordially thanked them for the honour done him.

The CHAIRMAN here rose, and the company dispersed, preparatory to the starting of the next train for Lancaster.

THE RETURN TO LANCASTER.

Soon after Six the train was in movement on its return to Lancaster, where it arrived shortly after seven, the distance having been performed in a few minutes above the hour. About half-past seven o'clock a party of upwards of forty gentlemen sat down to dinner at the King's Arms, given in honour of the occasion by the directors of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Company, on which Mr. Pritt had lavished all his art, and with the completest success. The table was replenished with every delicacy of the season, and the wines, including Johanisbergh, Claret, Champagne, &c., flowed in generous profusion in honour of the successful issue of the day's proceedings. Mr. Hasell, chairman of the Company, most ably presided, and Mr. John Wakefield, deputy chairman, did the duties of vice with his well known heartiness and good humour. Mr. Barnes, the vicar of Kendal, who was among the guests, said grace.

"The Queen."

"Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family."

The CHAIRMAN said the next toast was the "Army and Navy." He did not know whether any member of the latter profession was present, but he was happy to see that a gentleman who had been a very good and efficient army officer was present, a gentleman who by his engineering knowledge had done good service to the Railway company. He begged to give the "Army and Navy, and the health of Major Maclean."

Major MACLEAN begged leave to return thanks for the honour that had been done the army in drinking his health. He was sorry there was no officer present belonging to the naval service, but he might say for both professions, that they looked for no better reward than the approbation of their fellow citizens. They never ceased to look upon themselves as citizens, and whether a shorter or a longer period of service elapsed, they had no greater gratification than in diligently performing their duty in private life, and could receive no higher reward than the approbation of their fellow citizens. The chairman had spoken of his services to the railway, but they had been very slight, and he did not think that part of the chairman's speech required from him any observation.

"The Members for the Borough, Messrs. Greene and Marton."

The CHAIRMAN said the toast he was about to give was one which, under ordinary circumstances, he would have given without comment, he meant "The Members for the County:" but it ought on that occasion to be mentioned that when their bill was in the Commons, one of their members had materially contributed to its successful progress. Nothing could be more strenuous than the mode in which he conducted the passing of the bill. He was sure they would most cordially respond, when he called on them to drink the health of Mr. Patten with very marked attention (cheers). The other member, Mr. Talbot Clifton, was a young man, but he had no doubt his services would be equally efficient as those of his colleague, should they

have occasion to employ them in a similar manner. He was sorry to hear that Mr. Patten was labouring under a very severe domestic affliction. He would not further detain them than by proposing the "Health of the County Members," coupling with the sentiment their expression of sincere sympathy for the loss which Mr. Patten had sustained.

(Mr. H. alluded to the loss of the wife of the hon. member a few weeks ago).

"The Members for Westmorland." They had, said the CHAIRMAN, great claims upon their notice. One of them, Col. Lowther, was a very active director, and the other, Mr. Alderman Thompson, was a large proprietor.

The CHAIRMAN next gave "The Antient Borough of Lancaster," and he could not do so more appropriately than in connecting with it the healths of the chief civil officer of the town, and the members of the Corporation. He hoped that the railway, so far from injuring, would be a great advantage to the town. The object of the proprietors in carrying it out, was not to ruin that antient and important borough, and he had no doubt that it would would prove of great service to it. He was sorry they were not favoured with the company of the mayor of Lancaster. A card of invitation had been sent, but whether mistake or mischance had occurred, he could not say. He had been duly invited, and every wish had been felt to do him due honour, as the head of the Corporation. He begged to give "The Mayor and Corporation" (Applause).

Mr. Alderman ROBINSON joined in the regret that had been expressed at the absence of the mayor on this interesting occasion, whether by mistake or not he could not say. He (Mr. R.) could say that the town generally felt the greatest interest in the undertaking, and hoped it would answer the expectations of those who had conducted it to so speedy an issue.

Mr. PUDSEY DAWSON rose to propose the health of an old schoolfellow, he meant the chairman, who presided also over the undertaking which had that day been partially brought to a completion. It was looked to in the town of Lancaster with

peculiar interest, and though, as far as he was himself concerned, he did not live within the verge of the borough, being cut off from it by one little brook, he still felt an interest in it and should be glad to be enabled in any way to promote its success (cheers). He was himself concerned about a smaller railway (the North Western), which might be considered as a feeder of the Lancaster and Carlisle. The promoters of that line wished every success to the Lancaster and Carlisle; and he trusted that the two would mutually benefit each other. The town of Lancaster, he also had no doubt, would regain that consideration which it had once enjoyed; but of which it had been long deprived, partly from the access to it not being made so convenient as the natural facilities of the place rendered practicable (cheers). He begged to give the health of the chairman of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway.

The CHAIRMAN, in responding, said, he must repeat the sentiment he had expressed at Kendal, which was, that the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway would be an advantage, not only to that district through which it passed, but to the country at large, as a great thoroughfare from London as far as the Highlands of Scotland. He hoped also that he should see another trunk line equally efficient constructed on the eastern side of the island (cheers). He had no objection to competition, for he felt assured that they could work as well and as cheaply as the makers of any other line. He had no fear whatever for the result. Whatever the amount of traffic that might be conveyed on the east side of the island, the western line would have to supply the wants of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and the Potteries, with all their vast populations. In as much as there must be a line of railway through into Scotland, to contend, as had been done, that no line should be made through this part of the country was idle; and he hoped that those parties who had expressed such an opinion would be taught a lesson, and would be compelled to confess that the west line was as beneficial to the kingdom as their own, and that it worked as well and was as lucrative to the proprietors

(cheers). It was not agreeable to speak of himself, but in as much as his name had been singled out, he should feel he was guilty of ingratitude, if he did not take that opportunity of stating that they owed the success of their undertaking, not to the chairman, but to the board generally, every member of which had done more than himself. He had had the honour of presiding over the board two years, and though the management of railway matters might be thought a difficult task, such was the good sense and business skill, which had been brought to bear on their deliberations, that every impediment had been overcome, and the result they felt was most complete and satisfactory (applause). It was, however, well known the labours of the directors were not over. A part of the line only had been opened; but the efforts of the directors would not be relaxed. The train, in which they had travelled to Lancaster, ran at the rate of thirty miles an hour; there was no shaking felt, but the motion was as easy as if they had been on an old established line. They came back at the rate of twenty miles, and this, he thought, was a beginning by no means unsatisfactory (applause). When a line was green, it was necessary to take great care in working it for the public. Such arrangements would be made when it was opened to the public on the following day, as would prevent accidents, as far as human foresight could prevent their occurrence. At all events, he begged to assure them that the directors would pay special attention to that part of their duty. In providing for the safety of the passengers to every possible extent, they were prepared to encounter all imputations for slowness and delay—(hear, hear)—and they meant to increase their speed, as the line was consolidated (hear, hear). It may very likely be made a matter of reproach against them, that they ran their line at only twenty miles an hour, but they would much sooner do this than incur any risk whatever (applause). When the line was once fairly established, the same care would continue to be exerted, but they would then be justified in using the same expedition that took place on other lines, and they did not mean

to be excelled by any (applause). He wished it to be distinctly understood that for the first six months, it was not intended to travel so fast as on lines of long standing, but ultimately they would travel as quickly as you liked (cheers). He thanked Mr. Dawson for expressing so kind a wish for the prosperity of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, and he hoped that an opportunity would at some future period be afforded of repaying the compliment. But there was a railway of longer standing which they were called upon to notice first, and more particularly was that obligation due from the very splendid entertainment which had been given in Kendal to the proprietors of Kendal and Lancaster Railway, over which the mayor of the former town had presided so ably. The inhabitants of Kendal had received them in the kindest and most friendly manner, and had testified their great interest in their railway. The reception that had been given was most enthusiastic; they were greeted at the different stations as they approached the town with the liveliest cheers. The hills were covered with people of all classes. The day was in itself most delightful, and nothing could be more auspicious and encouraging than the opening-day of their line (loud cheers). He was also glad to say that the line sustained the confidence that was originally felt in it. He might, he was sure, venture to question whether there was another line standing at so high a premium as theirs had done from first to last, and that had changed the holders so little. Many of those who took up shares at the first, had never parted with a single share. He was himself one of the number. This was a gratifying fact, and he thought it was a fair indication that the line stood in high repute (cheers). He would not detain them longer, but in return for the hospitable manner in which the Directors of the Windermere Railway had received them, he begged to propose the "Health of the Chairman and Vice Chairman of that Company," and prosperity to the town of Kendal, uniting with the toast the name of the mayor of that Borough (loud cheers).

Mr. NICHOLSON briefly responded to this toast, and concluded by proposing the "Health of Mr. Swift, solicitor to the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway," passing at the same time a very high encomium on the professional services of that gentleman.

Mr. SWIFT humorously responded, stating that he had not had a fair chance, as he had stated at the recent meeting at Penrith, when he complained of the shamefully low sum that appeared in the financial account for parliamentary expenses, and he took that opportunity of repeating the hope he then expressed, that the directors would turn over a new leaf (laughter and cheers). Before he sat down, he begged permission to propose the health of a gentleman who was entitled to their highest esteem, he meant Mr. J. Wakefield (cheers). In a dispute in which they had been engaged with another party, that gentleman, while he manifested every desire to support the interests of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, had at the same time evinced a due regard to the other company to which he alluded. He felt that he should be wanting in his duty if he omitted to propose his very good health (applause).

Mr. WAKEFIELD said that they had all attempted to be brief, but they had none of them succeeded (laughter). He would not follow the example that had been set, for he would simply thank them for the honor they had done him. Before he sat down, he must propose the health of his friend, Mr. Howard, who had been surpassed in anxiety by no man to promote the interests of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway (cheers).

Mr. HOWARD briefly responded. He could claim only the merit of a desire to do his duty. No man was more anxious than himself for the success of the line, but Mr. Wakefield had overpowered him by his eulogium, and he did not know another instance of a short speech like his which contained so strong a dose of praise (cheers and laughter).

Various other toasts were given, and the company shortly afterwards separated.

With our minds refreshed by these old records it will be interesting to read a letter which my father wrote in one of the local papers on March 11, 1889, on the subject of the contemplated diversion of the main line in Westmorland; it shews how keenly interested he was in all that concerned the welfare of his native county, and also how beautifully clear his mind remained even to the last few months of his long life.

LANCASTER AND CARLISLE RAILWAY.

SIR,—The letter on this subject in your last paper by my esteemed friend Charles Lloyd Braithwaite naturally attracts my attention, as it opens a chapter of local history which still remains to be written.

I believe there are only three persons now living of those who constituted the original Kendal Committee of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway. These are Mr. Charles Lloyd Braithwaite, still resident; Mr. W. Whitwell, non-resident; and I, who acted as honorary secretary from the year 1837 till the opening of the railway in 1846.

It is rumoured that a diversion of the main line is contemplated by way of Staveley and Kentmere, to avoid the heavy gradient up Shap Fells, and Mr. Braithwaite's approval of this line might indicate to casual readers the idea that this was the route originally projected "to get the main line nearer Kendal." It may be true that the line by Staveley was once a subject of conversation merely, but no survey was ever made of that route. It goes without saying that we *all* ardently desired the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway to pass through Kendal, and were grievously disappointed when we could not accomplish it. My favourite project was to carry the railway, *via* Kendal, up the Vale of Longsleddale with a tunnel under Gate Scarth and thence by Askham to Penrith. I publicly, and very truly described it as *Linea Recta Brevissima!* This was carefully

surveyed by Mr, Job Bintley ; the length of the tunnel would have been two miles seventeen chains, and the cost was estimated at £40 per lineal yard,—a trifling work compared with many existing railway tunnels in England and the continent.

Amidst the discussion of competing schemes, I hurried off to London, and through the influence of Lord Lowther, then a member of Peel's Government, a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate and report on the best through line between London and Scotland. That Royal Commission consisted of Sir Frederick Smith and another military engineer. with Major Amsink as secretary. We had rivals to combat on the east at Newcastle, and on the west at Whitehaven, but these both went to the wall.

I accompanied the Royal Commissioners on a tour of inspection through Longsleddale and over Gate Scarth, urging every argument in my power in favour of that line, but the tunnel frightened the Commissioners. Tunnels were a greater bugbear then than they are now. The result was a carefully prepared report which was laid before the Government in favour of the Grayrigg and Shap Fells route, the Commissioners expressing their regret that they could not suggest a line of railway to pass *through* Kendal, which, they said, "is the only enterprising town on the route."

If the heavy gradient over Shap Fells should ever compel a deviation of the line in Westmorland, the Longsleddale route will, in my opinion, be found to be the best ; and this question may peradventure eventually assume sufficient importance to decide the victory in the "battle of swift trains" between London and Scotland.—Yours truly,

CORNELIUS NICHOLSON.

Ventnor, March 11, 1889.

In 1846, at the solicitation of a deputation of his fellow-townsmen, Mr. Nicholson took up the question of the supply of water to the houses in Kendal. Such

supply as previously existed was rom private pumps, and springing from limestone rocks, the water was hard and not wholesome. He found a remedy in the suggestion of buying up the old Gas Company, and establishing in its place, the "Gas and Water Company," for the combined supply of gas and water; the water being drawn from a reservoir on Benson Knot, on the east side of the town, where the Silurian strata yielded soft water. There was a shew of opposition, a petition against the Bill was prepared and formally lodged in the private Bill office, but no appearance was put in. My father, who was the only witness for the Bill, had taken with him to London a bottle of water from the chosen source, and some amusement was created in committee, when, filling a tumbler, he invited the chairman (Lord Devon) to take a drink, and satisfy himself of the purity and sparkling brilliancy of the water! The Act of Incorporation received the royal assent on June 26th, 1846.

In 1845-46 Mr. Nicholson served the office of mayor of the Borough of Kendal, having been elected a councillor of the Corporation for the express purpose of being appointed mayor.

There was at that time great excitement in the world of politics on the subject of Free Trade. My father's sympathies were always alive in the cause of benevolence, and in the endeavour to redress any grievances of the poorer classes, so he took up this subject with hearty interest. In July, 1846, Mr. Warburton visited Kendal, and there was an enthusiastic celebration in honour of the Triumph of Free Trade! Some extracts from a report of this fête may not be without interest, especially

to the survivors of those Sunday School children who received the loaves from the front of the Mayor's house !

TRIUMPH OF FREE TRADE.—*July* 7, 1846.

The friends of Free Trade in Kendal having determined to celebrate the triumph of that cause by a public demonstration, Tuesday was the day appointed for the purpose. Mr. Warburton, the distinguished member for the Borough, had intimated his wish to congratulate his constituents in person on the auspicious event, and he arrived from Town on the previous evening. The mayor was waiting to receive him, and he took up his abode, during the greater part of his stay in the town, at that gentleman's residence.

At an early hour on Tuesday, the church bells gave merry note of the rejoicings that were forthcoming. The different trades, at their own suggestion, proposed to walk in procession and the committee appointed to conduct the demonstration, gladly availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered, to make the celebration as imposing as possible. We expressed a hope, last Saturday, that the day might be observed as a general holiday; the mayor issued a handbill on Monday, requesting the shopkeepers to close their shops, and we are happy to say that the sugestion was responded to all but unanimously, for we observed during our progress through the town, only one shop that was opened, the shop of Mr. Parkin, ironmonger. Before the house of the mayor, in Stricklandgate, was erected a large platform and stage, on which was deposited all the bread proposed to be given to the Sunday school children and poor men and women, and it will be easily conceived that 2,500 loaves, amounting to very nearly three tons in weight, presented an image of abundance most gratifying to behold, as it was the most appropriate emblem that could be devised.

The Trades began to muster before ten o'clock, and shortly after that hour the procession was formed in front of the

mayor's house. The mayor, in a carriage, with Mr. Warburton at his side, followed by other carriages containing other members of the Corporation and various gentlemen of the town, headed the cavalcade, which proceeded in the following succession:—

Equestrian Marshal, Mr. Edward Burton.
Cavalry Band;
Flag;
Two Mace Bearers;
Sword Bearer;
Mayor and Corporation, in Carriages;
Auditors and Assessors and Borough Treasurer;
Flag;
Gentlemen and Tradesmen of the Town, in Carriages;
A Band;
Flag;
Trades in the following rotation:

1. Printers, with Printing-Press on a Platform.
2. Shoemakers;
3. Dyers;
4. Woolcombers;
5. Coach Makers;
6. Tobacconists;
7. Joiners;
8. Casuals;
9. Spinners;
10. Tailors;
11. Nailors;
12. Weavers, generally;
13. Masons;
14. Twine Spinners;
15. Carpet weavers;
16. Mechanics;
17. Painters;
18. Cabinet Makers;
19. Coopers.

The following song, composed by H. H. Davis for the occasion, together with a programme of the procession, was struck off from the press during the perambulation of the town :—

SONG—*Tune, "Ye Gentlemen of England."*

God bless the dawn of Liberty,
That brightens o'er our isle,
That makes our trade and commerce free,
Without the Strong Hand's guile.
God bless the honest hearts that fought
For Britain's truest weal,
And rejoice every voice
At the name of ROBERT PEEL!

To Scotia's wildest mountain glen,
To Erin's bleakest plain,
To England's crowded thoroughfare
Bring in the golden grain!
The blessing of a plenteous board
Let every poor man feel,
And rejoice every voice
At the name of ROBERT PEEL!

Oh! many a household fire shall burn
More brightly from this day;
And many a mourning heart shall turn
From Hunger's grim array!
And many a thousand famish'd souls
Shall eat a cheerful meal,
As they bless and caress
The name of ROBERT PEEL!

Then courage! all ye artizans,
And never be dismay'd;
Free as the winds henceforth shall be
The benefits of trade!
The world will now employ us,
And we shall quickly feel
That our friend, at the end,
Is the brave SIR ROBERT PEEL!

Most of the trades had banners with appropriate Free Trade mottoes, as well as insignia indicative of their respective callings. The procession took the following route :—After starting from the mayor's house, it went round by Union Street and Cross Street, up Stricklandgate, and thence up Highgate, through Kirkland to Netherbridge, and thence up Highgate again and down New Street, along the New Road, up Stramongate and Finkle Street to the mayor's house, where it dispersed.

On the New Road, the children belonging to the different Sunday Schools assembled, to the number of 2,000, attended by their teachers and managers, each school having a little flag with an appropriate inscription. They waited in open file the arrival of the procession, which passed through them, and then bringing up the rear, they accompanied it during the remainder of the route. So lengthy an array, we are sure, was never before seen in Kendal, and we are sure we speak within compass when we say that it was a mile, at least, in length. The complicated movements of the vast congregation were conducted with the utmost regularity, and this was mainly attributable to the excellent and active management of Mr. E. Burton, who acted as marshal. The enthusiasm manifested as the procession walked, was very great, and if we may judge from the unequivocal indications of feeling that were evinced, we should think that never could be found an occasion when the feeling of joy was more general.

The distribution of bread commenced immediately on the return of the procession to the mayor's house, and the separation of the trades. This portion of the celebration was managed with great regularity and dexterity, and showed that the arrangements had been made most admirably. On the platform we observed, among many other gentlemen, the vicar, Mr. Hawkes, Mr. J. J. Wilson, and Mr. Wakefield, who took an active part, and no less active were many of the ladies, among whom we observed Mrs. Nicholson, Miss E. Thomson, Stricklandgate, Mrs. Whitwell, Miss Thompson, Stramongate, and many others.

The day was most favourable, and never was a public demonstration so free from drawbacks.

We must not omit to mention that a great number of railway labourers were in the town on the day in question, aud thronged around the platform. The mayor, when the distribution was completed, made a short address, complimenting them on their orderly conduct, and a small donation was presented to them,

whereupon they got up a procession of their own, headed by a pair of bagpipes, with two or three loaves carried before them, and their procession, if it lacked somewhat of the order and variety of the other cavalcade, was not a whit behind it in manifestation of zeal and good humour.

THE DINNER.

In the afternoon, Mr. Warburton met a large number of his constituents and other friends, at dinner. The dinner took place at the great room at the Whitehall Buildings, and was provided by Mr. Jackson, of the King's Arms, to whose liberality and good taste it did the greatest credit. The number that dined was 280.

Mr. Warburton presided, and Mr. Thompson Bindloss acted as vice. On the right of the hon. member, sat the mayor (Mr. C. Nicholson), the Rev. E. Hawkes, S. Whinerey, Esq., &c.; on his left he was supported by R. Fothergill, Esq., Bridge House, W. Wakefield, Esq., Rev. D. Jones, &c. Among the other guests in the room, we saw the Rev. M. Dixon, Wesleyan, Mr. G. Braithwaite, jun., Mr. J. Banks, Mr. G. Gelderd, Mr. J. Thompson, jun., Mr. C. Grant, Mr. J. Wilson, Sand's Close, Mr. A. Simpson, &c., &c.

Mr. Hawkes said grace before meat, and Mr. Jones, when the cloth was removed.

The CHAIRMAN said, that the first toast which he should give was "The health of the Queen. May she live long to reign over a prosperous, happy, and contented people."

Air by the Band.

"God save the Queen," sung in capital style by Mr. Ben Broadbent.

"Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family."

Song by Mr. Torrington, "Old England for ever."

"The Army and Navy."

Song by Mr. Ireland.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said, Mr. Vice-chairman and Gentlemen,—I rise to welcome you and to thank you for assembling together to meet me on this most important and joyful occasion, when we may congratulate each other, and tell over the story of all the difficulties we have had to surmount, and the glorious triumph which we have won (loud cheers), It is not only the Corn Law League, and Mr. Cobden and Mr. Villiers, but it is every constituency and every elector in the empire that has taken an interest in the great struggle in which we have been engaged, that is entitled to congratulation. On occasions such as these, we meet to fortify ourselves by communing together, to raise our courage for future occasions, if an occasion of equal importance should ever again arise! Think what we have done. Our trade was in fetters. You might manufacture to any extent; but where was the use of thronging your warehouses with your linseys, if you had not, as customers, other nations to take them in return for what they had to offer? This is the victory you have won, the freedom you have achieved for yourselves (loud cheers). May the emancipated spirit of Free Trade pervade all nations upon earth (renewed cheers). You know, gentlemen, when a great principle is asserted and brought into practical operation, the success of that principle is never confined to those who asserted it and have won the victory. As from one of those plants that has winged seeds which are borne by the wind, a grove rises up, small in the beginning, but gradually enlarging its circumference till the grove becomes an extensive forest, so that principle which they have successfully asserted, the Free Traders expect will be propagated to every clime, however distant upon earth. Every mail that arrives, tells us that foreign countries are preparing to tread in our steps: and how, indeed, can it be otherwise? If we take their commodities, do we expect that they will let us have them for nothing? The great point of the question is, that they are by compulsion constrained to take from another nation something of its own in exchange for that which they give (loud cheers). Besides

this, there are certain commodities in which all nations of the world agree there shall be free trade. All agree there shall be free trade in the precious metals. Suppose that any country was so foolish as to say, we don't fancy your linseys and your other articles which you make, but we are willing that we should receive from you gold and silver, what would be the answer? Now we have no means of obtaining the precious metals but by exporting manufactures, so that upon the narrowest computation only that can be made, the computation of the merest necessity, let us receive from foreign nations what they are willing to give, and all the benefits of free trade to this country will be secured. Free trade in what? In all that our artizans and manufacturers principally consume. Think not only of the advantages to yourselves as capitalists and manufacturers, but look upon the varied benefits that this use of the produce of other countries confers on those who are the industrious labourers, by their receiving the corn and the maize, and the endless produce of the earth in its endless variety. Look at the happiness this diffuses. Marriages cannot be made without the means of supporting children, and to that extent to which the eatable productions of the earth can be consumed, life may be supported, and thus you may become not only the happiest, but the most numerous people upon earth (loud cheers). I was sent to the House of Commons as your apostle to accomplish a certain object, and I had an easy task. It has pleased Heaven to turn the hearts of those who were most opposed to us. We will not call it a victory: but it has pleased Heaven that these men who thought differently from us should be brought round (cheers). Let us congratulate each other, and pray that the change may be productive of blessings to that extent which we anticipated, when we entered upon the struggle. The toast which I shall now give is, "May the emancipated spirit of free trade pervade all the nations of the earth." Mr. Warburton sat down amid the loudest cheers.

Song by Mr. Rd. Robinson.

The Chairman said — When great victories have been achieved, we see how prone is a grateful country to confer upon the conqueror titles, honours, peerages, lasting memorials of its gratitude in the shape of pensions and of other rewards. It is accustomed to immortalise the fame of the conqueror by representations in brass or marble, or on canvass; but how shall we immortalise the name of our conqueror, the great Rd. Cobden? (most enthusiastic cheering, which lasted for many minutes). We want neither brass nor marble, for brass and marble yield to the injuries of time, but the name and memory of Rd. Cobden will remain engraven upon our hearts, and on the hearts of those who will live after us (loud cheers). Never was there a man who, in a great cause, more exerted himself; never was there a man who more sacrificed his own interest to the interest of his fellowmen and his country; and I hope that he will meet with that reward from our gratitude in some more substantial memorial, perhaps, than words can convey (vehement cheers). But while we recognise the claims of Mr. Cobden, we must not be unjust to those who have been fellow-labourers in the same field. There is, for instance, Mr. Bright, and there are many others whom I might mention. But there is one person whom, next to Mr. Cobden, I should wish to distinguish, because, looking to the class to which he belongs, he forms an illustrious example of integrity and independence. The younger son of a noble family, he did not scruple to attend, along with Mr. Cobden, the meetings which were held in furtherance of the cause of free trade. You know whom I mean; I need not name the Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, M.P. for Wolverhampton (enthusiastic cheering, which interrupted the observations of the chairman for some minutes). Mr. Villiers was the person who, with the approbation of Mr. Cobden and the League, was entrusted with the then vain labour of proposing, year after year, the repeal of the corn laws, in the House of Commons. Looking to his station in society; looking at his labours for the people, a class differing from his own, we can-

not, I am sure, give him too great a meed of praise (loud cheers). But first of all let us drink the health of that great apostle of free trade, Mr. Cobden, a man who, without education to fit him for an orator, by his own zeal and earnestness in the cause which he undertook, has attained to an eloquence not often surpassed. Though philosophers before him had promulgated the theory, he was the first person who, by his eloquence, brought home to the people the doctrines of free trade (loud cheers). Let us, therefore, drink in a bumper the health of Mr. Cobden. Before he engaged in the free trade agitation, he had laboured in many a good cause. He was a man who was most actively employed at Manchester, in furthering the reduction of the rate of postage. Let us, therefore, not only for his services in procuring the abolition of the corn laws, but for his services in other ways, drink his health in a bumper, and wish him a series of victories as great as that he has now achieved (loud and long-contiuued applause).

Song by Mr. John Grayson.

The Mayor rose and said, he had leave from the chairman to propose a toast, and he begged they would all of them fill a bumper. They had just paid their homage to two resplendent planets which had lately appeared in the political hemisphere, and he now proposed that they should do homage to a star of much greater magnitude, a star which had appeared for a much longer series of years, shining, it might be, with less brilliancy, but with greater steadiness. He was about to propose the health of a veteran statesman, who had long fought the battles of liberty, and whose efforts had been at last crowned with success (loud cheers). His only fault was that he had been always in advance of the times, and they would not be doing their duty if they did not drink his health with all the expressions of enthusiasm they could evince. He need not say that he alluded to their worthy and respected and useful member, Mr. Warburton. (The mention of Mr. Warburton's name was received with a burst of applause that prevented the speaker for some time from proceeding). If they had not seen the face

of Mr. Warburton so often as some of them could have wished, they must remember that he had been always engaged in fighting their battles, and that he did not possess perhaps those swallow-like properties with which some others whom they knew seemed endowed (laughter). Of his usefulness and activity he had the attestation of many members with whom he had conversed. As a committee-man his services were very great, and he was held in a degree of respect and regard which fell to the lot of only long-tried public servants (applause). Not to mention the services he had rendered to the cause whose triumph they were then met to celebrate, he (the mayor) must not omit to mention the benefit he procured for those manufacturers who are engaged in the staple trade of the town. In 1844 a great boon was conferred by the repeal of the wool-duty, and this repeal, he emphatically said, was in no small degree attributable to the services of Mr. Warburton (vehement and long-continued cheering). If he had done nothing more than procure the repeal of that duty, he was richly entitled to their gratitude and approval (cheers). He was aware he could not do justice to the toast, and he would say no more but propose the health of Mr. Warburton. (The mayor resumed his seat amid the loudest cheers).

Mr. Warburton, on rising, was received with a burst of enthusiastic cheering, which was renewed several times before the honourable gentleman was enabled to proceed. When silence was partially obtained, he said—Mr. Vice-President and Gentlemen—When I came among you three years ago, you received me only after a full inquiry into my character. It is not fitting for a gentleman to speak in praise of himself, but I am sure that your choice of me must have resulted from the enquiries which you then made. Certain I am that those inquiries must have shown you that I had always been a consistent and liberal statesman (loud cheers). When I went first into Parliament, twenty years ago, I found various questions absolutely proscribed. I voted in a minority of fifteen or sixteen for the repeal of the Corn Laws; I voted for the repeal of

the Test and Corporation Acts in small minorities; I voted also for Catholic Emancipation and for Parliamentary Reform; yet the stone which the builders refused is become the head of the corner (loud cheers), and every one of those great questions that was rejected has been carried, not by Parliament, not by the members of the houses, but by the persevering energy of the great English people (rapturous cheering). All these have been acknowledged to be just measures, and are now become law. These are the encouragements which sustain us under a long series of disappointments. These are the encouragements that are given to those who take a part in state matters. This is the reward to which they look forward and expect (loud cheers). The worthy mayor who proposed my health, has done me too much credit in setting forth my services in one respect (cries of "No, no"). I certainly did take an active part in the repeal of the duty on wool; but there were other members, Mr. B. Dennison and Mr. C. Wood among the number, connected with the clothing districts of the West Riding of Yorkshire, who were more active than I was. I accompanied them to the First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Peel, and we represented the case to him and reasoned with him. And a most attentive hearer he showed himself, for, before the close of the session, the duty was repealed. If the repeal of the duty has been a benefit to this town and the country, I can only say that I am heartily glad that any efforts of mine have been useful, and I should be glad if, at the expence of fifty times the labour, I could cause fifty times the amount of benefit (loud cheers). The mayor has spoken of my not coming among you. I am not, gentlemen, the active person I once was. I could once stand the long and tedious nights of the House of Commons, but I have grown grey, and they begin to tell upon me. While I continue your servant, you must make allowances for these deficiencies, for time has made me more careful of what I once regarded of little value, I mean the charms of repose (loud cheers). I trust, however, and feel confident, that so long as I continue your member, feeble as I

am, you will make allowances for my imperfections. (Mr. Warburton sat down amid renewed applause).

The CHAIRMAN said, the next toast which he had to give was the health of the presiding magistrate of the borough, the honourable gentlemen who sat on his right hand. In politics he was a consistent supporter of all that was good and liberal: as a magistrate, he presided with energy, and diligently preserved the peace of the borough, and he exerted with conciliation the power placed within his hands, as they all had proof in the few observations which he had addressed to the people that morning (great applause). He (the chairman) owed the greatest services to him when he became a candidate for the representation of Kendal. He knew well all his good qualities, and in proposing his health, he would only say that he hoped he would at some time receive a renewal at their hands of the honour now conferred upon him (rapturous applause).

The MAYOR was received with loud and long-continued cheering. He said,—Mr. Chairman—Allow me to express to you, in the fewest words in which I am able, the very great obligations I owe to you, and the gratitude I feel for the very handsome compliment you have just paid to me. The company will not thank me for dwelling, in even a single sentence, on so unworthy a subject as myself; I will therefore pass that by, and will briefly give utterance to one or two sentiments that have passed through my mind as I have been sitting here. I will first allude to the great object which has called us together this day. I entirely agree with Mr. Hawkes, that those who have predicted the ruin of the agriculturists from the repeal of the corn laws will be found to be in the number of false prophets (cheers and laughter), and their prognostications remind me of one or two instances, where their fears and forebodings proved equally unfounded. Experience, it would seem, will not convince some people, else they would have learned a lesson from what had passed, and the failure of their predictions with regard to matters of politics and in cases of science, would have made them less fearful in the present instance (cheers).

When the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was agitated, was it not said, You will let in a flood of Catholics, and the Church will topple to its foundation? But mark what is the state of things at the present moment. The Church stands where it did, and I, who am a zealous Churchman, declare that I see no danger but from the schisms springing up in the Church itself (loud cheers). When the Reform Bill was passed poor old Lord Eldon said, with tears in his eyes, that the sun of England had set for ever (loud laughter); but the truth is, England never looked so well as at present, and never was its prosperity placed on a more solid basis (cheers). When the emancipation of the West India slaves was agitated for, we were told that it would be impossible to get free men to work; there would be no sugar raised in the plantations, and those who liked sugar in their tea would be compelled to forego the indulgence (cheers and laughter). I need not say how completely all these fears have been falsified. And again, with respect to the tariff of 1842. You all remember what a whine was set up through the length and breadth of the land: you were threatened with suffocation from foreign cattle, and the ruin of the English breeder was set down as already accomplished. Well, an agriculturist of very high authority, a gentleman belonging to the north of England, told me the other day, that never at any time within his recollection did cattle, whether fat or lean, fetch so high a price as at the present day (vehement cheering). With reference to one or two other cases that relate more to matters of science, I have a word or two to utter. When gas was introduced, it was said that the poor tallow chandlers would be destroyed, that there would no longer be use for tallow; while in truth both oil and tallow fetch higher prices now than ever (loud applause). It was also said that the introduction of locomotives would supersede the use of horses, and I well remember a caricature in which a number of horses were represented going about dressed up as fiddlers, with a hat, to solicit alms (loud laughter). Horses were never so dear as now, and so far from artizans being

thrown out of employ, the greater the improvements in machinery, the greater the number of workmen that are employed. All these things are facts, and the results which I have detailed, falsify the predictions of those who allege that the land will be thrown out of cultivation (loud cheers). Thrown out of cultivation! Nay, we raise twice as much corn as we did thirty years ago. Seven millions have been added to our population between the years 1811 and 1841, and though 60,000 persons fewer are engaged in agriculture than at the former period, the produce of the land is more abundant and corn is cheaper. I say that there will be a continually increasing number of throats clamouring for bread, and those who now eat will eat more, and corn will be cheaper and the people happier (vehement cheering). These are the grounds on which we always went, when we advocated the abolition of the Corn Laws. This is the cheering anticipation I like to indulge in of the probable results of their removal. In those results I see the establishment of peace on earth and good will among men (loud and long-continued applause).

The CHAIRMAN.—If you will allow me to indulge my own feelings for a moment, I will give you the health of a member of a family which has always been at the head of the reform party in Kendal. The uncle of the gentleman to whom I allude was always considered as the father of reform in this borough, and he is himself now looked upon as the leader of the cause in Kendal at the present time. I will give you the health of Mr. John Wakefield and the Magistrates of the County of Westmorland (rapturous applause).

Mr. WM. WAKEFIELD acknowledged the toast on behalf of his father. He said his family had always been supporters of liberal principles, and he trusted that no future scion of that family would ever show himself unworthy of the distinction which they had gained (great cheering).

The CHAIRMAN then gave the health of the Vice-President. He said he had served the office of Chief Magistrate with satisfaction to the town and with high honour to himself, and

he had supported liberal principles with uniform zeal and consistency.

Drunk with great applause.

Mr. THOMPSON BINDLOSS appropriately acknowledged the compliment, and after reading the following letter from Mr. Crackenthorpe, concluded by giving the health of that gentleman and the liberal electors of Westmorland.

"Newbiggin Hall, July 6, 1846.

"My dear Sir,— I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to the dinner, which you propose to give to-morrow at Kendal, in celebration of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and must express to you my great regret in not being able to attend it.

"Having always taken a great interest in the struggle (which has been too long protracted) to effect this great object, you may be assured that I most cordially rejoice in its accomplishment, as I am and ever have been convinced that public prosperity is most certainly promoted by leaving all commerce unfettered, and the free current of national industry uncontrolled as far as possible.

"I will only add, that I must congratulate you on the representation of a constituency which so early embarked in the contest, and whose exertions have contributed, as I believe, in no small degree, 'to bring back,' to use the words of Lord Grenville's protest, 'our commercial legislation to the straight and simple line of wisdom.—I remain, my dear Sir, your very truly obliged, WM. CRACKANTHORPE."

Song by Mr. A. Simpson.

The CHAIRMAN gave "The town and trade of Kendal, and Mr. Simpson's good health."

The CHAIRMAN read the following letter from the vicar of Kendal, and concluded by proposing his health, and the health of the clergy of tho diocese.

"My dear Mr. Mayor,—Will you allow me, through you, to decline accepting the invitation to join the party which is to dine on Tuesday next, at the Whitehall Buildings.

"There are private reasons which induce me to decline a public invitation of this nature. The cause of my refusal, I beg to assure you, is from

no want of respect to Mr. Warburton personally, or want of sympathy with the Great Cause, the triumph of which you meet to celebrate.

I remain, my dear Mr. Mayor, with many thanks for the invitation, very truly yours, J. W. BARNES.

"Vicarage, Kendal, July 6."

The VICE-CHAIRMAN gave the ministers of religion who have honoured us this day with their company.

The CHAIRMAN gave the Corporation of Kendal.

The MAYOR responded to the toast, and expressed a hope that the efforts of the Corporation would be always in unison with the public rights and with the public happiness.

The CHAIRMAN said there was one toast which he was anxious to give before he left the chair, and that was the "Working Men of Kendal" (loud cheers). It was well known how they had conspired with the other electors to obtain the repeal of the corn laws, and that they had manifested none of those divisions and jealousies which had been elsewhere found. On the contrary, they were amongst the warmest opponents of these laws, and they had rendered to the middle classes the most important assistance. Conviction had been brought home to their minds by the apostles of the League, and to their great exertions, combined with those of the middle classes, was to be attributed the victory that had been achieved (loud cheers).

Mr. Warburton here left the room, accompanied by the gentlemen immediately about him, and a large portion of the company, amid the loudest demonstrations of respect.

Mr. T. SIMPSON was then called to the chair, and Mr. E. BURTON to the vice-chair.

A number of other toasts were given. Among them was the health of R. Wilson, Esq., whose great services to the liberal cause were dwelt upon with great power by the proposer, Mr. D. Carter; the health of the Lady Mayoress, &c. &c.; after which the company separated, after one of the most enthusiastic and joyful gatherings of the kind that ever took place in Kendal.

That year was to my father one of extraordinary labour! During his mayoralty he received a tempting offer to go into Lancashire and become the Managing Director of the East Lancashire Railway, then in course of construction. His reputation in connection with railway management had gone beyond the confines of Westmorland, and the terms offered to him were not to be resisted with due regard to the requirements of a family. But it needed all his energy and strength of purpose to fulfil the various duties; in Kendal, as chief magistrate, in Lancashire, where the railway works were superintended and pushed forward to early completion, and in London where frequent attendance in Westminster was required for the conduct of anxious Parliamentary business. For several months his nights were spent in travelling, and his days in work of various kinds.

It must have been hard to part from his esteemed friends in Kendal, and my father's deep feelings of affectionate regret are shown in his own speech at the farewell banquet which he gave at the close of his year of office. I venture to think the following report from a local newspaper dated October 24, 1846, will be read with interest. The vicar's words shew plainly how highly my dear father was appreciated.

THE MAYOR'S DINNER.

On Tuesday last C. Nicholson, Esq., mayor of Kendal, gave a sumptuous banquet in the Assembly Room, Whitehall Buildings, to about 120 of the élite of his fellow-townsmen of all parties and shades of politics. The entertainment, which was provided by Mr. Fisher, of the Commercial Hotel, comprised a cold collation of every delicacy in the choicest and most abundant style, the gorgeous external decorations of which

were the least part of its merits. The chair was of course filled by the mayor, the town clerk, Mr. Thomas Harrison, doing the honours of the vice chair. The members of the cavalry band performed in the orchestra during dinner, and an excellent piano was provided by Mr. W. Armstrong for those gentlemen who graced the occasion with a display of their vocal talent. A reporter from Preston was present to report the proceedings, which will no doubt be interesting to the inhabitants of the district to which the public services of Mr, Nicholson will for a time be transferred.

The Mayor rose and said that before he proceeded to give any of the usual toasts on that occasion, it was becoming in him to say with what unfeigned pleasure he saw around him so many excellent and dear townsmen. He assured them that in giving every one a hearty welcome to that festival, he could sincerely say that he welcomed each and every one as a firm and attached personal friend of his own. He hoped they would consider themselves as assembled, not at a cold, ceremonious, and constrained public meeting, but rather as a gathering of his own personal friends round his own table, the only difference being that he was obliged to come there in order to provide the necessary accommodation for so large a circle of friends as he had the pleasure of welcoming on that occasion (cheers). He begged, therefore, that every gentleman present would make up his mind to do this duty for him—to endeavour to make his next neighbour happy during the evening (cheers). In the words of Shakspeare " He who is not freely merry is not my friend " (cheers). Mr. Nicholson concluded amidst applause by proposing, in appropriate terms, the usual opening toast, the health of her Majesty.

Song, Mr. Broadbent : " God save the Queen," the band and company joining.

The Chairman gave in succession Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family, the Army and Navy.

Song, Mr. Zephaniah Banks : " I'm afloat," &c.

The Rev. J. W. Barnes, vicar of Kendal, rose and said that he thought sufficient time had now been allowed to the company to give expression to those feelings of loyalty, which he hoped would always animate the breasts of Englishmen assembled on any public occasion, and which showed that the organic life of the whole nation was in full and healthy activity. The simple expressive arrangement of the flags before him indicated that the toast of the evening was that of Cornelius Nicholson, Esq. (cheers). [The allusions, we suppose, referred to the decorative flags which adorned the confectionary]. They found that his flag floated triumphantly, supported by that of the Queen and Prince Albert, and he could not but think that much good feeling attached to that arrangement, for the feeling of loyalty with which they had drunk the health of their beloved Queen was the best introduction to those feelings of respect with which they ought to welcome the health of the first civic magistrate of this town (cheers). In proposing the health of their worthy host, distinguished as he was by so many virtues, by so much social worth, he felt that they must be prejudiced judges, when he considered the noble and magnificent entertainment spread out before them by his liberality, but it was as a townsman and a public character that he wished to say something upon those points which distinguished Cornelius Nicholson (hear). And in doing so he could not disguise from himself that there was something of the solemnity of a leave-taking in the present meeting. Not only was it the close, or nearly so, of his year of office as mayor, but the town was about to lose, for some time at least, (he hoped not for ever) the value of his public services. He (the vicar) was speaking the words of truth and soberness, and not passing one of those vague compliments usually bestowed upon those who had filled the first civil dignity in the town, when he stated that he knew no single person who had more at heart the interests of the town than Cornelius Nicholson (cheers). There was no man whom for patient industry in the accomplishment of his good wishes to promote the good of the town, he

could place upon a level with the person whose health he was about to propose (cheers). And he (the vicar) sincerely hoped that his words would not be looked upon as the mere common compliment which it was usual to pay upon such occasions. He would refer to a few only of those things for which they were indebted to the worthy gentleman near whom he stood. He need not tell them how much they were indebted to him for those railroads which connected them with the great centres of traffic and commercial enterprize. There were persons who spoke of those who had exerted themselves to promote railway enterprise, as if they were actuated by the sordid spirit of money making (hear, hear), but he did think that those who used such language were most ungrateful to those gentlemen, who, by their enterprise had combined together capital and energy to connect one district with another in this county. They ought to feel deeply grateful to persons who, like Mr. Nicholson, had organised the capital or persuaded others to afford it, in order to bring to their doors the advantages to which he had alluded. Every body who knew Mr. Nicholson must believe that he looked much more to the public good than to his own private benefit in those great undertakings, which, for many years, he had so anxiously striven for. He (the vicar) never heard from Mr. Nicholson, in one single instance, the expression of a low sentiment or mean opinion that could lead him to suppose that he was not looking to the public advantage of the town, and of society at large, in his promotion of railway enterprise. It was well known that to his energy and activity in spurring on the lukewarm, and perhaps in repressing the reckless ardour of others, they were indebted for the great railway which connected Lancaster with Carlisle. But there was another undertaking which had originated with Mr. Nicholson, upon which he (the vicar) asked permission to say a few words—the Kendal and Windermere Railway. A great deal of mawkish sensibility had been thrown away upon that enterprise, as if its originators were desecrating the beauties of the lake scenery because they made the access to

them easy and familiar to the less privileged classes of society (hear). It was not for him to detail the commercial advantages which that railway opened out; he left that to other persons, but he might be permitted to say something about that mawkish sensibility, that affected morality, which denounced the Kendal and Windermere Railway as a desecration of some of the most glorious scenes which God had created in this world. There were certain factitious advantages perhaps which depended upon exclusive possession. Men might have their fine carpets, their fine pictures, and their fine furniture, the enjoyment of which depended perhaps a good deal upon the exclusive feeling that they were not possessed by others, and these factitious advantages were not always favourable to the moral character of the possessor. But different, indeed, were the glories which came fresh from the hands of God; and he could not conceive how any one could fancy that the enjoyment of the great and glorious features which the lake district presented could depend upon a narrow and exclusive monopoly of that enjoyment (hear). Unlike those factitious enjoyments which, if indulged in too great profusion, were sickly and unhealthy, the contemplation of the glories of God's creation tended to raise man above himself, and he did therefore hope that the very worst anticipations of those who had denounced that railway would be fully realised (hear), that every town would pour forth its thousands and its tens of thousands to see the glory of God in those His works (cheers). The tendency of such contemplation was to improve and exalt humanity—to teach man to ask himself whence he comes and whither he goes; and one great object which would be obtained by the Kendal and Windermere Railway would be to improve and refine those by whose blood and muscle the wealth of the country was created (hear). He (the vicar) might allude to many other points in the life of Cornelius Nicholson—his efforts to promote the better sewerage and drainage of the town, and to have the gas works put upon a better and cheaper foundaton. He (the vicar) had had the privilege the night before,

at the Museum, of listening to a glorious paper, and at the conclusion of that paper it was mentioned that the society was fostered at its birth and supported in its minority very much by the exertions of Cornelius Nicholson. He only pointed out what was the naked truth, and it was such as might make any man proud. Cornelius Nicholson had had no particular advantages of education, yet they found him not only coming forward as a public spirited and enterprising individual, but at the same time distinguishing himself in the walks of literary life, and contributing by his exertions and by his intellect to the advantage of his fellow townsmen. He knew of no one who had so much distinguished himself by public enterprise and the advancement of the interests of his fellow townsmen. He did not wish to deface Mr. Nicholson's fair claims to credit by one word of exaggerated eulogium (hear, hear). They would allow him, he hoped, to allude to a subject which, to a certain extent, affected him (the vicar) only—a matter which originated at a dinner given by the late worthy mayor. And here he must be allowed to press the claims of Cornelius Nicholson as a zealous churchman (hear, hear). Let him not be misunderstood as using the word in a narrow sectarian spirit. Mr. Nicholson was not one who denied merit to any except his own particular opinions (hear). He was not one who denied that the very light of heaven, God's pure sunshine, was God's unless it was tinted by the stained glass—was reflected through the fretted tracery of a Gothic window. He hoped he should not be misunderstood, or considered as introducing matters more particularly connected with the shop (hear and laughter). He now begged to thank their worthy mayor for having directed that energy and that success, which attended all his undertakings, towards getting a new organ for the Parish Church (cheers). He referred to the services of Cornelius Nicholson to the church in no spirit of triumph as against any other denomination, but he wished to give expression to that gratitude which he really felt. He had been the means, to a certain extent, of divesting the Parish Church of

that character of niggardliness and squalid wretchedness which it so long wore (hear, hear). In conclusion, he had spoken only what he really felt of the claims to public gratitude of Cornelius Nicholson. It was the naked truth, and what the majority of the company well knew to be the truth. He proposed the health of Cornelius Nicholson, mayor of Kendal, as a man estimable in every relation, and as a public benefactor to this town (loud applause).

Song, Mr. W. Bowness.

Mr. Nicholson, who, during the delivery of the vicar's speech, had been labouring under strong emotion, said that though he could not say of himself that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, he hoped they would believe him when he stated that he never in his life had attempted to speak under such strong emotion as he did on the present occasion—emotions arising not only from the over-abundant kindness which the vicar in his observations, and they (the company) in their reception to them had heaped upon him, but from a sense of his own shortcomings in comparison with those praises (cheers). He held that next to the approbation of a man's own conscience the approbation of his fellow-townsmen was most dear to him, when that approbation was honestly bestowed (cheers). But he took great shame to himself, because he felt that he must have greatly disappointed the expectations they had been pleased to entertain from him. He knew that they expected from him something which he might have done before—that he would, in the capacity of mayor, have done much for the town of Kendal, but he felt that he had literally done nothing—that it was for him to make a humble apology, and to beg them to take the will for the deed. He could assure them that it had been his honest intention faithfully to fulfil the duties with which they had been kind enough to entrust him. But all men were more or less the creatures of circumstance, and it so fell out that before one-third or one quarter of his office had gone over his head, he had been called upon to undertake a most reponsible duty in another part of the country (hear). That was his

sole excuse for having neglected their interests—so far as he had neglected that duty which he had undertaken to fulfil. He felt that many thanks were due to them for overlooking, under these circumstances, the imperfect manner in which he had performed the duties of mayor. He felt that he owed much to their indulgence. But there was one point to which the vicar had alluded of which he thought he might be honestly proud. The vicar had been pleased to refer to his (Mr. Nicholson's) previous history, and here he thought he could justly take some little credit to himself when he considered the circumstances under which he first appeared in the town of Kendal something like thirty years ago. During that interval he had served in almost every public office in the town without exception, he hoped with some degree of satisfaction to his fellow-townsmen as well as to his own, till now that their kindness had raised him to the distinction of the highest office it was in their power to confer. He hoped that a moral might be drawn from his personal history which he desired to impress upon all his young townsmen. They might draw from it an encouragement by the use of such talents as God had blessed them with, to make themselves useful to the community in which they were placed, for he (the mayor) could assure them that for whatever service they performed for the community they would reap an abundant acknowledgement and reward. It was quite true that he was about to depart from them, but he trusted it was only for a very short time (cheers), and he could assure them that wherever he was, whatever sky was above him, the interests of the town of Kendal would have an abiding place in his heart. And if it should please God that he should return again, which he hoped would be in two or three years, he now gave them a public pledge and promise to dedicate to his townsmen such talents as he had been entrusted with. He would serve them in any capacity in which they might be pleased to put him, even if they placed him on the very lowest round of the local ladder. He would be happy when he came again to take up any duty which they might be pleased to bestow upon him (cheers). He desired

to express his full concurrence in those sentiments which the vicar had more ably expressed than he could do with reference to the general welfare of the community, and in conclusion he left with the town this his benediction. He would affectionately say to Kendal "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces, for my brethren and companions' sake, I will wish thee prosperty" (great applause).

Song, Mr. Torkington. "Old England for ever."

The VICE-CHAIRMAN proposed the clergy, coupled with the health of the vicar of Kendal, to which the Rev. J. W. Barnes responded.

The CHAIRMAN in eulogistic terms proposed the health of the Vice-Chairman, the Town Clerk, for which Mr. Harrison returned thanks.

The CHAIRMAN rose to propose the health of his excellent and highly gifted friend on the right, Mr. Hartley Coleridge, one of the resplendent luminaries of a literary solar system which conferred lustre on the lake district, and one of the few instances in which the highest endowments of mind were transmitted from father to son (cheers).

Song, Mr. H. H. Davis: "Prince Thady o'Toole."

Mr. H. COLERIDGE, whom we could only hear imperfectly, in consequence of his frequently dropping his voice, was understood to defend the residents of the lake district from the charge of exclusiveness, and of wishing to keep that beautiful district as a park or preserves. At the same time he (Mr. Coleridge) was not one of those who had raised their voices against the Kendal and Windermere Railway, but he could bear with the prejudices of those who thought that any change in the Lake district must be for the worse. But it was of no use to run down the manufacturing tendency of the age. It was a great fact, and the change was inevitable. It was ordained of God (hear). We were not what we were in the past century, not what we were even thirty years ago. People talked of the simplicity and beauty of past and distant times. How much of it was owing to the fact that they were past and dis-

tant. All the beauty which the Quixotic fancies of young England found in the past, to what did it amount but this. No doubt an infant was a beautiful object, but then, what was a grown up infant? It was an idiot! (cheers and laughter). Mr. Coleridge concluded by proposing the healths of the Corporation of Kendal.

Mr. Miles Thompson responded.

Song, Mr. Bernard.

The Rev. F. B. Danby proposed success to the railways in connection with the town of Kendal.

Song, Mr. Scarisbrick: "The Railway," accompanied by himself on the pianoforte.

The Chairman proposed the health of the Borough Magistrates, coupled with the name of Dr. Proudfoot.

Dr. Proudfoot responded.

The health of Mr. Arthur Shepherd as one of the landowners of the county was then given, and responded to by that gentleman.

Song, Mr. Garside: "The fine Old English Gentleman."

A number of other toasts followed, in the course of which Mr. W. Ellison responded to the "Agricultural Interest," Mr. Gough to the "Medical Profession," Mr. W. Wilson to the "Legal Profession."--Mr. Forrest gave the health of the vicar's lady, which the vicar acknowledged.—The vicar proposed that of the Lady Mayoress.—After the chairman left the conviviality was kept up for a short time longer under the presidency of Mr. Scarisbrick and Mr. Mann.

Some disappointment was naturally felt at first in Kendal when it was found that the Lancaster and Carlisle line could not be brought nearer the town than Oxenholme, a distance of a mile and a half. To repair this defect, my father caused surveys to be made from Oxenholme, through Kendal to Windermere.

There was no difficulty then in raising capital for railway projects; on the contrary, a mania was setting in, and this little undertaking needed no support from its big brethren!

The Kendal and Windermere railway was opened with great rejoicings on Tuesday, April the 20th, 1847, the ceremonies will be best described in the words of a contemporary newspaper the "Westmorland Gazette," dated Saturday, April 24, 1847.

OPENING OF THE KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

This short, but celebrated line, the public opening of which took place on Tuesday last, was first projected in the summer of 1844. The honours of its paternity belong, we believe, to C. Nicholson, Esq., at present a resident director of the East Lancashire Railway, and the first public intimation of the scheme appeared in the "Westmorland Gazette" and the "Kendal Mercury" of August 24 in that year. The original intention of the promoters was to carry the line as far as Low-wood, but this scheme was abandoned in consequence of the certain expense and the probable opposition which such a course would entail. The line would have required a viaduct over the Troutbeck stream, which Mr. Errington calculated could not cost less than from £10,000 to £12,000, a serious addition to the original estimate for the whole line, £125,000. They would also have to cut into St. Catherine's Park, the estate of Lord Bradford, and other valuable properties, which would have involved excessive prices, if not a parliamentary opposition. Under these circumstances the directors determined upon the present terminus, Birthwaite, an estate lying at the junction of the Bowness and Elleray road with the Kendal and Ambleside road, about a mile and a quarter from the beautiful village of Bowness. The act of parliament, besides the original capital of £125,000, gave the company

power to borrow £40,000. It was originally intended to construct a single line of rails, but the change in the view of the proprietors in this respect rendered the additional sum of £40,000 necessary, and as there is reason to believe the cost will be within the parliamentary estimate, the line will have been constructed for £165,000. The act passed without opposition, and on the 30th of June, 1845, received the royal assent.* The first sod was cut by Mr. Nicholson in July of the same

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* The undertaking, however, was denounced from his retreat, at Rydal Mount, by the venerable Wordsworth, as an uncalled for desecration of the beautiful quietude of Windermere and its neighbourhood. The great poet attacked the line not only at much length in prose in the columns of the "Morning Post," but also in one of his terse and beautiful sonnets :—

"Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish. How can they this blight endure?
And must he, too, his old delights disown
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure,
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest Head,
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance,
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of Nature! And if human hearts be dead—
Speak passing winds—ye torrents, with pure, strong,
And constant voice protest against the wrong."

The Laureate was replied to by Mr. R. M. Milnes, M.P., in the following sonnet:—

"The hour may come, nay must in these our days,
When the harsh steam-car with the cataract's shout,
Shall mingle its swift roll, and motly rout
Of multitudes these mountain echoes raise.
And THOU the patriarch of these pleasant ways,
Canst hardly grudge that crowded streets send out,
In Sabbath glee, the sons of care and doubt,
To read these scenes by light of thine own lays.
Disordered laughter and encounter rude.
The Poet's finer sense perchance may pain;
Yet many a glade and nook of solitude,
For quiet walk and thought will still remain.
Where he the poor intruders may elude,
Nor lose one golden dream for all their homely gain."

year. The total length of the line, from its junction with the Lancaster and Carlisle at Oxenholme station, two miles from Kendal, is ten miles and a quarter, thus averaging a cost of about £16,000 per mile. The two miles of junction, which with twenty miles of Lancaster and Carlisle, gave Kendal an uninterrupted railway access to Lancaster and the south, were opened on the 21st September, 1846, and the event was celebrated by a sumptuous entertainment given at the Whitehall, Kendal, by the directors of the Kendal and Windermere. The contract for this line was undertaken by Messrs. Stephenson and Co., the eminent contractors for the great Lancaster and Carlisle, and many other important lines. The course of the line was laid down by J. E. Errington, Esq., the original engineer of the undertaking, but that gentleman's numerous engagements having rendered it impossible for him to continue his services, the engineering department devolved upon Mr. J. Harris.

Invitations to join the opening trip of Tuesday last were liberally distributed by the directors among the inhabitants of Kendal and its vicinity, and the beauty of the day induced great numbers to avail themselves of the opportunity. Soon after ten o'clock a train of sixteen carriages, decorated with flags, accompanied by a band of music, started from the Kendal station with a full freight of holiday-makers; and about twelve o'clock another train of eighteen carriages, with another band of music, followed. The supply of carriages had been furnished from the great resources of the London and North-Western Railway company at Crewe, and that in the most liberal manner, there being no want of accommodation of every kind. These trains were each drawn by three engines, the engines at present in use not being of a very powerful description. The railway itself, until it arrives almost within view of the shores of the lake, presents little in its scenery to distinguish it from the general character of Westmorland landscapes, a pastoral quietude and almost loneliness, dotted here and there with a village or solitary farm-house, the green

and rounded hill sides occasionally giving place to bolder and more barren elevations, exhibiting the blue slate formation of which the bulk of the lake mountains is composed. Neither are the engineering obstacles, although some of the cuttings are sufficiently troublesome, likely to strike the traveller with wonder who has seen the solid whinstone rock cut away to the depth of sixty feet, for a quarter of a mile, at Shap; the ravines bridged by the Lowther, the Eamont, and the Docker viaduct, or the difficulties of the Borrow Bridge pass turned by diverting the Lune, and skirting the sides of the mountains. Still there are points of interest and beauty in the course and construction of the little "gem of railways."

The first point which attracts the attention after leaving the Kendal station, where the line passes through level meadow land, is a large timber viaduct of considerable size, carried for some distance upon massive walls of stone work (placed at intervals transversely to suit the course of the streams) which crosses the river Kent, and the race at Dockray Hall or Gandy Mill, as it is popularly called. This viaduct, when viewed from a little distance, presents with its trellised railing, a very pretty appearance. There are, in fact, two viaducts, one over the stream and another over the race, united by an embankment of earth. Crossing the road at Aikrigg End over a wooden bridge we have on the right, a beautiful view of the valley of the Kent and the little village and chapel of Burneside, with the extensive paper mills, which chiefly give employment to the villagers, formerly carried on by C. Nicholson, Esq., and now in the occupation of J. Cropper, Esq. A small station is here in course of construction, built, like the other stations on the line, of rough stone of irregular sizes, of the greywacke division, dark blue in colour, which harmonizes exceedingly well with the scenery of the district. Here begins a considerable incline of one in eighty. Proceeding in a tolerably direct course towards Staveley, the line traverses a cutting of blue slaty rock of considerable difficulty called the Bowston cutting, and afterwards crosses the turnpike road from Kendal to

Ambleside on a level. The thriving village of Staveley presents a very pretty appearance from the railway. Its large worsted and bobbin-mills, driven by water-power, have a very different effect upon the landscape from that produced by the smoke-canopied factories of Lancashire. The handsome Abbey hotel, which has been recently built by John Hewetson Wilson, Esq., forms a prominent object from the line. The view of Staveley, with its white buildings is well contrasted with the dark and barren Raven Scar which forms the back ground of the landscape. A short distance further on, the little chapel of Ings is a very pretty object, and on its right Reston hall, which the present occupant has divested of much of its picturesque appearance by stripping the old hall of its congenial ivy. Both the chapel and the hall were built by Richard Bateman, a Leghorn merchant, whose history is worth narrating in a note.* Shortly afterwards occurs another cutting of considerable depth, and then the line arrives at the summit level, a point from which it descends into the vale of Windermere, and the first view is obtained of the queen of lakes.

Bowness, on Tuesday, was crowded with visitors brought down for the first time by the railway, to the number of not less than five or six hundred, and great was the run upon the refreshment stores of the inns, for the accommodation of an influx of strangers more than double that of the entire population of this elegant little village, the port and emporium of Windermere. The two steam yachts, the Lady of the Lake and the Lord of the Isles, were put in requisition, plying to the head and the foot of the lake, to Ambleside and Newby Bridge, with full complements of visitors, who preferred that mode of enjoying the scenery of

* Richard Bateman was a native of the township, and, being a clever lad, he was sent by the inhabitants to London. He rose by diligence and industry, from the situation of a menial servant to be his master's partner, and amassed a considerable fortune. For some years he resided at Leghorn, whence he forwarded the slabs of marble with which the chapel is floored. His story is alluded to in Wordsworth's "Michael;" but his tragical end is not told. The captain of the vessel in which he was sailing to England, poisoned him, and seized the ship and cargo.

the river-lake. Some of the visitors who landed at Ambleside strolled as far as Rydal and Grasmere, and others proceeded to the beautiful cascade at Stock Force, about 700 yards from the market-cross, Ambleside, the road to which passes the Salutation inn, the picturesque little mill, &c. The splendour of the day contributed greatly to the evident enjoyment of all parties, and we are glad to add that no accident occurred either by land or lake. Soon after four o'clock the first return train started for Kendal, and at six o'clock a second train departed. Many of the visitors, who had been beguiled no doubt by the charms of the lake, came to the station just in time to see the train disappearing, but fortunately they were ultimately provided for by the special train, which started at nine o'clock, after the directors' dinner. The trains occupied rather more than half an hour in their return, great caution being very properly exercised.

The trains commenced running for public traffic on Wednesday.

DEJEUNER AT THE ROYAL HOTEL.

About half-past two o'clock a party of about forty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dejeuner at the Royal hotel, Bowness, John Gandy, Esq., chairman to the Kendal and Windermere Board, in the chair. C. Nicholson, Esq., officiated as vice-chairman. Among the company were the Rev. J. W. Barnes, M.A., vicar of Kendal; J. Braithwaite, Esq., Orrest Head; James Gandy, Esq., Heaves Lodge; G. E. Wilson, Esq., Heversham; J. Harrison, Esq., Hundhow: J. B. Fell, Esq., Spark Bridge; John Whitwell, Esq.; Rev. J. G. Elleray, Staveley; Rev. R. W. Fisher, Hill Top; T. Bindloss, Esq.; T. Ullock, Esq.; G. B. Crewdson, Esq.; Mr. T. Hudson, secretary to the Kendal and Windermere railway; Lieut. Woodright; Mr. G. Gandy; Mr. E. Harrison; Mr. J. Steel, Burneside; Mr. Charles Swain, Manchester; Mr. T. Fisher; Mr. Thexton.

The customary loyal and national toasts having been duly honoured (Lieut. Woodright returning thanks for the army),

the chairman proposed the healths of the clergy present, coupling with the toast the name of the Rev. the vicar of Kendal.

The Rev. J. W. BARNES, in acknowledging the toast testified his high appreciation of the honour which he and the other clergymen present had received from a body of men whose function was to direct in so beneficial a manner the material energies of the country. He thought that the clergy might take a lesson from the skill, punctuality, and energy which the directors of that company had displayed in overcoming the physical difficulties of their undertaking, and apply the same order, energy, and punctuality to promote the spiritual interests committed to their charge (cheers).

The CHAIRMAN then introduced the toast of the day, prosperity to the Kendal and Windermere Railway, which was given in bumpers, and with most enthusiastic cheering.

Mr. NICHOLSON said it was not perhaps unfitting that the deputy chairman should respond to the toast, as he had been made in some sort responsible for the undertaking ; at the same time he felt it to be a great honour that it had fallen to him. He was not going to make a long speech on the occasion, in the first place because there was not time. They were engaged by an invitation to dine at four o'clock, and the time was even then approaching four. In these days of railway locomotion, when everything must be done as by steam, they thought nothing of travelling four hundred miles and taking from fourteen to twenty meals a day (laughter). With regard to this particular railway he felt that he stood in some sort in a relation of paternity to it. They knew, and he could assure them it was with the utmost sincerity, that he had always anticipated that the greatest benefits would result from this Kendal and Windermere Railway (cheers) ; and all that he had seen of railways in general, and this railway in particular, tended to confirm rather than otherwise, the anticipations of good which he had first ventured to put forth. As railways in commercial districts were found to promote the production and consumption of commercial commodities, so without doubt the formation of a

railway in that particular district which so abounded in the beauties of creation would be found to stimulate the taste of all classes of the community for those beauties with which they were that day surrounded. He (the vice-chairman), as they probably knew, had been of late residing in a district where, as his friend Mr. Swain could tell them, the murky clouds rose perpetually from a hundred large chimneys, and it was by that railway, the opening of which they were celebrating, that they proposed to enable the merchant princes of Liverpool, and the cotton lords of Manchester, to exchange in a few hours the smoke of their factories, and the miasmata of their towns, for the salubrious airs and the silvery mists that floated round the hills they were now among (cheers). If he had time to dilate upon the subject of railways, though not in the habit of making very long speeches, he felt that he could talk upon it by the hour by Shrewsbury clock. He could show some of the advantages which resulted from railways in a national point of view. There was one most striking result which no political economist, however far seeing, could have predicated, and which was just now coming into light. He referred to the extraordinary reproductive power of railways. In this country an extraordinary extent of railway undertaking had been authorised ; such an extent, indeed, that all the capital in the country could not meet it were it not for those railways themselves. There had been passed last year railway undertakings calling for something like one hundred millions of money, and a much less sum than that invested in railways already constructed had resulted in a clear saving to the country of not less than fifty millions. Commercial men now really began to understand the facilities which railways open to commerce their powers of economising in various ways the productions of the country, thus virtually increasing them to the enormous amount he had mentioned—an amount equal to something like fifty millions. Though some of his friends around him might shake their heads, though they might have been in the habit of averting their eyes from the share list last year (laughter), it

was nevertheless quite true that railways had tended in a most extraordinary way to the advantages of the nation; and he believed the time would soon come when capital would reproduce itself again, when the share list would again look bright, when his friends would again put on happy faces, and as railway men, be made happy men (cheers). He had been looking over an old pamphlet the other day, connected with the history of Westmorland, and he found that it was only three-quarters of a century ago, or 75 years since the first four-horsed coach was introduced into this county. He there found that at that period there was advertised in some way or other, for he did not know whether any newspapers existed or not then, the establishment of a coach which started from the Fleece Inn, Kendal, and was drawn by four horses, and marvellous to relate, at the rate of six miles an hour, in fact it was called, no doubt with great propriety, a flying machine (laughter). If their forefathers who lived at that time could have been told that within a century of that day, people would be going through the air almost like swallows, at the rate not of 6, but of 60 miles an hour, the man who had made such a declaration would most likely have been quietly handed over to the lock-up, to the Lancaster asylum, or some such place, for the benefit of his friends (laughter). Yet such results they had seen, and he rejoiced in having been one among the number of men who contributed to introduce this revolution, for this new mode of conveyance was nothing less than a revolution, in this beautiful land of ours. He felt sure that those who resided in the lake district would be benefited by the railway in numerous ways, for instance, they would be able to bring lime to their land at much less than half the cost. It was only about the same period he had alluded to that lime was first made use of as a manure, by a man in Old Hutton, and that man was thought fit for a strait waistcoat for putting lime on his land, with any hope that it would tend to increase the produce of the earth. Thus they got from one thing to another. Those, said Mr. Nicholson, in conclusion, who from mistaken prejudices op-

posed the introduction of a railway into this district, will be the first to appreciate its advantages, and probably to assist us to extend it, as no doubt we shall, along the shoulders of yonder hills, like a Swiss gallery, carrying it along past the remains of that old king of Cumberland who sleeps on the summit of Dunmail Raise, disturbing his *manes*, and perhaps scattering his ashes, till we meet other lines which will then give the lake district the full benefits of railway communication (cheers).

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the health of the guests who had honoured them with their company, for which G. E. Wilson, Esq., returned thanks, and proposed in turn the health of the chairman and the directors. The chairman having returned thanks, the company separated shortly after 4 o'clock.

DINNER AT THE CROWN HOTEL.

At five o'clock an elegant dinner in honour of the services of the engineers, &c., whose skill has carried the plan of the line into practical operation, was given at the Crown Hotel, Bowness. C. Nicholson, Esq., presided, and J. Whitwell officiated as croupier. Among the company were J. Harrison, Esq., Hundhow, Mr. Watson, resident engineer, Mr. Geo. Heald, Mr. John Hudson, Mr. Thomas Hudson, secretary to the company, Mr. Miles Thompson (who is the builder of the stations), Mr. Wm. Rawlinson, Mr. Hunt, of the London and North Western locomotive department, &c.

After the routine toasts had been disposed of,

The CHAIRMAN called upon the company to do justice to the toast of the day. There was some wise saying or other delivered by almost every man, though it might not achieve distinction, and it happened that he had once delivered himself of a sentence which had now, by the medium of those gentlemen, the reporters, passed into a kind of oracle—that the Kendal and Windermere was the "Gem of Railways" (hear and laughter). Since that celebrated occasion he had not seen any reason to rob that railway of any of its brilliancy, on the contrary he thought it deserved all the distinction which had

been conferred upon it. It was a nice railway in an engineering point of view, a cheap railway in an economical point of view, and a beautiful railway in a poetical point of view. And he had no doubt it would yield a handsome return of profit, so that altogether, it must appear very beautiful in the eyes of those who had the honour and the pleasure to hold shares in it (cheers and laughter). He should not dilate much upon it because he had already delivered himself that morning upon the same topic in a speech which he ought perhaps to have reserved for that occasion, still he could not allow the toast to pass without making one or two observations, and first he must say that it did delight him that the railway which had been opened to the public that day would especially benefit the operative classes, that large mass of our population residing in the manufacturing districts, and who had souls to enjoy the beauties they (the company) were now surrounded by on every side. He was quite sure that they would all agree in that sentiment, and that the operative classes ought to be reckoned by them as intelligent beings, fully capable of being influenced by the beauties which the Lake District unfolds. He had himself that morning come from the other side of Manchester, after breakfasting at an ordinary breakfast time, and he had had the pleasure of taking luncheon at an ordinary luncheon time on the banks of Windermere (cheers). They had necessarily been a long time on the journey that day, but the time was not far distant, perhaps it might be in a month or two, which would give the dwellers of the great hives of manufacturing industry an opportunity of exchanging their murky atmosphere for the silvery mists of the mountains in perhaps two hours and a half. He expected, now that express trains were running daily between Manchester and Liverpool, a couple of hours, or two and a half, in the evening, would bring the merchant and manufacturer, after he had finished his correspondence or left the Exchange, down to the shores of that beautiful lake, and if he liked, carry him back the next morning in time for breakfast. This could not be accomplished without

having its humanizing effect upon the spirit, and no one could doubt that railways were messengers of civilization. He did not know that more remained for him to say upon that occasion further than to express, as he ought to do on behalf of his brother directors and himself, the obligation they felt to those gentlemen by whom he was surrounded, connected with the engineering staff, for the talent, the untiring perseverance, and the punctuality of arrangement they had displayed in the conduct of their great works, and in bringing them successfully to a final issue. He now called upon them all to fill their glasses for a toast which would of itself make full amends for the poor prelude, which, upon the spur of the moment, he had been called upon to make, " Success to the Kendal and Windermere Railway.—The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Vice-Chairman proposed the health of Mr. Nicholson, and expressed his gratification at the large number of persons who had travelled with them that morning, and greeted the opening of the Kendal and Windermere. The line had been designated the gem of railways. Whether it was a feeling of paternal fondness which had induced their chairman to give it that name he did not pretend to say, but, be it a gem or be it not, to him was given the credit of originating it, and bringing together the elements of which it was constructed (cheers) He (the vice-chairman) trusted it would enable those who otherwise would have been prevented from partaking of the beauties of that lovely scenery to breathe something of the spirit which gave the inhabitants of the hills and valleys of that beautiful land the independance of character which was invariably found in mountainous districts, for though the British character was not destitute of it in any district, that there existed a preponderance of it in the northern hills, history manifested at all periods. The chairman had alluded to the fact that this railroad would open a communication with the manufacturing population. He hoped, however, that an access to these romantic valleys would not be limited to them or to the people of Liverpool and Manchester, but that the

railway would be a bond of union with the capital itself. Many persons came down to the lakes for the purpose of fishing. Some might consider this as a very trifling amusement, but many of our most eminent men had pursued it with great interest; and he should not be surprised if many of the citizens of London came down at night for the purpose of fishing in Windermere the morning after. He knew of one gentleman who had threatened to come the first fortnight after the line was opened, and why should there not be others? Twelve hours was but a short time to accomplish it in, and he hoped ere long eight hours would suffice for it. The free and invigorating mountain air would itself supply any want of sleep (laughter). With respect to the line itself the chairman had very properly expressed the feeling of the directors towards those gentlemen who had constructed it. To the ingenuity and skill of the gentleman on the chairman's left (Mr. Watson) their thanks were most justly due. There was not a gentleman present who did not know the estimation in which he was held by the board. With respect to the contractors, their activity, energy, and earnestness were known by the thousand miles of railroad they had already constructed: so much so that our little Windermere Railway was a drop in their bucket which it was hardly worth while alluding to. In conclusion he begged to remind them that, as he had said before, Mr. Nicholson had a very strong claim upon them in respect to this railway, and something similar might be said of his connection with the Lancaster and Carlisle. As they well knew, Lancashire, that busy centre of labour, was at present the sphere of his usefulness, and in proposing his good health he would add the wish that he might long live to carry out those objects which were for the benefit of others as well as his own (cheers).

The Chairman said he should be deficient in the ordinary sentiments of gratitude, did he not appreciate their kindness. With respect to the Kendal and Windermere, all the merit he would pretend to, was that of being what the French called

the *fondateur* of the scheme. But he was sorry to say that he had been but an ostrich parent, which left its offspring to the chances of the elements to bring to perfection, and it was with him in the instance of the Kendal and Windermere just as it was with many other of his undertakings and institutions in Kendal, and its neighbourhood. However, all of us were the creatures of circumstances, and he had been called away by circumstances, which compelled him to an act of desertion. But he carried away with him the feelings which first bound him to the undertaking, and in a degree stronger than ever, and he hoped to come back again in the course of a year or two and make some amends by extra exertions, for his absence (cheers). The next toast in the list was the health of the Secretary of the Kendal and Windermere, and he had very great pleasure indeed in proposing the health of Mr. Thomas Hudson. Though he himself stood in close relationship to Mr. Thomas Hudson, nobody would think him biassed by personal considerations when he said that Mr. Hudson had proved himself since he had been connected with the railway a most useful servant of the company, who was always at his post, and always doing the thing that was right, to whose services and fidelity the company was most especially indebted (cheers).

Mr. Hudson returned thanks for the honour done him, and for the kindness he had received since he had been officially connected with the Kendal and Windermere Railway, from the commencement of the works. It was not unusual on these occasions for some one in an official capacity to say something of the cost of the line. Perhaps all present were not aware that a single line was first contemplated for this railway, and that shortly after it was commenced it was thought desirable to add a double line throughout. He was happy to be able to say that the Kendal and Windermere was one of the cheapest lines of double railway in the kingdom, and he believed there was every reason to think its cost could not be quite equal to the parliamentary estimate (hear, hear). He thought this said a great deal for the skill of the engineer, and the economy and energy of their excellent directors.

Mr. HARRISON (Hundhow), proposed the health of their vice-chairman, Mr. Whitwell, whose services were so generally useful.

The VICE-CHAIRMAN returned thanks.

The CHAIRMAN remarked that the vice-chairman had incidentally pronounced an eulogium on the engineers of the railway. Every one knew how much a railway depended upon the skill of the engineers. The directors as they sat in their board room were, no doubt, awful personages. They might shake their heads, and some of them might fancy themselves of very great importance no doubt (laughter). But though the directors were a very distinguished body, yet after all they were greatly indebted to the engineers as subordinates. They must, after all, depend in a great degree upon the talents of those gentlemen who entered the board room with their rolls of maps and plans to point out the nature and difficulties of the line, and when they come to travel over the line at a rate of something like thirty miles an hour, and contrasted the line itself with the steep and tortuous course of the old turnpike road, it must be owned that the engineers were very useful auxiliaries, at least in the construction of railroads (cheers and laughter). They were greatly obliged to them, in the first place, for finding out the proper line, and secondly for the substantial manner in which it had been constructed. Mr. Watson since he came to Kendal, had displayed great skill and ability in pushing forward and facilitating the progress of the works. If it had not been for his personal exertions they would not now on that 20th of April be celebrating the opening of the Kendal and Windermere railroad. He begged to propose the health of Mr. Watson, the resident engineer, and prosperity to him (cheers).

Mr. WATSON, in returning thanks, observed that he should be a most insensible being if he were not affected, not only by the kind manner in which his health had been introduced, but by the kindness which he had met with since he came into Westmorland. He must, however, disclaim a great portion of

the credit that attached to the completion of the Kendal and Windermere Railway. He had, as most gentlemen present knew, only entered into the vineyard at the eleventh hour. The good arrangements of his worthy friend Mr. Heald had, he might almost say, left him little to do. Mr. Heald was always ready with his assistance, if there was only a little branch to nail up, he was ready to do it, or at all events to set up the ladder for him (cheers). The engineering difficulties of the country he had not had to contend with, and he left the credit of it to his predecessors, Messrs. Locke and Errington, in the first instance. He only claimed for himself the honour of having done his best in introducing that railway to the world. True, it was not of great extent, it might not be rich in mineral resources, there were no coal fields nor iron—there might be a little copper but not much—but it would be found valuable for the purpose of recreation and pleasure to those with whom time was everything, and it was one of the proudest moments of his life to be associated with such a number of gentlemen in the common object of pressing forward the work of civilization. They had there represented two of the most powerful agents of civilization, the railroad and the press, and in conclusion he would say for himself that he felt deeply obliged for the honour which had been done him, and what little ability he possessed should be always exerted to promote works of public utility (cheers).

The CHAIRMAN proposed the healths of the contractors, and associated the toast with the names of Mr. Heald and Mr. Rawlinson. It was needless to say how much they were indebted to the contractors. This had been called the gem of railways, and the part of the contractors had been to brush away the dross, to bring the gem out of its natural *habitat*, and present it before their eyes in all its beauty. He begged to propose the healths of Messrs. Brassey, Mackenzie, and Stephenson, and to couple the toast with the names of Mr. Heald and Mr. Rawlinson.

Mr. HEALD expressed his gratification that the works had given satisfaction to those gentlemen in whose behalf they were conducted. With respect to the Kendal and Windermere line itself, he would only say that he considered it a branch of the main line which would produce most luxuriant blossom, and what was still more to the purpose, would be abundantly prolific in fruit. Having assisted in constructing the parent trunk, he had had great gratification in contributing his labour to the construction of this little line. Other branches selected from a good stock would no doubt be eventually grafted in, and produce, for the benefit of the shareholders, that description of fruit commonly known as the golden pippin (hear, and laughter). He begged leave to return his best thanks for the very flattering manner in which they had received the healths of Messrs. Stephenson and company, and for the mode in which they had connected his name with the firm he represented. It would be ungrateful in him not to take the opportunity of acknowledging the kind assistance he had received in promoting the works from the engineers and directors on every occasion (cheers).

Mr. RAWLINSON said that after the eloquent remarks of his friend Mr. Heald anything he might add must appear of little interest, but as they had kindly connected his name also with the firm for which he had the honour to act, he ventured to assure them that those gentlemen would always do the utmost in their power to accomplish the trust placed in their hands or those of their agents. He hoped that success had on that occasion attended their endeavours, and that it would contribute to maintain that character they were justly entitled to. He was sure they would be proud on being informed of the eulogium which had been passed upon them (cheers).

The CHAIRMAN remarked that the Kendal and Windermere Railway had that day opened so auspiciously that they seemed almost to have forgotten that there was any other railway existing or extant. He therefore begged to call their attention to that little subsidiary railway which had lately taken the name of the London and North Western (laughter). In

connection with that railway there was a gentleman then present to whom they were much indebted for marshalling their locomotive engines. It would be found of essential benefit to the Kendal and Windermere, and also to the Lancaster and Carlisle, that arrangements had been made by which the London and North Western supplied the locomotive power, the carriages, and the rest of the plant. It would ensure to the public great convenience, and to the company the greatest possible economy in working the line. Though the London and North Western might appear an insignificant company in comparison with the great work they had that day opened! They would drink success to it, and couple the toast with the health of Mr. Hunt.

Mr. HUNT returned thanks, and assured them that the London and North Western company would do their best towards perfecting the development of their traffic by rendering every assistance.

The CHAIRMAN proposed the health of Mr. Miles Thompson the architect of the stations.

Mr. MILES THOMPSON returned thanks. The stations were not so forward as could have been wished, but circumstances had perhaps rendered that unavoidable. It was true there had not been a great expenditure of capital upon them, but he hoped they would answer the purpose for which they were intended, and would be found to harmonize with the scenery around them.

The "Press" and one or two other toasts having been responded to,

The CHAIRMAN proposed "Our next merry meeting on the banks of Windermere" and adverting to the capability of the line as a pleasure railway, he instanced the York and Scarborough as a proof of the value of pleasure traffic. It had been urged that there were just four coaches in summer, and one in winter between the places, it was impossible to expect a good return, and Mr. Hudson was called a madman for proposing the line. But what has been the result? The York and Scarborough (now in connection with the York and North Mid-

land), which it was said would never pay, returned only last year 14 per cent!

The company then broke up about eight o'clock, returning to Kendal by a special train at nine.

In the summer of 1848 we all removed to London, but my dear father was only a very short time out of harness. From the effects of the French Revolution he lost a great part of the fortune he had earned with so much pains in the Paper Mills, but he was not one to sit down in despair. He turned his attention to Indian railways, and by the invitation of the Earl of Wharncliffe, chairman of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, he became Managing Director of that Company.

The Company had been previously formed, but the necessary capital was wanting, and the task first imposed upon Mr. Nicholson was to raise £500,000 of capital. This was a thing unattainable at that time unless the East India Company could be prevailed upon to guarantee at least 5 per cent. interest irrespective of the profits of the undertaking. He therefore wrote and published a pamphlet (see appendix) which was so powerful that it really had the result of producing the guaranteed interest on the capital required for the construction of the Indian railways. It was in the form of a letter to the chairman of the East India Company, and pointed out conclusively that railways in India would largely benefit both the commerce of that empire, and the manufactures of England, by giving a new supply of cotton; and would further be a safeguard to India itself by offering facilities for the transport of troops from one province to another. This pamphlet

aroused the *Times* newspaper and the *Manchester Guardian:* a large deputation of the cotton interest was brought from Manchester to urge the President of the Board of Control (Sir John Hobhouse), and thus the guaranteed interest was finally secured.

My father held the appointment of Superintending Director of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company for eight years. During that period he worked his brain very hard; he was then in the prime of life, and he found full scope for all his energies in the busy world of London.

In 1849 he was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society, his name having been before the Society on a previous occasion in connexion with a casual discovery. While residing in Stricklandgate, Kendal, he had noticed a remarkable slab of Cambrian rock, four miles north of Kendal, peppered with a now well-known fossil, the "*Terebratula navicula*." At that time the Cambrian was held by most geologists (Professor Sedgwick especially) to be a distinct formation lying below the Silurian, and *non-fossiliferous!* This discovery, which was quite accidental, was therefore a new departure in the science. The fact was brought before the Geological Society in a paper by Mr. Daniel Sharpe, to whom my father had pointed out the slab of fossils. We were living at that time in Bernard Street, Russell Square, so he was able to attend the meetings of the Geological Society, and occasionally took part in the discussions.

In 1852 we removed to Hornsey, and there my sister was married to Mr. James Stuart, of Calcutta, where they remained for some years.

My father had by this time become well-known in the metropolis. The Freedom of the city of London was conferred upon him on October 10th, 1856. His life was too full of activity, and the strain upon his health was more than could be continued; in 1857 his strength gave way, and he was ordered by Sir William Gull to abandon all business engagements, and spend a whole winter in Italy. He was, therefore, compelled to resign his post at the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company. The chairman wrote him a courteous letter on receiving this intimation, in which he says, "Although I cannot but rejoice that you should be in a position to relieve yourself from the arduous duties of your present post and seek that leisure which you deserve, I cannot forget how the interests of our company have flourished under your superintendence, and I naturally feel in consequence some anxiety for the future. With every wish for your future prosperity, and the hope that you may long continue a Director, believe me, &c."

The nine months spent in Italy was a time of great enjoyment to ourselves, and the complete rest restored my dear father's health. He wrote a most interesting diary of all that we saw and did during that sojourn abroad, but space compels me only to give one extract from it, which describes the Easter illuminations of St. Peter's in Rome. Under the new régime this is now a thing of the past, so my father's impressions on viewing this wonderful scene are worthy to be remembered. His own graphic words need no comment.

"It is more difficult to describe your feelings and sensations in witnessing St. Peter's than to describe the building itself. Everybody knows that it is the most

colossal church in the world, and you approach it with this pervading idea. But the idea is not fully realized at first sight. You have at first some doubts about the reality of its superior magnitude, the façade, at a short distance, is less imposing than you expected. The dome, dwarfed by a high balustrade, seems not so large as the world proclaimed it to be, and yet it is 100 feet higher than the dome of St. Paul's."

"You reach the Piazza, look up at the lofty obelisk in the centre, admire the two fine fountains on either hand, whose waters are flashing in the sun, examine the two parallel porticoes which flank the façade in two large hemicycles, and as you mount the flight of steps to the vestibule your doubts begin to dissipate, and a single promenade up the central nave, and round the side aisles, proves that the world is right after all! The style of St. Peter's is very simple (that of a Latin cross, which originated in the Pagan Basilica), what is technically called 'classical,' but the component parts are so gigantic, and their harmony so perfect, that admiration grows insensibly; and every time you revisit the interior, every time your eye glances from floor to roof, from arch to arch, from nave to tribune, from transept to dome, the temple seems to expand and your admiration increases until you find yourself inwardly exclaiming 'well there is nothing equal to this after all'"!

"The present edifice, erected on a former Basilica, was begun in the time of Nicholas V. 1450, and was not entirely finished till the year 1780. Nineteen popes ruled within this period and twelve successive architects were engaged."

"Michael Angelo was appointed architect about one hundred years after its foundation, and it was his master-mind that gave conception to these striking features of the interior. It is a pity he had not lived to finish it."

"The time to see St. Peter's aright is during the imposing ceremonies of Palm Sunday and Easter Day, when the musical strains float through the air as the sovereign Pontiff is borne along in the holiest procession of the church, with such a train of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and military officers as cannot be seen elsewhere in the world."

"To the prolonged strains of the silver trumpets—which keep the mind in ecstacy—add the effect of the most gorgeous robes and uniforms which art can invent, picturesquely displayed in such an edifice, with the sun piercing the fumes of incense and lighting up the arches, giving to their dimensions and architectural proportions a more than usual splendour; and you have a *coup d'œil* which protestants even may admire without any fears of perversion!"

"The ceremonies for the week close on Easter Sunday, by the illumination of St. Peter's, and this is a sight which cannot be equalled or imitated elsewhere, for no other edifice in any city of the world can give the pyrotechnist such advantages. At dusk, the first illumination—called the silver light—commences, when the whole exterior of St. Peter's is lighted up by lines of lamps running up the columns, across the stringcourses, along the friezes and pediment, circling the dome, and mounting over the great ball to the summit of the cross, 450 feet from the pavement. The capitals and cornices

are traced out also with lamps, so that the fine architecture of the church is presented, as it were, in a full length portrait of fire! When the clock strikes eight, the second illumination—or *golden* light—takes place. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, a fresh blaze of deeper flame spreads over the whole edifice, paling the ineffectual lights which before demanded so much admiration; these greater lights now make the building as a temple of glass "mingled with fire." The dome or cupola, standing out against the sky, is like a tiara set with diamonds, and no one who has witnessed it can ever forget the sight!"

On our return from Italy we removed from Hornsey to Muswell Hill, where we spent twenty-one happy years in a comfortable house called "Wellfield." My dear sister had by this time returned with her husband and their sons from India, and settled in Regents Park, London.

My father was then busily engaged as a director of many public undertakings, chiefly gas companies; but as age came creeping on he retired from most of them, except the Gas Meter Company, of which he was for many years the chairman, and a handsome testimonial in recognition of his valuable services was presented in 1877, a portrait bust of himself, in marble, by Mr. T. C. Physick; an admirable likeness. The gift was peculiarly gratifying as it was presented at a public meeting by resolution of the shareholders of the Gas Meter Company.

Besides this, my father had two other handsome presentations, a pair of silver candelabra from the direc-

tors of the Surrey Gas Company; and a very large solid silver tray, which was given him by the patentee of an important railway appendage.

Another mark of esteem was peculiarly appreciated by him, as it was undoubtedly prompted by feelings of true and sincere friendship; this was his own portrait to be engraved as a frontispiece to the second edition of the "Annals of Kendal," which came out in 1861. The expense of this was borne by a group of his old personal friends in Kendal, Mr. Thomas Gough being the chosen mouthpiece; and I know that this testimonial was more welcome to my dear father's feelings than any of the others; his whole heart was to the end bound up with Kendal, and his friends in the north!

The second edition of the "Annals was printed and published in London, it was dedicated to his old friend Thomas Harrison, Esq., then Town Clerk of Kendal. The reviews of this book in the "Athenæum," "Notes and Queries," "The Reliquary," "Manchester Guardian," "Manchester Examiner," and the several Westmorland newspapers were very complimentary.*

In 1862, my father visited Russia, and again in the following year he went to St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and returned through Poland; he passed through some thrilling adventures which his friends delighted to hear from his own lips, as he sat in his comfortable armchair, and looked back with gratitude at his narrow escapes! One of his Ventnor neighbours made him promise to write down this story exactly as he had described it,

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* There are only a few copies left, which may be obtained from Mr. Titus Wilson, Highgate, Kendal.

and I am happy to be able to give this anecdote in his own words. He commences thus :—

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

"There are few men—perhaps there is no man—of fairly social position, with active habits, who has not encountered adventures more or less striking in his career, and had his "hair-breadth escapes." I am no exception to this general rule. In the year 1861 circumstances occurred which gave occasion to my twice going to St. Petersburg and Moscow, with introductions to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, the general governor of Moscow, and several gentlemen of rank connected with the Imperial Court of Russia."

"On the first occasion in 1862, I went by steamer from Hull, up the German ocean, down the Cattegat to Copenhagen, up the Baltic to the entrance of the gulf of Finland, thence up to Neva, past Chronstadt to St. Petersburg. This was an interesting and delightful trip. The steamer was well provisioned; the passengers agreeable and intelligent, and the weather throughout was all that could be desired. So in fact, the voyage was a continuous yachting excursion."

"Previously to this I had had no experience at sea, except what is obtained in crossing 'the silver strip' between Dover and Calais, and therefore it was that I could now understand and appreciate the exultant feelings of the mariner who joins to the whispering breezes his praises of 'the blue, the fresh, the ever free.'"

"It so happened that we were within the gulf of Finland on the border of the arctic circle, on the longest day of the year, the 21st of June. There was 'no night there,'

if I may borrow without irreverence a phrase from the apocalypse. The moon was at full, but she had to pale her ineffectual fires before the daylight. It would have been 'robbing such a night,' as Lord Byron says, to have gone to bed. Taking a survey of the northern skies about the meridian hour of night, it seemed impossible to say whether the blended light west of north and east of north, was the daylight of yesterday or to-morrow! The properties of the light itself I can now compare visibly to the electric light as it has been exhibited on the Holborn Viaduct. I could read the *Times* newspaper standing on the deck of the steamer at midnight. And so by the light of day, in the *first* hour of morning, we entered the mouth of the river Neva, and steamed up to St. Petersburg."

"This city is properly named after Peter the Great, its founder. Its conception and construction is a marvel. It is reclaimed from the waters, a city of palaces reared on a substratum of piles, the work of a giant, as if he had said 'I despise all natural obstacles, and will subdue the earth and the ocean.' Peter the Great is seen everywhere in this city, because everything is *great*. The palaces are greatest and grandest; the streets are widest; the squares are broadest; the churches are richest; the monuments are loftiest. These attributes perhaps serve to raise the aspirations of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, furnishing them with an idea of the omnipotence of the great temporal and spiritual head of the greatest empire in Europe."

"Moscow is the ancient capital of Russia, and is not only unlike St. Petersburg in every respect, but unlike every other city in Europe. It is, perhaps, more orien-

tal than occidental, but a mixture of both, and it is remarkable that this should be so, seeing that the whole city was rebuilt after the destruction of its predecessor by fire, in 1812. That fire defeated the strategy of Buonaparte, and sent him back humiliated to Paris with the total loss of the finest army he had ever 'stamped out of the earth.' No part of the former city of Moscow escaped the fire excepting only the Kremlin; the flames stopped at the 'Span Gate,' the Saviour's gate, the principal arched entrance to the Holy of Holies, at the bidding of the Madonna, whose picture—by every one adored—hangs over the gateway. Just as the flood of lava in the great eruption of Vesuvius, was arrested, as is said, at the bridge near Naples, by command of St. Januarius! There is only one Moscow in the world! To stand on an elevation in the Kremlin, and look over the city at sunset, is a sight never to be forgotten. The spires, steeples, domes, and minarets of green, blue, purple, and gold—not two alike in form and hue—all sparkling in the beams of the setting sun, present a spectacle unique in itself, and grand beyond compare. Then again the inhabitants are as interesting and as varied as the architecture of the city; oriental costumes and habits seeming to prevail over those of western nations. I was in every way gratified by my first visit to Moscow."

"But I have previously said that I twice visited St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the adventures best worth recording occurred on the next journey, which took place in the following year (1863)."

"On this occasion I travelled to and fro by railway. I went from Calais by way of Brussels and Cologne to

Berlin, thence via Königsberg to the small frontier town of Kovno, which separates Prussia from Russia."

"At this spot passengers for St. Petersburg leave the Prussian state railways and join the Russian trains, which are in every respect more commodious and comfortable. First-class passengers have their "grand salon" for day, and their "petit salon" for night. Very few passengers travel first class on the Russian railways except English gentlemen and Russian military officers, the last named having the privilege of travelling gratis. The railway carriages are broad, a corridor runs down the centre, from end to end, and compartments open out right and left of the corridor. It was near bed-time when I took my place, and I was accordingly shewn to my chamber—one of the 'petits salons,' fitted up with a couch where I could comfortably 'stretch the tired limbs' and go to rest. Soon after day-break next morning, throwing open the door of my chamber, I confronted a gentleman rousing himself from his slumbers. A neat lavatory gave the opportunity for a good wash and shave, and by the time this was done the train drew up at an intermediate station, where a plentiful breakfast of hot choice dishes awaited us. It was my first introduction to Russian tea, served as it is, in tumbler glasses, and taken, not with milk, but lemon. But my fellow traveller, as I observed, had no relish for tea, he preferred champagne, even at 8 a.m., and tossed off a whole bottle to his breakfast! My having noticed this exploit, determined a very striking episode in my subsequent journey through Russia and Poland; so true is it that 'the mother of events is no bigger than a midge's egg.'"

"The 'grand salon' for first-class passengers was furnished on every side with gilt mirrors, a writing table stood in the centre surrounded by ottomans and couches. As the train moved off I took possession of this luxuriant salon, and had just settled down to a book, when a tap came at the door, and in obedience to my 'entrez' the gentleman who had astonished me at breakfast, entered, bowing and making a half apology for intruding on my privacy! Pulling out his cigar-case, he asked if I objected to smoking, and if I would be pleased to accept a cigar; I said I enjoyed the aroma of a good cigar, and begged him to proceed, but 'smoking was not one of my accomplishments, and I must be excused.' Another tap came to the door of the salon, and the conductor addressed my travelling companion as 'His Excellency,' and incidentally named the name of 'Strogonoff.' When the servant had departed, I said, 'I am going to take a liberty with you from what I have overheard. Are you any relation of the Count Strogonoff, who was plenipotentiary representative of the court of Russia at our Queen Victoria's coronation?'—'Why, that was my grandfather! What do you know of my granfather?' 'I know him only by a satirical poem, in a book of the time called Ingoldsby Legends, where at the banquet your grandfather distinguished himself thus:—

> And there was Count Strogonoff,
> He got prog enough,
> Sitting close by the gallery stair,' etc.

'And what is prog, pray?' 'It is good eating and drinking,' I answered, 'and now that I have seen you at breakfast, I can testify that you do no discredit to

your ancestors!'— Then laughing heartily he said, 'Mon Dieu, I will take care that you shall have prog enough when we get to Petersburg." He spoke very indifferent English, and could yet understand it. I stumbled sadly in colloquial French, and still could follow a speaker in that language; so we agreed that I should speak English and he French throughout our journey—about 700 miles—which we did to our mutual satisfaction. At his request, to get still more freedom of speech, we exchanged cards, and I soon found that my companion was the husband of the Duchess de Lichtenberg, and therefore the brother-in-law of the Emperor of Russia. At that time the grand topic in Russia was the contemplated abolition of serfdom, and I got hold of Strogonoff's sympathies by declaring that if Alexander freed Russia from serfdom he would raise himself to a pinnacle of glory higher than that of Peter the Great. The Count kept his promise to me that I should have 'prog enough.' He gave a semi-state dinner in my honour at the Nobility Club, introduced me on one occasion personally to the Emperor, and showed me favours which only one in his position had the power to do. He gave me his card, desiring that I would exhibit it at the railway stations, the Bureaux des Gendarmeries, etc., to facilitate my travels. He gave me also a card of introduction to the General Governor of Moscow, which obtained for me many hospitalities and much attention in that city. All these favours sprang from the recollection of 'prog enough,' in 'Ingoldsby Legends;' an illustration of the truth of the proverb that 'reading furnishes you with the wings which help to carry you through the world.'"

"I must here say of the Russian nobility and gentry, from my (certainly limited) experience, that they are perfect gentlemen in manner and conduct. I have never anywhere else experienced such true politeness and so much generous hospitality. The glaring faults of their despotic rule as a nation are not seen in the social circle."

"From St. Petersburg, on my return home, I resolved to pass through Poland, although Poland, at that time, was in a state of open insurrection. I relied upon Count Strogonoff's card for protection, but this card, as the event proved, put me in great peril. Nothing particular happened to me until I reached Warsaw. When the train stopped there, a soldier with a loaded musket, appeared at the door of every railway compartment, and opening the door demanded your passport, whence you came, and whither you were going. He then ordered you into the Bureau at the station, keeping you in close custody. The commandant demanded 'where are you going to be located?' I answered, 'at the Hotel de l'Europe; but I desire to leave by first train to-morrow morning for Vienna.' 'That cannot be,' said the official, 'we must communicate with St. Petersburg before you will be allowed to leave Warsaw.' I said—'I have the honour to know Count Strogonoff, and I have here his card given me to facilitate my journey. May I not have my passport now returned to me?' 'Oh dear no! You will have a *permis* to lodge at the Hotel de l'Europe, and to-morrow you can apply at the Bureau de la Gendarmerie for your passport.' Having taken some refreshment in the first hour of my stay at the hotel, I took my hat and cane and walked forth into the street. It might be seven p.m., a beautiful evening, the moon

shining brightly; I had not gone half the length of the street, when I was stopped—arrested it afterwards appeared—by a soldier, who, planting himself right in the front of me, muttered some mandate first in one language, Russ; then in another, Polish; equally unintelligible to me. At that moment an officer appeared, and addressing me in French asked 'where are you going?' 'I am just promenading the city.' 'You are not allowed to be in the streets after 6 p.m. without a lantern, and you are under arrest.' I said, 'I am quite ignorant of such a prohibition, having only just arrived in the city.' So he politely walked me to the hotel, ushered me in and ordered the doors of the house to be bolted for the night. The hotel was surrounded by soldiers, and in my oft-waking hours I heard the scabbards of the sentinels ringing on the paving stones under my windows."

"Next day was a day of mourning and sorrow for the Poles in Warsaw. All the ladies and all women who could afford it, were draped in black. In the angles of the streets mothers and children were weeping aloud, and men exchanged thoughts with each other in lowest whispers. Five Poles were to be shot down at five different places in the city, at the same instant of time, 11 a.m., as a penalty for disaffection, under a sentence of martial law. I witnessed one of these executions—butcheries rather call them! A nice looking young man, stript to a very white linen shirt (which shirt, as I was afterwards told had been presented to him for the purpose), was brought out pinioned into the middle of the National Square, and fastened by cords to the stake. Then, at twelve paces' distance, three picket soldiers took their stand, under command of an officer, and

loaded their muskets with ball. At the word of command they fired, one ball hit the poor fellow in the leg which trembled with pain. Orders were given to reload and fire again. This second time two balls entered the chest and the penalty of death was paid. This young fellow had been waiter at an hotel, and the actual charge against him was his having threatened the life of a Russian soldier in a quarrel; his real offence was in being a Pole. The five executions were appointed to take place in five separate streets or squares, to strike terror into the whole city."

"There was a remarkable natural phenomenon connected with these butcheries. Heaven frowned upon them in a most striking manner, the clouds themselves going into deepest mourning. Just as the people weeping moved away, a thick black fog fell heavily over the streets, so that it was not without great difficulty that I could make my way back to my hotel. The coincidence of natural darkness with a dark deed of oppression seemed to me like a Divine interposition."

"I dined at the hotel that evening in company with an eminent physician of the name of Hermanni. He was married to an English lady, and spoke English well, also Italian, French, Russ, Polish, and other languages; but I did not learn his nationality. After dinner we walked together a very short distance down to a café where I could get a peep at *The Times* newspaper, of which I had been deprived for several days."

"I was standing on a chair to reach a gas light placed very high, absorbed in the *Times*, when a tug at the lappet of my coat caused me to look down, whilst M. Hermanni whispered 'come away this instant.' As

soon as we got away from the door of the café he explained that he had overheard a conversation among a group of Poles, who said that 'that English man reading there was in league with the Russian government, and had exhibited Count Strogonoff's card at the Gendarmerie. 'I consider your life (said Hermanni) not worth an hour's purchase, and I must certainly go with you to the station to-morrow morning and see you safely away.' He kept his kind promise, and said farewell to me on the platform of the railway station, as I seated myself alone in a first-class compartment. At the second intermediate station from Warsaw an ugly looking black-bearded fellow, his hands and arms folded in a great blue cloak, threw himself into the seat immediately opposite to me. I recognized the man from his squint, having noticed him as I took my ticket at the railway station. First trying Russ, then Polish, in answer to which I could only shake my head, he then asked in French, 'Had I been in Warsaw?' 'Yes.' 'Was I there yesterday?' 'Yes.' 'Did I see those poor Poles shot down in the streets?' 'Yes' 'It is a dreadful thing this Polish insurrection?' 'It is!' 'I do not know what is to be the end of it?' 'Neither do I.' The safest thing for me was to agree to everything he said, and tired out with my complaisance he gave up all questioning, and left the train at a station some thirty miles from Warsaw."

"The conductor afterwards told me that he was a Russian spy and I was a *suspect*. All Englishmen were thought to be in sympathy with the Poles. At break of day next morning the dead body of my kind acquaintance M. Hermanni was found stabbed in four places,

outside the door of the bedroom in which I had slept the night before. About six weeks after this event, a lady in widow's weeds appeared at my residence, Wellfield, Muswell Hill, and presenting to me my own address card, asked if that was my card? 'Yes!' 'This card,' said she, 'was found in the waistcoat pocket of my husband, after he was discovered assassinated in the Hotel de l'Europe, Warsaw, he is supposed to have been mistakenly assassinated in your stead!'"

"It still remains a doubt as to whether the assassins belonged to the National party of Poles, but that was the general supposition. And Madame Hermanni came to London in search of me that I might procure for her an introduction to the Emperor of Russia, through Count Strogonoff, to whom she might appeal for compensation for the loss of the valuable life of her husband; he (Hermanni) being at the time in professional attendance on the General in command at Warsaw."

"I gave her a note to the Count, armed with which she went to St. Petersburg, and the compensation she got was 4,000 roubles—a poor dower for the widow, and yet as much as could be expected. She came back again to London and I had the satisfaction of assisting her in other ways."

In the course of the year 1868 Mr. Nicholson was put into the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and attached himself to the Petty Sessions at Highgate. He was appointed one of the visiting Justices charged with the management of the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, in the affairs of which he took an active part. I am glad to be able to quote from a letter addressed

to me soon after my dear father's decease, by one well able to form a correct opinion of his usefulness. "I am sincerely grieved to hear of the death of your good father, my worthy friend; and I beg to offer to you the expression of my condolence with you in the sad loss which has befallen you. You truly say your father's life was useful. That fact, appreciated by all who knew him, must of itself be some consolation to you by and bye, when the effect of this blow has been somewhat mitigated. I should have been glad to have attended his funeral, but for the fact that I am very far from well."

In 1876 Mr. Nicholson received a further mark of attention from the Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Wellington, in being nominated by him a Deputy Lieutenant of Middlesex and Westminster. His health had been failing for some years, he suffered from severe attacks of rheumatic gout. My dear mother was also an invalid, having had a stroke of paralysis in the spring of that year, therefore it was thought advisable to try the climate of Ventnor; we came down for the winter to the "Crab and Lobster Hotel," where we met with every comfort and courtesy. But a cloud was hanging over us in the near horizon, and in March, 1877, my beloved mother was taken to the heavenly home. From that time my father's life and mine were more than ever intertwined. It is a great joy to me now to think of this, and to feel assured that I never needed to ask with Portia,

> Dwell I but in the *suburbs*
> Of your good pleasure.

He allowed me the privilege of sharing his intellectual

interests, which were sustained to a marvellous degree till he was over 80 years of age.

In September, 1879, we took possession of our pretty home, Ashleigh, Ventnor, where his last ten years were spent, surrounded by affectionate neighbours, many of them intellectual people who loved to come in for a chat with my honoured father. His cheery welcome, and combined with the graphic manner in which he recounted his early reminiscences was a never-failing source of pleasure. His love for literature and art never flagged. Wordsworth's poetry was always his special delight; his friendship with the poet dated from his earliest days, and he would point out with pride Haydon's portrait of Wordsworth on Helvellyn, which was one of his choicest possessions. This picture had been bought by my father after the artist committed suicide. Haydon pawned it in his great poverty, and when my father heard of this circumstance he searched for it in London, and found it in the shop of a small pawnbroker, who was quite ready to sell it. Mr. Wordsworth expressed to my father his satisfaction when he knew that he possessed it, and asked as a favour that it might be shewn to his daughter, Mrs. Quillinan, who was then lying at Rydal Mount in a dying condition; the portrait was placed at the foot of her bed and she exclaimed "it is perfection." At the back of the picture Haydon has written the date, 1842, and this line of Wordsworth's poetry—

High is our calling, friend!

Mrs. E. Barrett Browning composed one of her lovely sonnets on this picture; it is as follows:—

WORDSWORTH UPON HELVELLYN.

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed,
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place as Poet-Priest
By the high altar, singing praise and prayer
To the higher heavens. A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand has flung from out the mist!
No portrait this, with academic air—
This is the Poet, and his Poetry.

The evening of life with my dear father was peculiarly happy, his serene countenance was often remarked as we drove along the lovely Undercliff in an open carriage even in the winter months; accompanied by our faithful dog and still more faithful old coachman. Shakespeare's words well describe his life at this time, for he had

> That which should accompany old age,
> Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

Occasionally he invited the neighbours into our drawing room, and read them one of his lectures. Some of these are given at the end of this volume.

Games of all sorts were a continual amusement during these years, which were certainly not "labour and sorrow" in this instance, although the allotted threescore years and ten had passed. It was a pretty sight to see the tall figure (slightly stooping certainly),

playing at bowls or billiards, and often coming off triumphant! Then in the evening he loved a game at whist, and was nearly always successful at bézique.

My dear father's perfect content and serenity may be gathered from these few lines which he pencilled in his own bedroom one bright May morning, when all nature seemed rejoicing, and the "garden island" looked in the height of its beauty.

ASHLEIGH.

He is most joyous who enjoys content,
And all are *sad* besides! Out from his
Mullioned window, over the velvet lawn,
He looks on ever-varying landscape;
His are the beeches, the purple hazel his,
The arbutus, laurustinus, and the cedars—
"Trees of the Lord"—the glory of Lebanon!
Contrasting with the pine is blossoming thorn,
Each flower and leaf varying in hue
With the ever-changing seasons.
"Munitions of rock," * fringed with shrubs
And pendant ivy, falling carelessly,
A "luxury of neglect," makes sylvan doorway
To the Hermit's cave, habited with ferns.
Beyond, the smiling ocean; and above,
The azure sky! These are his to enjoy
With ever grateful heart, more grateful still
When, looking up to *Him*—the Giver of all good.
To Whom all praise is due—he thankfully
Exclaims, "my Father made them all."

C. N.

Mr. Nicholson's last visit to his beloved Westmorland was paid in 1888, when he delivered a lecture at Kirkby

* "His place of defence shall he the munitions of rocks." Isaiah xxxiii, 16.

Stephen, by the invitation of the vicar, the Rev. Henry Feilden, on "Mallerstang Forest and the Barony of Westmorland."

A few days later he lectured at Kendal, on "Sir Andrew de Harcla." It was a touching scene to see the old man come on to the platform leaning on the arm of his friend Mr. James Cropper; and it seems appropriate that his very last lecture should have been given in that institution which was founded by his own exertions nearly 60 years before!

He seemed in such good health and spirits that after we returned home we sent out invitations for a garden party; this was very prettily described in the "Lady" newspaper by a friend who was present. After praising the beauties of the neighbourhood, she says:—"Last Monday witnessed a most successful garden party at Ashleigh, the residence of Mr. Cornelius Nicholson, an old inhabitant of Ventnor, foremost alike in deeds of benevolence and in every movement, literary and scientific. The welcome invitation to Ashleigh was responded to by some 70 or 80 guests. The weather was propitious, and enabled the visitors fully to enjoy the beauties of the garden. Within doors excellent vocal and instrumental music delighted those who preferred gazing on the fair scene below from the windows of the drawing-room. An excellent band concealed in the shrubberies played at intervals during the afternoon, and as time wore on there were rumours that Sir Roger de Coverley was to wind up the evening's festivities. The tennis court was speedily cleared, and a prettier sight could scarcely be imagined, the bright dresses of the ladies lending colour to the scene. From

the windows above, the dancers on the green turf below looked like living marionettes. The venerable host, upwards of eighty years of age, appeared in excellent health, and enjoyed to the full the genial gathering of his friends."

All seemed to go well with my father during the early part of the winter; like the old legend of the holly tree, whose prickles decrease the higher it grows, so he seemed gentler and advancing in all heavenly aspirations; while at the same time he enjoyed the society of his own children at Christmas; welcomed a new member into the family circle, the bride of one of his grandsons, and even was able to receive a visit from his favorite great grand-children, one of his chief characteristics was his love for little children.

But in January, 1889 the first alarming change came, a slight stroke of paralysis frightened us, this was followed by other distressing symptoms. Still his mental vigour continued, and in May he wrote the following letter to a Ventnor newspaper on the St. Boniface Downs.

A correspondent sends us the following remarks appropriate to Wednesday next, St. Boniface Day :—

This is the 5th day of June, and I propose to shew you that it is a red-letter day, and was a red-letter day in this locality for several hundred years of past history. There is a great lack of historical records pertinent to this subject, but this is not always an evil to sober historians; traditionary legends are often reckoned more reliable than early writings, especially where, as in this case, we have local names and local inheritances in support of the legends.

There are two distinct features connected with these St. Boniface Downs—two attributes of interest, viz., the natural beauties of the scene, and its historical importance.

Almost all mountain chains have traditional legends clinging to them like gorse and heather, and this St. Boniface Mount is no exception. It played an important part in our Church history at an early epoch.

St. Boniface, as "maker of England," appeared at the beginning of the 7th century: previous to that, Britain had been engrossed in heathen darkness. The Olympic gods which the Romans brought hither, and the Scandinavian gods which the Vikings introduced, dominated this land of ours, and entirely shut out Christianity;—tben it was that the Almighty raised up powerful servants to plead His own cause. There is one thing noticeable about St Boniface—that he was a born Englishman! He was not an ordinary preacher, for he was publicly styled an Apostle, and became a martyr, as you will hear. There was a famous book entitled "Acta Bonifaciana" which contained an account of the miracles he performed, which were both numerous and striking; and there is still in the classical library at Augsburg a book called "Thesaurus," which contains a very famous sermon of his, preached somewhere in Germany.

How long he laboured in this neighbourhood and in England, history does not say; but he was inspired with a missionary spirit which carried him abroad. There he met with the enemies of his faith,—a violent tumult and riotous proceedings took place, headed by pagan fanatics, and Boniface died the death of a martyr in Friesland on the 5th of June, 755.

They could, and did kill his body, but they could not kill the spirit he had aroused; so true is it that the "blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." I do not find that he was canonized before his death; the probability is that it was after, and it was as a martyr that he was made a saint.

Now, what are his traces and evidences in this locality? His standing monument is the Church of Bonchurch, which bears his patronymic, and he must have been the founder of this church, and not only the founder, but a benefactor, for here are several plots of ground at the foot of this hill which

are still charged with ground-rents payable to the rector of Bonchurch as part of his glebe. Without doubt this part of the glebe was the benefaction of St. Boniface, and still retains the title of the " Bishop's acres."

There is another trace of St. Boniface on the shoulder of the hill, viz., St. Boniface well : it is now nearly dry, but was originally a bubbling spring of water. Reasoning from other similar cases, the waters of this well had been consecrated by Bishop Boniface ; he blessed it, and gave its waters curative properties, making it a " Pool of Bethesda " for the cripples ! The day of Boniface's martyrdom became the patron saint day here, and there was therefore an annual festival for the " well-dressing." One can imagine almost the whole of the peasantry on this island gathered together at this spot on these occasions. The well was dressed with the gayest of flowers—*stars of earth*—and in that way the 5th of June became a red-letter day.

I have said another attribute of this mountain was the natural beauties which it commands. Standing on the vantage ground—the site of this well—you overlook the peaceful village, which is our home, to the glorious channel beyond where the setting sun throws beams of golden light across the surface of the waters. The festival of the dressing of wells has not yet fallen into disuetude, for the famous Holy-well of Flintshire, and the scarcely less famous Holy-well at Buxton, have still their patron saint fêtes yearly celebrated. At Buxton the maying and morris-dancing attract thousands of spectators, and many hundreds of children for morris-dancing —a festivity which is looked forward to for months and months before the time, and remembered for months afterwards. Of course these children do not understand that this ceremony is a relic of heathenism, but this fact in no way deteriorates from the enjoyment of the celebrants.

Ashleigh, May 31st, 1889. C.N.

Another proof of his marvellous energy is shewn in the fact that he had almost taken cabins in the

"Chimparazo," to visit the North Cape in June! It was only the doctor's positive veto that stopped this project; but instead of watching the faint beams of the midnight sun, he was soon to be called to enjoy the glorious brightness of the Sun of Righteousness!

It is pleasant to think that the last use to which my dear father's gifted pen was put, was in the cause of charity! When he could scarcely steady his hand he wrote an "Appeal to the Benevolent," on behalf of a poor man who had met with a serious accident and was in great distress; he collected several pounds, and undertook the guardianship of it himself as long as he was able, paying the afflicted man five shillings weekly.

Gradually we noticed the "shadow feared of man!" It was no more than the "shadow of death" in his case, for trusting in our Saviour's merits, he was longing for the eternal rest:

> Like weary men when age is won,
> Such calm old age as conscience pure
> And self-commanding hearts ensure,
> Waiting their summons to the sky,
> Content to live, but not afraid to die.

In the early morning of July 5th, 1889, my beloved father's spirit passed peacefully away, like a tired child falling asleep! His radiant face brought us, his mourning children, the most sacred messages of peace; we can indeed echo Lord Bacon's words—"Above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, *Nunc Dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations!"

The affectionate sympathy expressed by those who knew and loved him is the best testimony to the powerful influence of a well-spent career.

As soon as the tolling bell bore the solemn tidings to our friends, the flag hoisted at half-mast, the floral offerings (even of the poor), and the many marks of condolence shewed how much he was respected. The vicar of a neighbouring parish thus expressed his kindly sentiments:—"We do feel sorely and sadly for you, and do so wish we could in any way help you to bear this blow. Also we feel *ourselves* bereaved, the blank is one that many are conscious of outside the family circle."

We laid him in Highgate cemetery by our dearest mother, in the "sure and certain" resurrection hope, which is the glory of such an earthly "sunset:"

> But catch a gleam beyond it,
> And 'tis bliss!

Looking back over the chequered experiences of his 85 years, we can reverently take this sacred text as the the motto of our father's life and death—"After having served his own generation, by the will of God, he fell on sleep!"

APPENDIX.

THE LONDON AND GLASGOW RAILWAY.

THE INTERESTS OF KENDAL CONSIDERED.

1837.

The contemplated railway for uniting the manufacturing and commercial districts of England with the most populous district of Scotland, is now an exciting topic of conversation and newspaper controversy throughout the intermediate country. And as it is an undertaking of the first and last importance to every individual within the range of this district, too much cannot be said or done to canvas the respective merits of the various lines—to point out the advantages that may be expected to result from the undertaking, and the evil that would be the inevitable consequence of its neglect,—to grapple with and overcome every apparent obstacle to its accomplishment. In whatever way it may be finally decided that this great object should be attained,—by whatever route it may be determined to take the railway, when the public mind is ripe for the project (as I believe it ere long will be), there can at least be no harm in each party interested, pointing out the advantages of the line which is most subservient to his views, if such advocacy be conducted with temperance and reason. The strife of tongues and of pens has been rather hotly sustained by different contending parties: one party labouring in favour of the route across Morecambe Bay; another by Shap Fells; and another by Ravenstonedale and Appleby. I am not going to rebuke the operation of the motive by which these parties are so evidently actuated, viz. self-interest, for I believe that "interest is to man what gravity is to matter," and I confess myself impelled by considerations of interest

to act the part I have here undertaken, and to shew my fellow-townsmen of Kendal, by as many arguments as I am able to command, how *their best interests* may be secured or sacrificed by this railway undertaking.

I propose to consider, first—the *necessity* for a railway to, or through, Kendal; secondly—the *advantages* that would result from it; thirdly—the *objections* and *scruples* that are urged against it; and lastly I shall offer some observations on what seems to me to be the proper steps for the inhabitants of Kendal to take to secure the benefits which such an undertaking obviously promises.

First, as to the *necessity* for a railway.

The general principle of railway communication may be considered as being fairly established. It is the greatest present achievement of the human intellect in the combination of science and art. And it is now acknowledged to be the medium of intercourse best fitted (and will ere long be the only medium) for the extensive commercial operations of this enlightened and enterprising age. Countries are to each other, and towns in the same country to each other, in the race of competition, what individual opponents are in the same trade. Whosoever seizes the earliest and greatest facilities for the production and disposal of his wares, advances before his rival, and secures the common object—profit. It is an axiom which may be regarded as a law, that whatever tends to expedite the production and sale of the rude or manufactured produce of a country is an increase to the general revenue. The proud pre-eminence of England is owing to her sons having ever been in advance of other countries with regard to the essential facilities of manufactures and transit. The woollen manufactures might yet have been seated in the Netherlands had not the superior sagacity of the Kendal men prompted them to receive John Kemp with open arms,* and give him facilities

* See the introduction into England of the woollen manufactures,—"Annals of Kendal."

(denied to him in Flanders), and themselves improved upon the art he introduced, so as to raise up from that humble beginning a manufacture that gave wings to commerce, and gave fortune and power to England! The most striking rivalry of trade, as to countries, is now, or soon will be, between Great Britain and America, and our talented business-authors* are doing well to warn the parent country to keep her interests in view. America is preparing for the onset. There are several thousands of miles of railroads in operation and in progress in the States of America, besides navigable rivers and canals alive with steam-boats. It is quite unnecessary here to detail other advantages for manufactures which America possesses equally with ourselves.† I must confine my observations to my subject. The railway is becoming an indispensable element of commerce, and if we do not generally adopt it, America and other countries that secure to themselves its advantages, will outstrip us in the race. This broad fact establishes the *necessity* for railways in the country generally. But the home trade is of equal importance with exports, and many towns flourish without any *direct* dependence on our commerce with other countries. Let any person of ordinary reflection look back a quarter of a century into the history of the towns that he is acquainted with, and see what influence such facilities, as have been adopted by them respectively, have manifested in deciding the fate of those places. Lancaster was a flourishing town, as a commercial port, till Liverpool offered superior facilities to commerce, and then the former place, in this respect, sank to nothing. Glasgow, in like manner, swallowed up the trade and the fortunes of Lanark and other towns in that part of the country with

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* See Cobden's "England, Ireland, and America."

† The cotton imported to this country from America, gives employment and subsistance to more than a million of our people. The cotton goods, manufactured by British industry, and exported to foreign parts, *every week*, are worth about a quarter of a million sterling! "Russia," by Mr. Cobden.

inferior advantages. Perhaps a more striking example still is to be found with Carlisle and Whitehaven, and I am fortunately in a capacity for giving some details as connected with these places. Before the Carlisle canal was opened, the great portion of merchants' goods consumed in that city was obtained from Whitehaven, and now the Carlisle people would deem it a deep humiliation to have to apply to Whitehaven for a single article. Whilst Carlisle, since the opening of the canal, has increased most rapidly in population, Whitehaven, on the contrary, has retrograded, or at least remained stationary. Penrith has stood still, for want of a channel of commerce. In 1821, the population of Carlisle was 14,000; in 1831 it was 20,000; and now, in 1837, it is believed to be 26,000 to 28,000 —having doubled itself, or nearly so, in sixteen years! Before the opening of the canal, three small sailing vessels, at about one voyage per month, "wind and waves permitting," conveyed all the commerce of Carlisle between that city and Liverpool; and when the first steam-vessel was proposed for that navigation many short-sighted people prophesied that traffic would never be found to pay the cost of coal for the engine! Now there are three powerful steamers* running regularly six times in the fortnight between Carlisle and Liverpool, and last week a steam-boat commenced running once a week between Carlisle and Dublin!

It is affirmed, therefore, that towns must, through *self-defence*, if they have no higher motive, encourage a railway connection, and that town will suffer in its interests most severely, which is most backword to adopt these improved facilities. If the manufacturers of Kendal will not exert themselves to secure the advantages of the railway, other towns that better understand their interests will rob us of our trade. Huddersfield (with the advantage of the Manchester and Leeds railway) may then, perhaps, take away *all* the fine Valentia manufacture which

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* The last steamer put on the Carlisle station is said to have cost £20,000.

has been, of late years, conducted with so much spirit and success in this town. Dewsbury may not unlikely get our coarse woollens; Halifax may seize our card-making; and other towns with superior facilities may appropriate other branches of industry by which our population is supported, and the trade of the town will be annihilated! This constitutes the necessity of a railway to Kendal on the general principle. But let us inquire if some particular arguments may not be adduced in further proof of this necessity. The canal from Kendal to Lancaster and Preston was opened about twenty years ago, and that event (as was the case at Carlisle) formed the commencement of a new era in the trade of Kendal. It may be said, I think, that these twenty years have been as a century in the progress of improvement. Before that event, the manufactures were listless and limited. There was little machinery in the town, and this of a rude and imperfect construction. Coals were 1s. 6d. per cwt. The children of the poor and *middle class* too, instead of being sent to school (as they now are, even to the very poorest of the poor) were employed in setting cards, or winding spools, or knitting hose. The streets were tortuous and ill paved. The houses were dark and out of order—presenting external decay and internal discomfort. The public conveyances were infrequent and snail-paced. The weekly markets were thinly supplied and thinly attended.* The public institutions (as they ever do) partook of the general character of the town which was gloomy and apathetic. These general facts are to be regarded in a comparative sense, as contrasted with the present state of things, and they must not be considered as imputing to the inhabitants of Kendal greater slothfulness than was manifested at the time in most provincial towns of like magnitude. But the facilities afforded to trade by the opening of the canal in a

* Within fifty years of the present time seldom more than a dozen loads of oats were exposed, and *not a grain of wheat* was brought to the market.

few years wrought a change so great in the general character of the town and the inhabitants—in the wealth and industry,—so completely altered every feature of the place, that natives revisiting the town after an absence of half a dozen years, conceived it transformed by the power of a magician's wand! If any one thinks I am *romancing*, let him refer to well-informed persons old enough to recollect the change, and my statements will be confirmed. The canal, then, was a powerful stimulant to exertion, and *has been* of eminent benefit to trade, but it now fails to accomplish all that our manufactures require, as I shall attempt to shew. What we want,—as essential to the continuance or extension of our prosperity,—is cheap and punctual conveyance of the raw materiel of manufactures, and of coals, into the town, with the same transport of manufactured goods and agricultural produce out of the town; and moreover a speedy and certain mode of *personal intercourse* with the markets (distant as they are) on which we are entirely dependent. Does the canal offer these desiderata? I maintain that it does not. Whether it is by too high rate of tonnage charged by the canal proprietors, or by a compact between the two wealthy carriers who command the traffic of goods on the canal, that the expense of carriage to Lancashire is still so high, I do not pretend to say; and whether 2s. per cwt. to Manchester, and 1s. 8d. to Liverpool, be an exorbitant or a fair and proper charge, I do not pretend to decide; but I conceive that the cost at once mars the advantages which ought to result from the canal, and helps to account for the undertaking having proved an unprofitable speculation to the proprietors. This cost of carriage checks all further increase of traffic. When the canal was opened, 2s. per cwt. was not so material a consideration with the then profits on manufactures and merchandise, but now a tax of 2s. per cwt. will amount to a prohibition on many descriptions of goods. All heavy goods, therefore, to and from Liverpool and Manchester are sent by sea, at from 9d. to 1s. per cwt.—some by canal to Lancaster or Glasson Dock, and thence by vessels at sea, and some by

small craft sailing to Milnthorpe. The quantity of goods thus sent (notwithstanding the perilous and uncertain nature of the elements) is known to be considerably greater than that transported by the canal. Coals brought along the canal are now selling at 1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d. per cwt. Thus we see that the canal, as at present regulated, is an imperfect channel of commerce, as applied to the existing demand; and though we acknowledge, with gratitude to its projectors, the great benefits it has conferred; we contend, at the same time, that it is as insufficient for the purposes of the present day, as pack horses (the ancient mode of carriage) would have been felt to be when the canal was opened twenty years ago. And if experience be of any value, and analogy may be derived therefrom, the contemplated railway—inasmuch as it is eminently, incalculably superior, will confer still more striking and more lasting benefits upon us. Hence we argue the *necessity* for the railway on particular grounds as well as on general principles.

Secondly, as to the probable *advantages*.

The striking and most prominent advantage of a railway undoubtedly is the fact that it "annihilates space and time." It establishes community between the most distant places. And consequently those towns which are most remote from the markets, and are shut up (as Kendal is) in a locality where there are no neighbouring towns to deal with,—these unquestionably will be the greatest gainers by the railway. It is understood now that "time is money." Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the woollen manufacturers of Kendal were suddenly deprived of their *present means* of transport, and were compelled to go, as the manufacturers did four hundred years ago, *on foot*, with their goods on their backs,* or even with pack-horses, would not the consequence be the complete annihilation of their trade? No one will doubt it. And though this may be called putting an extreme case, yet, as I

*See the origin of Stourbridge fair by a Kendal man.—"Annals of Kendal," p. 202.

contend that the change will be equally great between the present circumstances and what they will be when railways become general, as between the time of the early woollen manufactures and the present, and though the decline of trade may be *gradual* instead of sudden, as in the case put, still the *event* will be as certain, and the evil as great.

If a railway communication be established between Kendal and Manchester, the manufacturer of any description of goods (cotton, linen, silk, or otherwise) by water-power at Kendal, will be on a footing of equality, if not on a better footing, in every respect, than his competitor residing in Manchester or the neighbourhood; and this being the case, no one will doubt that manufactories would soon be raised up in abundance here. I have calculated that there is, within four miles of the town of Kendal, from 400 to 500 horse-power of water, on the Kent, Mint, and Sprint, unappropriated, unemployed! I believe that in the best situations of the cotton districts, power is estimated to be worth about £15 per horse per annum; so that we have within four miles of the town characterised by Camden as "*lanificii gloria et industria precellens*," a property worth from £6,000 to £7,000 per annum, lying waste and worthless! If we reduce this estimate,—in consideration of the cost of carriage that would, under the most favourable circumstances have to be sustained,—if we reduce it *one half*, still we have a property of from £3,000 to £3,500 per annum which would never be made available with means of transport inferior to other places. What would be said of a man having this value in good cultivable land lying barren as a sandy desert? or having so much money folded in a napkin or hid in the earth? Assuredly he would receive the denunciation of the "wicked and slothful servant." Property of every kind is given to man that he may use it for the benefit of his fellow-men, and whoever neglects this, neglects a most important duty. Higher considerations than avarice demand our attention to this subject.

The railway, then, would increase the number of manufactories in the neighbourhood, and one of the first consequences of this would be to enhance the value of land in the country, and of all agricultural produce. Dr. Adam Smith says, "Every improvement in the circumstances of the society tends either directly or indirectly to raise the real rent of land, to increase the real wealth of the landlord, his power of purchasing the labour, or the produce of the labour of other people." The value of land in the town,* the value of the houses, shops, and in short every particular description of property would be enhanced. Money would circulate more plentifully—wages would be higher generally—industry would find its reward—in fine, the general condition of society would be improved to an extent that it would be called visionary to attempt to calculate. At Carlisle they have experienced this change since the partial opening of the railway there. Buildings have sprung up like mushrooms, and rents have materially advanced. Take one instance: a house and shop, opposite the Bush Inn, was lately bought from Forsters' assignees; on the day after the transfer, the happy purchaser advanced the rent from £50 to £80, and got it without a murmur! It may, perhaps, be objected that one consequence of this state of things will be that butchers' meat will be dearer, and so the poor will be worse off. I anticipate, certainly, that meat would be dearer, and that bacon, butter, fowls, eggs, and all agricultural produce would be dearer. Not only would the consumption of these commodities be greater at home, but our distance, by connection with the railway, from the great hives of industry, would be so trifling, that many of the farmers of Westmorland might send their produce to those markets in less time than they now bring them to Kendal, and the Lancashire markets would consequently rule the prices here. But I view this as the very opposite of an objection. When-

* In Liverpool and Manchester building land, in good situations in the streets, is commonly sold at £10 to £20 per square yard, and in Kendal the usual price is from 1s. to 2s. per yard.

ever prices of native produce are maintained at a high rate by great consumption, the means of payment are sure to be proportionate to the demand ; for that labour which consumes the food is the creative power of wealth. And again, should our market be in some measure thinned of meat and fowls, we shall in lieu thereof have fish as an addition to the supplies. At present Kendal is ill supplied with sea fish. What we do get is generally tainted before it arrives here (by the tedious conveyance of horse and cart), and it is charged a great price even in this condition. But with railway communication we should have fish of all kinds—for the poor as well as the rich—fresh, and at a moderate price.

Another advantage would be the certain reduction of the cost of carriage by the canal, as competition always does reduce prices to the lowest remunerating scale. The advantage in this respect will, I venture to prophesy, not be confined to the manufacturers and traders, but will be extended also to the proprietors of the canal themselves, and to the carriers on the route ; for the increased trading may be relied upon for more than compensating the relative diminution of the charge. The reader who follows me through will find a word or two more on this head by and bye. Then comes the important essential, *coal.* It is not likely that coal will ever, perhaps, be fetched hither at a price that would induce its general adoption as a moving power (nor can it be so required till the water-power I have alluded to, be wholly employed), yet no manufactures or trade can be prosecuted without a great consumption of this article; and besides it is an indispensable requisite to the working classes. But if coals can be lowered in price (by railway *versus* canal, as was done by canal *versus* horses and carts) 3d. per cwt., and meat should be raised 1d. per lb., the poor (to use a humble phrase) may "set that against that." The railway would cause coals fetched from Preston to be cheaper; but I trust, that in planning the railway, some plan may be devised by which Ingleton or Bentham, or some coal nearer at hand than Preston, may be laid here at a comparatively light cost.

I now come to the *objections*.

The objections and scruples that are urged against the projected railway are numerous, but I will only notice the most prominent, and most feasible that have come to my ears; and I will remark upon them *seriatim*. It is urged—

First—That the whole scheme is "impracticable!" the undertaking is of such stupendous magnitude, and the cost will be so great, that it can never be expected "to pay," and shareholders will never be found to take up the requisite number of shares. Some who use strong language denounce it a "mad scheme altogether."

Secondly—That it would injure the canal proprietors, and that "vested interests" ought not to be wantonly sacrificed.

Thirdly—That it would *ruin* the turnpike roads, and that "vested interests," as *before said*, *should not be thoughtlessly disregarded*.

I do not regard these objections with indifference; I have great respect for the opinions of some gentlemen who urge them, and who believe conscientiously that they ought to operate against any attempt to further the railway undertaking, and I have therefore duly reflected on these opinions. But after all, they are but as a feather in the balance, in my mind, against the arguments which present themselves in favour of the railway.

First, then, as to the "impracticability."—If a competent engineer were deliberately and accurately to survey lines of railway up the vale of Kent, through Kentmere, and up the vale of Sprint, through Longsleddale, to Penrith; and through the Lake district, and having done so, were to declare that "one and all these lines are impracticable," then it would be madness indeed to expect or supplicate the public support in the favour of such a plan. But it appears to me that it will be a great reflection on the people of Kendal if they neglect the opportunity of putting this experiment to the test. I should not hesitate for a moment to say, as an abstract question, that it is quite possible to make a line of railway by *any* of these

routes. Oh! yes, says the sceptic it may be "possible;" but is it "probable?" My answer to this is, that it may very soon become as probable as it is possible, if all who are really *interested* in the matter can be brought to turn their attention to it practically—to take thought upon it earnestly as they would upon a matter of personal aggrandizement or convenience (which they can appreciate, because it requires less thought, is less comprehensive, and is more immediately under the eye). If it is not "probable," it is because men of capital are many of them too timid in their hearts even to have the "practicability" proved. If every one that is *interested*, and can afford it, will declare themselves ready to take even one or two £50 shares, the "probability" will soon become apparent in a way that they did not calculate upon. But more of this anon. We all know that great difficulties and encounters soon lose their insuperable character, when grappled with energetically, and this applies more precisely to physical and mechanical difficulties than to any other class. When Hannibal proposed to his army to surmount the Alps, the soldiers conceived their leader to be "mad," but the "impracticable" difficulty was found to have been mostly imaginary. No doubt when Hadrian began his vallum of earth across this island, the same idea was entertained of him. But I apprehend that neither of these undertakings can compare in magnitude and triumph with the Liverpool and Manchester railway, or with the Carlisle and Newcastle railway! When the Liverpool and Manchester railway was first suggested, the idea of its being "impracticable" and "impolitic" was quite as prevalent in the country which now feels and acknowledges its benefits, as the notion of the Glasgow and Lancaster railway is held to be by those who frighten themselves with our "tremendous hills." If gentlemen of doubtful mind would examine the cutting through rock, the tunnelling and embanking on the Carlisle and Newcastle line, they might then, perhaps, entertain the practicability of a line through Kentmere or by the Lakes. The difficulties on that line, now nearly surmounted, were,

as I look upon it, as great as any that would have to be encountered here; and no one *now* doubts that the Carlisle and Newcastle railway will "pay." And what are the towns of Carlisle and Newcastle, each of them shut in by the sea, compared with the towns and country that this railway would rely upon for its succours? compared with the whole manufacturing district of Lancashire;—large as some empires—with the "great emporium of the world" itself at the southern end; and all the rich intervening country besides *on the one hand;* and all broad Scotland, with its industrious and intelligent people, together with the north of England, *on the other hand?* Is there not wealth enough, and traffic enough here to make it "pay?" The mistake with many persons in the neighbourhood of Kendal is, that they cannot look farther than between Penrith and Lancaster, and they can see no *means* within this compass, of cutting through the hills, and supporting a railway. It would have been just as absurd for the people of Hexham or Haltwhistle to have fancied that the Newcastle and Carlisle railway was dependent on them for support. It is true that in either case, the railway must be supported by each town, village, and hamlet on the route, and very important indeed it is to engage the sympathies of every such place, and every person in any such place (for every great whole is made up of minute parts), but the undertaking is not wholly dependent on each of these places; and it must be viewed, not in integral parts, but as a whole. It is not the Penrith and Lancaster railway that we advocate, but the London and Glasgow, the Lancashire and Lanarkshire;—nay, the English and Scotch connecting railway!

Another objection has been rather prominently (and with some authority, I believe) put forward against the railway "over the hills," that the snow in winter is likely to block it up! If persons who entertain this idea had attended to a fact proved on the Carlisle and Newcastle railway last winter,—which was published at the time in the Carlisle Journal and several other newspapers—this objection would hardly have

been propounded. The locomotive engine dashed through the deepest snow, throwing it off the line of railway in showers of spray, and making its passage in gallant style, whilst at that very time, the road mails were two and three days behind time! So that this objection is shewn by experience to be one of the great triumphs, and to afford one of the strongest arguments in favour of this railway.

But, it is said, "supposing you could have the railway formed to-morrow, how is it to be maintained? There are only one stage coach and three mails over Shap Fells every day, and the mails are never half filled?" Here again we have the same short-sighted views. The objector has lost sight of all the passengers that go by the sea to Carlisle, to Annan, Dumfries, Glasgow, &c., on the west coast; and all that go by sea to Newcastle, Edinburgh, &c., on the east; and by coaches and carriages on the "great north road," through Borough Bridge and Appleby, and all that go by Newcastle, through Berwick or through Jedburgh, &c., &c. The passengers by these different routes *now travelling* would astonish the objector in Kendal, if they could be induced for one week to pass through this town. And no one will hesitate, I think, to suppose that most of these passengers would take the railway if it were adopted. But then comes the *increase* by the superior facilities. Dr. Lardner calculates that the lowest average of the *increase of travelling* by the establishment of the railway, is as four to one. But in most instances, where the previous communication was limited or infrequent, the increase by the railway is more like fourteen to one! I will instance one or two facts in proof:—I am told by a gentleman who has travelled for many years, and on whose observations and accuracy the reader may rely, that about eighteen or twenty years ago, before the Stockton and Darlington railway was begun, the travelling between those two towns was so limited, that a pair-horse coach (which was then the only coach on the road), was obliged to be discontinued for want of encouragement! and now passenger-trains are flying

between Stockton and Darlington at intervals of three or four hours, alive with a busy multitude! * It is said, moreover, that the original shareholders themselves never contemplated any such receipts from passengers as they now receive: the railway was designed chiefly for the transport of coals, and it is acknowledged now that it has been in both respects a benefit to the country, to an extent that no one can rightly compute! Another example is afforded by the Carlisle railway. Before that establishment was opened, there was such a lack of passengers from Carlisle to Newcastle, and *vice versa*, the *mail coach* was obliged to be given up! And during the past summer, the receipts on the railway (though a broken and intermitted connection between the towns named), ranged from £900 to £1,100 *per week*, the greatest portion derived from passengers! And when the railway is fully completed, the receipts will be amazingly enhanced. To conclude this part of the subject then, I maintain that the "stupendous" natural obstacles are not so great as should deter *prudent* men from combining their efforts to overcome them; and that the first difficulty being surmounted, there is a probability of the undertaking "paying" at least an average interest for the outlay of capital.

Secondly, as to "injuring" the canal. I shall dispose of this very briefly. I hold that instead of "injuring" the canal, the railway would very materially advance its interests by causing an increase in the traffic upon it, which is now incalculable. The objector says, "but will not the railway put an end to the swift packet on the canal, which is now a source of the greatest income?" I answer "yes! that is inevitable," but the Canal Company will gain more by the increase of goods than they will sacrifice by the loss of passengers. And does not the swift packet afford a most striking and convincing argument in favour of the railway? Let the Canal Company inform us

* The first railway coach was from Stockton to Darlington, with *one horse*, twelve miles in an hour and a quarter.—Sir Richard Phillips' "Million of Facts."

how many more passengers are daily conveyed by the swift packet than there were before by the old slow packet, then carry the analogy to the still superior speed of the railway, and behold how encouraging is the prospect of its "paying!" Will the objector point out one canal that has been "injured" by the adoption of a railway in its neighbourhood? I have never yet heard of any. But we know when the Liverpool and Manchester railway was projected, the Bridgewater influence, through the same dread of "injuring" the canal was opposed to the railway undertaking, and cost an immense sum of money to combat it; but now, after seven years' experience, although the Bridgewater canal and the railway terminate at the same points, it is found that instead of the traffic being *diminished* on the canal, it is actually *increased*, and "paying" better than before the railway was opened. There were horse packets also on that canal for the conveyance of passengers. The railway would not supersede the canal: they will be mutually beneficial.

Thirdly, as to "injuring" or "ruining" the turnpike roads. I admit that, as the present Turnpike Trusts are held and supported, there is plausibility in this objection when applied to particular roads. Many persons have money vested in the roads, on the security of the tolls, and if a railway, with its superior advantages, be brought along side one of these roads undoubtedly the tolls on that road will be reduced to a mere bagatelle. The railway advocate-at-all-lengths might say that if these parties lent their money not with the patriotic view of supporting the trust for the public advantage, but because, as is more likely, they were to get good interest for it, four and a half to five per cent, and because they believed that the tolls were better security than they would have in lending it to a merchant, or better than if they themselves risked it in business, —if these were the considerations that induced the parties vesting to give preference to the Turnpike Trusts, then like any ordinary money lender, they ought to submit without a claim on public sympathy, to any contingency which threatens them with a sacrifice. But I do not support this course of

reasoning. And although the principle is good, that particular private interests ought not to thwart undertakings of great public benefit, yet we should, I think, consider whether there be not a possibility of adopting the golden rule, and helping our neighbour who is in danger, to a situation of security, before we introduce the power that might destroy him. Now, although any *particular* road, parallel with the railway, would by means of the latter be ruined, yet, be it well considered, *all other roads* at tangent points in the neighbourhood of the railway will be materially and amazingly benefitted. This is proved to demonstration. Our duty then is, without further loss of time to "agitate" the turnpike question, and call upon parliament either to take the whole of these trusts under government control, and make the profitable share with the unprofitable by consolidation, or otherwise devise some plan by which parties having vested money in these public trusts, may be secured or indemnified. I am happy to see that there is already a notice given in the House of Commons for a motion on this subject, and I would recommend this notice to be strengthened by petitions got up immediately in every part of the country, and sent to the table of the Commons' House, where they will be sure to meet with respectful attention. Does the reader understand me to say then, that the matter of the Turnpike Trusts should be fairly settled, be put on the proper footing of "justice to all," before we take *any steps* for the advancement of the railway? I do *not* recommend it. If the proceedings with regard to the railway were as prompt, as decisive, and as efficient as I could wish them to be (and as it is our individual and combined interests they should be), it will nevertheless be five years or more before it could be brought into operation, and if the necessary exertion be used with respect to the Turnpike Trusts—nay, I very confidently expect that without any further exertion on the part of the public—this question will before then be decided, and the money lenders will have got needful security, before they can have anything to fear from the railway. But, says the money

lender, suppose you stop even your preliminary proceedings for a railway till you have seen me properly and perfectly secured! I reply, there would be great danger (even were delay necessary, which I hold it is not) there would be great danger in delaying the preliminary measures for the railway twelve months. Have you not seen the vigorous efforts that have been made, and are at this moment being made, on the Newcastle side of the country, to get the whip hand of us, and carry the English and Scotch connecting railway through their district? and suppose that by our inactivity they first get the ear of Parliament and succeed in their object, then

A long farewell to all our greatness.

This is the grand point for our consideration. I am in my own mind as certain as I ought to be of any event which has not actually transpired, that before many years have elapsed, a railway will be constructed on one side of the country or the other, connecting the manufacturing districts of England with Glasgow and Edinburgh. But parliament can never be expected to sanction *two lines*. And since parliament will regard the object, by whomsoever it be submitted, as one of great national importance, and one party only may have proposed to undertake it, it will then be the duty of the legislature to forward the views of that party. It is already ascertained that the route—that any route on the Newcastle side will be attended with difficulties much greater, and advantages very inferior, to a line through Westmorland, Cumberland, Dumfriesshire, &c. I passed from Newcastle to Jedburgh very lately on the line which has been proposed, and I can say from personal observation, that the passage through the Cheviot hills, and the cuttings generally present obstacles greater than would be encountered in passing through Kentmere. But what would this signify if the Newcastle people go to parliament duly harnessed for the work, with their *sole* proposition? We (engaged in manufactures) must one and all

of us retire from business "with what appetite we may." We may shut ourselves up among our delightful scenery, and play at "ducks and drakes" on our enchanting Lakes!

But what, after all this, are the measures I would recommend to be adopted. I recommend the people of Kendal to shake off their lethargy—to call a public meeting, and enter into resolutions for the survey of two lines; one through Kentmere to Penrith, and another through the Lake district to Maryport. These surveys would not cost more money than we jointly spend every week in mere trifles and superfluities. If a competent engineer declare either of these lines to be practicable, then we should unite with the committees already formed in the towns interested, which have displayed so much more spirit and energy in the cause. But if the lines be found to be "impracticable," we have still a further hope and a further duty. When we cannot obtain the best that we wish, we must then look out for the *next best*. If we cannot obtain a line through Kendal, it is then our manifest duty to throw our weight (however little that may be) into the scale in favour of one or other of the lines previously proposed. It has been said, I understand, that a railway up the Lune, or across Morecambe Bay, would not benefit Kendal, or would benefit Kendal very little; and then it is added, "let those places likely to reap the full advantages do the work and run the risk." I do not coincide with the opinion as to the probable benefit; and the sentiment I hold to be unworthy of any duly reflecting mind. Is it possible that we refuse to co-operate in a work of acknowledged public good, because we can see no chance of appropriating to ourselves extraordinary emolument? If self-aggrandizement is to be the sole actuating motive, let us consider what we may *lose*, as well as what we might gain. Let us suppose that the sea were making rapid advances on the shores of Morecambe Bay year by year, and threatened in a very short time to inundate the whole of this part of the country; and suppose again, that by an embankment such as Mr. Stephenson proposes, the ocean could be successfully

repelled, and that the land which was reclaimed thereby would pay to the projectors of the embankment one to two per cent. *(only)*, would the landowners of Kendal, &c., and the merchants of Kendal refuse to make the embankment *unless* the reclaimed land would guarantee them ten per cent. for their money? The only difference to the people of Kendal and the neighbourhood between the case of the sea and the present question of the railway is, that the danger from the sea would be more palpable to the external senses. I maintain that we should reap decided advantages from either the line of railway across Morecambe Bay, or the line up the Lune (if we cannot obtain one through Kendal); greater advantages, very probably from the latter than the former, on account of the Ingleton and Bentham coals. But I give no decided opinion on this question. I am not able to form any opinion on the merits (in an engineering point of view) of any of the proposed lines; and this is not my object. My present duty is accomplished if I awaken general attention to the really serious and important nature of the subject, so that some steps may be taken in the work, that something may be *done!* Knowing as I well do the general spirit and general intelligence of the people of Kendal, I am astonished at the supineness which is manifested so far as the railway undertaking has yet been considered. But there is yet time enough to assert and support the true character of the town.* Instead of halting now, or retrograding, let us rise with the occasion, and advance with the spirit of the age. Let us bear in mind, that opportunities now lost will be lost for ever.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men, which
> Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of our life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

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*I have frequently heard it remarked, by observing commercial men in distant towns, that they notice among the bankrupts fewer tradesmen of Kendal than any town of the same magnitude and trade.

N.B.—I have some apologies to offer for the composition of this paper. The idea of writing at all on the subject only suggested itself at the beginning of this week, and I began it with the intention of a letter to the newspapers; but the thoughts and arguments that pressed for notice as I proceeded, so far exceeded my previous calculation, and the observations consequently became so extended, that I was constrained to abandon the idea of the newspapers, and publish in the form of a pamphlet. I deem it very essential to publish *immediately*—"to strike while the iron is hot;" and rather to send out the essay immatured by reflection and revision, than to wait (for the sake of dressing it up in purer style) till the advantages to the undertaking of the "present moment" may be lost. It is very probable that the arguments might have been materially strengthened by additional facts and illustrations, if I had taken more time, and consulted wiser heads on the matter, but I regret every day that passes in utter silence on the subject. I am aware that, by those who are doubtful of the practicability and of the advantages of a railway, I shall be denounced as an enthusiast, a theorist, or a visionary.—I do not know myself rightly if I deserve any of these epithets; but the little experience I have had in business has taught me that the best kind of wisdom is that of *fore-thought*, and I would therefore advise my fellow-townsmen, with myself, to mind "the shadow of coming events." I have deemed it proper to put my name to the publication, not conceiving that this gives any weight to it (on the contrary), but because I have found that anonymous publications, where facts are the ground-work of arguments, are often disregarded, having no one accountable for their authenticity. At any rate, no sensible person will deem the cause less worthy because of the feebleness of its avowed advocate.

C.N.

November 30th, 1837.

GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.*

OFFICES, LONDON, No. 3, NEW BROAD STREET,
September 11th, 1848.

TO SIR JAMES LAW LUSHINGTON, BART., &c., &c.,
Chairman of the Honourable East India Company.

HONOURABLE SIR,

I take the liberty of addressing you in reference to the affairs of this company, and in consequence of the uncertain relations between the Honourable Court, over whose councils you preside, and this company, as to the terms of the promised guarantee. It would be impertinent in me here to argue or comment on the construction of the terms of the guarantee, and, fortunately, that course is not necessary for my present purpose. I must further premise, that I take this step at my own suggestion, and on my own responsibility, representing herein the interests of the shareholders, and not the dictates of the Directors.

Since assuming the office which I have the honour to hold in this company, I have examined minutely into all the past transactions between your Honourable Court and this Board; and although serious delays have taken place in the conduct of the business, the cause of which is past my discernment, I do not discover the least evidence of insincerity or lukewarmness in your Honourable Court in furthering the establishment of the company, and the important object it designs to effect. I shall be excused for making this observation, because the public journals have imputed the contrary. I assume, then,

* This pamphlet produced the guaranteed interest on the capital required for the construction of the Indian railways. It was published by resolution of the Board.

from the past conduct of the court, that you are anxious to give such needful support to this company, in its intention to establish a railway between Bombay and Callian, as we may justly look for at your hands, with safety to the rights and interests of your high trust.

I propose, briefly as possible, to take a twofold view of this question; first, to consider what assistance is absolutely requisite to enable the company to perfect its establishment and accomplish its object; and, secondly, shew how the court may, with perfect security and confidence, and without risking any part of the vast revenues of India, lend the needful aid.

First.—The necessity for assistance.—It is notorious, that at the present time, the public can invest monies in the guaranteed shares of the railways in this country, to yield a return of *seven per cent. per annum.* The depression in the current value of railway property, as you, no doubt, are all well aware, does not arise from the uselessness of these undertakings, or from any miscalculation in the traffic receipts, but rather from the over-abundance of cotemporary schemes, and excessive cost of the lines,—the companies' funds having been lavishly dissipated in legal and engineering contests, in and out of parliament, in extortionate bonuses and prices paid to landowners, excessive imposts in the nature of parish rates, and other disbursements, from *all which* our railways in India *will be exempt.* Notwithstanding the advantage of these exemptions, however, and notwithstanding the acknowledged importance of the work, as respects both the moral interests of India, and the manufacturing interests of Great Britain, it is manifest that the public will not subscribe the necessary funds for the construction of railways in India, with any such contingencies affecting the guarantee as may reduce the dividends below five per cent. I have painful experience of this fact in the recent history of this company. On the 28th July last, I published, under the authority of the board, a remodelled prospectus, displaying the features of the undertaking and re-announcing prominently the minimum dividend of five per cent., as guaran-

teed by the Honourable Court. In one month from the publication of that prospectus, albeit the money market was in a state of stagnation, the number of shares applied for were —old shares commuted 46,670 into 7,485, and new shares 14,923, together 22,408; making a daily average of 640 shares. This rate of progress insured the completion of the share list by the time allowed; but mark the change produced by the discouraging letter of the court, in reply to Mr. Slaughter, of the Stock Exchange! That letter, wherein the five per cent. guarantee was felt to be disparaged and limited, was published on the 2nd instant. From that date to the present, the number of shares applied for is only 700, being on the average 77 per day! Such has been the paralysing effect of that communication; hence I demonstrate too plainly the necessity of an absolute and unquestioned "5 per cent. interest or dividend," in the received practical sense of the term "guarantee."

Secondly.—I proceed to show on what grounds the court will be justified (in consideration of the conditions to be fulfilled by this company), in giving an absolute guarantee, without imprudently risking its revenues. It is undoubtedly right and prudent in the court to put a limit on the amount of capital to be guaranteed, otherwise it were offering a premium upon extravagance, and an invitation to mismanagement. I can also understand why the court should wish to make the nature of the guarantee as *definite* as possible. It must be remarked, however, that the court could require to be satisfied of the sufficiency of the capital and the adequacy of the traffic to yield a dividend, and it was not and is not suspected that the court would itself engage in or allure the public into an undertaking which could not meet its ordinary expenses. This idea of a possible loss in the working of the railway is the phantom that has affrighted the public mind from its propriety. It is a downright *chimera*, and proves only how imagination takes the rule of judgment in the extremes of public opinion. I have prepared statements, which are appended to this letter, to shew both that the proposed capital of the company is ample, and

that the notion of working the line to a loss is absurd. The evidence in these respects, especially in regard to the cost of the line, is more conclusive now than when you previously had the papers of the company before you, and I fearlessly commit these statements to the minute investigation of any person experienced in railway management.

No. I. Capital Account. This is a statement shewing the various items which constitute the entire cost of the undertaking. The two principal items, viz., iron for permanent materials, and the construction of works, are no longer mere "estimates," liable to contingency, but definite amounts, fixed by a *positive contract* in one case, and in the other by a *positive tender*, waiting only our execution. The tender for works, as you will observe, is taken with the alternative of single or double lines of way. If a doubt as to the profits exist on the mind of any one deeply interested, the experiment may be safely tested with a single line; for, whilst the railway does not exceed thirty-five miles in length, the business can be so conducted, that one locomotive only is out in one direction; and there can be no fear of a collision where only one engine is on the line at a time. In this proposition, the bridges and viaducts are constructed for the double way, so that a second line of rails can at any subsequent period be added without obstructing the traffic. The sole advantage of the plan consists in husbanding £100,000, or *one-fifth* of the capital of the company.

No. II. Two Trains working.—A statement, in detail, showing the total cost of working two trains per day as required by the court, including establishment charges. I have assumed a "staff" and "plant" more than sufficient for the purpose, and superadded a premium for expatriation to the highest class of English wages. I have also taken the cost of "maintenance of way" (which amounts to one-third the entire expense), as if a constant traffic and constant wear and tear were going on. And I have purposely overstated the cost of coke, taking it at 60s. per ton. The price of Newcastle

coals in Bombay is 32s. per ton, which would yield coke on the spot considerably below the sum stated, if coke from English coal should be used. But there is coal to be found in India, and timber from which to prepare charcoal; and either of these native products may give a cheaper fuel than English coal. From the statement here referred to, two conclusions may be safely drawn; first, that, in order to cover the expenses, and enable the railway to pay its way—the line being well provisioned, and the establishment thoroughly maintained,—it is only necessary to carry *one-sixth* of the local passengers and *one-fifth* of the goods, which are now travelling at extremely slow rates on the line of the proposed railway. Secondly, that supposing, by a stretch of scepticism, there were *no traffic at all*, since one-half of the proposed establishment at half the cost would suffice to work one (empty) train each way per day, this work can be done for 1¼ per cent. of the capital of the company. Surely these statements and conclusions shew that the suggested possibility of working the line to a loss is the merest *chimera* that ever dreamer dreamt. Suppose the Honourable Court were to urge upon this shewing, that the very baselessness of the supposition is a reason why it should be included in the category of contingencies, and that the railway company, therefore, ought to assume that 'risk' which is proved to be almost impossible!—the answer is, that the public pin their faith not on the railway, but on the East India Company's guarantee. The reaction has been so violent, from a delirium of hope in railways, to a phrensy of despair,—from excessive incredulity, to blind unbelief—that nothing less than a guarantee *absolute* will satisfy it.

No. III.—Profit and Loss Account. This statement presents the aggregate expenses of a complete establishment for working the line, and assumes *three-fourths* only of the existing local traffic, at rates which may be safely reckoned upon. In England, as you may know, the traffic statist, for a proposed railway, takes *all* the traffic he finds on the several roads in the route, always doubling and often trebling the quantity, and

still those estimates have been uniformly exceeded by the results; whilst I have here taken credit for only *three-fourths* of that which now exists. The case is so triumphant in this respect it would be a trespass on your time, and a waste of words, to enlarge upon it. The nett proceeds of the railway, as shown by this statement, are $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on a capital of £500,000, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the smaller capital of £400,000 for a single line.*

In conclusion, you will permit me one observation on the present position of this company. We have had time allowed till the end of October for completing the share list. I am warranted in stating, that this would have been accomplished, if credit in the security of the guarantee had not been shaken by the Court's letter to Mr. Slaughter, and it may, perhaps, still be accomplished, if this vital question be speedily and satisfactorily arranged. On behalf of the proprietors, who have subscribed their money, who have passed all the uncertain stages of the undertaking, and demonstrated its value,—I appeal to you, not to visit them with the penalty for non-completion of the company, of which they are the most innocent parties. I may be permitted to say of this company, that it is not a mere abstraction, but a constituent body, with perfect harmony reigning among its members, representatives and constituency. The line is of no uncertain or undefined character. It is a practicable work, with defined plans, and an object universally approved. The cost is no longer a vague 'esti-

* It must be distinctly borne in mind, that the traffic which is estimated to yield the above returns, is not the estimate of traffic advertised in the Company's prospectus, as appertaining to the whole line (when it may be extended beyond the Ghauts into the interior of the country). A calculation of profits thus estimated would give the following results:—Take 180,000 tons of goods at $2\frac{3}{4}$d. per ton per mile, and the actual number of passengers at Sion Causeway, 370,000 at $\frac{1}{2}$d., 1d., and 2d. per mile respectively,—and suppose the working expenses and establishment charges to be *double the amount* reckoned in the above statements, the nett profits on the 35 miles of railway will be 15 *per cent.* on a capital of £500,000, and $18\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* on the smaller capital of £400,000.—*Note, added since the letter was sent in.*

mate,' but a reality and a *fact*. The traffic is not supposititious and speculative, but extant and ample. And, finally, the expenses of working are now so reduced by practice to a certainty, that no prudent man, who will examine into the subject, can fail to be satisfied. With these attributes, then, and under these circumstances, so plainly before you, I feel perfectly assured that you will see justice done to the interests of our proprietary, and confirm them in their expectations of a substantial guarantee. And I trust that this small commencement of a great work will give such promise and encouragement, that the vast empire of India may, ere long, be furnished with improved media of communication, the most effective instrument of civilisation. I have the honour to remain, your obedient humble servant,

CORNELIUS NICHOLSON, Superintending Director.

No. I CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

Bombay to Callian, 35 miles ....double way		£500,000
,, ,, ,, ...single way		460,000
COST FOR DOUBLE WAY.		
Iron (contract made)	£106,000	
Works, as per tender, everything but iron included	230,000	
		336,000
Bombay terminus, (temporary).....	20,000	
Sheds at Kallian and Tannah, workshops, turntables, tools, &c.	20,321	
Plant, consisting of 8 engines, 60 passenger-carriages, (fit for India), 300 waggons, oil-sheets, trucks and complement of tools.	40,000	
Management during construction.....	20,000	
Preliminary expenses incurred.....	22,500	
Additional expenses.....	10,000	
		132,821
		468,821
Surplus to meet contingencies		31,179
		£500,000

Cost for single way.	£	£
Iron (as per contract)	58,700	
Works (as per tender)	160,000	
		218,700
All other expenses the same		132,821
		351,521
Surplus, to meet contingencies		48,479
		£400,000

No. II.

Estimate for working two trains per day, as required by the stipulations of the East India Company, and shewing what proportion of the traffic will meet the expenses.

Stock. 6 locomotive engines, 30 passenger-carriages, 200 waggons.

Locomotive Expenses.						
1 locomotive superintendent						500
3 drivers	at £200	0	per annum			600
3 stokers	at 100	0	,,			300
3 guards	at 150	0	,,			450
40 native porters	at 12	10	,,			500
						£2,350

Repairing Establishment.		
1 foreman	300	
3 mechanics at £200	600	
6 native labourers at 10 rupees per month	78	
Materials for repairs at 2½ per cent. on the cost of stock	625	
	1,603	
Working the trains, 30 lbs. of coke per mile at 60s. per ton, two trains per day for 365 days	1,200	
		2,803
		£5,153

Office Expenses, India.	£	£
Chief Clerk	500	
2 European clerks	400	
6 native clerks	240	
Stationary, &c.	100	
		1,240

Office expenses, London	1,200
Maintenance of way, £100 per mile	3,500
Total cost per annum	£11,093

£11,093=17*s.* 4*d.* per diem, per mile.

		£	*s.*	*d.*
26 First class passengers	at 2*d.* per mile	0	4	4
52 Second ,,	at 1*d.* ,,	0	4	4
104 Third ,,	at ½*d.* ,,	0	4	4
19 Tons of goods	at 2¾*d.* per ton	0	4	4
		£0	17	4

Traffic, *now on the road*, taken at Sion Causeway, which is 8 miles north of Bombay, and within ¼ mile of the proposed railway (not including what is going by water)—

Number of persons passing Sion Causeway per diem 1048

Weight of goods (estimated from the number of carriages) passing the same point per diem ..... 93 tons.

So that, in order to meet the expenses of working and maintaining the railway and its establishment, it is necessary to carry 182 passengers per day out of 1048, now going on the *very road*, or 1-6th thereof; and 19 tons of goods out of the 93 tons or 1-5th thereof.

Or, taking the traffic, computed from official data for the whole railway, and referable to this part of the line, *in goods only*, without including passengers, troops and government stores, it will require 84 tons per day, or 30,660 tons per annum out of the 180,000 tons on this route, being 1-6th thereof.

No. III. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

CAPITAL, for a double line						£500,000
for a single line, with double bridges and viaducts and double embankment over the marsh at Sion						400,000
STOCK. 8 locomotive engines; 60 passenger carriages 300 waggons						
INCOME. Taking *three-fourths* of the ascertained traffic which is in evidence on official data, in goods and passengers now *on the road* between Bombay and Callian, and not reckoning or including any of the traffic going by water or any troops and government stores. The quantity of goods is 80,000 tons per annum and passengers 370,000, taken at Sion Causeway, which is 8 miles north of Bombay and within ¼ mile of proposed railway.						
GOODS. Of 80,000 tons, say 60,000 per annum at 2¾d. per ton per mile, £701 15s. 5d. per annum				£24,562	10	
PASSENGERS. Of 370,000, say—						
1-16th or 23,125 at 2d. per mile			6,744	15	10	
5-16ths or 115,625 at 1d. ,,			16,861	19	7	
6-16ths or 138,750 at ½d. ,,			10,117	3	9	
277,500			33,723	19	2	
						58,286 9 2
EXPENSES.						
Particulars below.	Locomotive department, wages		4,200	0	0	
	Repairing, wages and materials		2,744	0	0	
	Maintenance of way		3,500	0	0	
	Coke &c.		5,130	0	0	
	Office expenses in Bombay		1,750	0	0	
	Ditto in London		2,000	0	0	
			19,324	0	0*	
					Nett profit.....	£38,962 9 2
Being 9½ per cent, on £400,000						
Or 7¾ ,, on £500,000						

* Mr. Robert Stephenson's general estimate of working expenses, for a still larger traffic (180,000 tons, the estimated amount when the line shall have been extended beyond the Ghauts) is £600 per mile per annum, or £21,000. If this estimate be prefered, it leaves the nett profits 5 per cent. less than what is stated above.

Estimate for working the estimated traffic of 60,000 tons of Goods and 277,500 Passengers.

STOCK. 8 locomotive engines; 60 passenger carriages; 300 waggons.

				£	s.	d.
LOCOMOTIVE EXPENSES.	Locomotive superintendent.....			500	0	0
	6 drivers	200	0 0	1,200	0	0
	6 stokers	100	0 0	600	0	0
	6 guards.....	150	0 0	900	0	0
	80 porters	12	10 0	1,000	0	0
				4,200	0	0
REPAIRING ESTABLISHMENT	1 foreman	400	0 0			
	6 mechanics	1200	0 0			
	12 native labourers 10 Rs.	144	0 0			
	Materials for repairs, 2½ per cent, on cost of stock, £40,000.	1000	0 0			
				2744	0	0
COKE.	30 lbs. per train per mile, 60s. per ton, 10 trains per day, and 365 days=1710 tons per annum, at £3...			5130	0	0
OFFICE EXPENSES.	Bombay.					
	Chief Clerk			500	0	0
	3 European clerks, 200 0 0.....			600	0	0
	10 native ditto 40 0 0.....			400	0	0
	Stationery			250	0	0
				1750	0	0
Office express in London				2000	0	0
Maintenance of Way.....				3500	0	0
				£19,324	0	0

THE ORIGIN OF THE

KENDAL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The first circumstance to be noted in reference to this institution is an anomaly—that it should have been founded in a public-house, for the declared object of drawing away the mechanics from the public-houses! It was founded in one of the rooms on the first floor of the White Lion inn, where William Hudson, F.R.S., the famous botanist, was born;* perhaps in the very room in which he was born. The occasion was quite accidental. The walls of Kendal had been placarded with a hand-bill, announcing a public meeting, which was to be held at the White Lion, on an evening named in the bill, for the purpose of establishing a Co-operative society, and opening a shop for the sale of provisions, and a newsroom for the members of the society. The advertisement was without signature, and without imprint, and the great attraction was therefore a spirit of curiosity to see and hear the unknown projector who had thus unwontedly summoned his fellow-townsmen to his oracles.

The room was not a large one, but every seat in it was occupied, and if persons sitting can be at the same time on the tip-toe, all were on the tip-toe of expectation, when John Lough, a journeyman printer, without any formality, or any apology, took the office of chairman, and announced himself as convener of the meeting. Mr. Lough pulled out of his pocket a roll of manuscript, which in bulk would have matched the brief of a leading lawyer. It consisted of a long prospectus and a long string of resolutions, which the self-elected

* It was this man, Hudson, who contributed mainly to the introduction of the Linnean system into England.

chairman proceeded to read from end to end. The audience listened respectfully but not sympathetically. There was no obvious demerit in the speaker, or in his composition, but the heart of the assembly was not stirred in favour of his project.

At that time the *Gazette* newspaper was edited by Mr. John Briggs, previously editor of the "Lonsdale Magazine," and the editor of the liberal paper (then called the *Kendal Chronicle*) was Mr. Tyras Redhead. With these two men, the rivalry of local polities had waxed into personal enmity, and the discussion on John Lough's project very soon became a gladiatorial combat between the two rival editors. Mr. Briggs was first to condemn the co-operative scheme. Mr. Redhead also opposed himself to the project and to the projector, but he was even still more opposed to the sentiments of Mr. Briggs, and an explosion followed.

But all storms have their gusts and lulls; and it so happened that I, seizing a momentary pause in the warfare, ventured to speak. I had never till then 'framed my tongue' to the smallest effort of extempore speech. But, though without practice as a speaker, I felt that I had that which is, I believe, the only thing any speaker, young or old, wants—acquaintance with the subject and object. I had read in the public prints what Dr. BIRKBECK * had just then done in London, in the establishment of the first Mechanics' Institute, and I thereupon moved the meeting to reject the Co-operative project, and adopt, as an amendment, a resolution for the establishment of the Kendal Mechanics and Apprentices' Library and Institute. This suggestion was approved; and Mr. Briggs moved, "That John Lough do vacate the chair, and Cornelius Nicholson be chairman of the meeting." Poor John, with magnanimous resignation, gathered his papers together, and relinquished the chair to his youthful successor. Two resolutions only were

* Dr. Birkbeck was a student under JOHN GOUGH, "The blind Philosopher," of Kendal, and so "I claim to be intimately connected with Westmorland."—*Dr. B. in a letter to the present writer.*

that evening adopted: 1st, That a Mechanics and Apprentices' Library and Institute be established; and 2nd, That a Committee be, and hereby is appointed, with power to frame the rules, and take such other steps as may be desirable for carrying out the object. There is no record of the names of those persons so appointed Provisional Committee-men and I can only, at this distance of time, recall five out of the number, namely, John Briggs, John Proctor, Edward Coulthard, William Curwen, and myself.

Three or four meetings of this provisional committee took place in Mr. Briggs' *sanctum sanctorum* at the *Gazette* office in the New Shambles. The code of rules was prepared and revised there; and I shall be forgiven for saying that these rules were afterwards sought, and became a model for Mechanics' Institutes in several towns, north and south, far more populous than Kendal; and further, that they received the public commendation of Lord Brougham.*

Some weeks were occupied in a canvass for supporters, and at length, preliminaries being all arranged, a public meeting took place in the Town Hall, on the 19th April, 1824, Mr. Edmund Tatham, Deputy Recorder in the chair, when the council was duly elected and the Institution fully established. The executive officers were—*President*, Samuel Marshall, Esq.; *Treasurer*, William Dillworth Crewdson, Junr., Esq.; *Secretary*, Edward Wm. Wakefield, Esq.—*Committee*, John Briggs, Cornelius Nicholson, Darnton Greenwood, Thos. Greenhow, Junr., John Proctor, Isaac Wilson, Rev. Joseph Fawcett (curate), Richard James, Edward Coulthard, Richard Stirzaker, Christopher Taylor, Wilson Marriott, George Webster, William Curwen, Thomas Richardson, Thomas Scott, and Rowland Cookson. Of these twenty persons, the only present † survivors are Mr. W. D. Crewdson and myself.

The Institution was literally as well as figuratively nurtured in the school of humility. Its first *locus in quo* was a house

* *Pamphlet* "On the Education of the People."
† In 1873.

situated at the head of a narrow croft in Stramongate, whose style and proportions may be estimated by the rent thereof, which was two pounds ten shillings per annum, including rates and taxes! The first librarian was Richard Harrison, who kept a small boys' school. The library was opened with a selection of about a dozen volumes. By the end of the first year the number of volumes had swelled to 400. At the seven years' end they had further increased to 700; and now the library consists of 3,600 volumes. The committee were so zealously devoted to the management, they unanimously signed a declaration to the effect that they would each forfeit threepence "for every occasion of absence from a committee meeting at a quarter past seven o'clock."

The birth of this Institution coincided with the general awakening of thought in England. The Reign of Terror and the wars of the continent had absorbed and terrorized the mental faculties of Englishmen. They were either absolutely torpid, or dwarfed and crippled with the narrowest prejudices. Good books were then scarce and dear, and very little reading was indulged in by any class of society.* But the intellect of the nation at once "burst its cerements." The last salvos of artillery announcing peace in Europe awoke the slumbering empire of thought. The fallow ground was quickly broken up. The clouds of ignorance rolled rapidly back before the rising beams of knowledge. The springs of intelligence flowed forth through every valley and plain in the land, to fertilize the universal mind. I may name some of the chief instruments of this awakening, especially as the majority of them belonged to our own neighbourhood. The "Wizard of the North," as he was styled, Sir Walter Scott, stretched his magic wand over Scotland, and England too, and conjured up historical names of places and persons to illustrate his charming series

* "With the exception of a Bible and Prayer-book, a random tract or two, and a Moore's Almanack, when I first went to the parish (Baston, Lincolnshire), there was hardly a book to be found in it."—*Rev. Julian Young*, 1823.

of novels. A conjunction of great intellects appeared in the Lake district, and founded both a new era of literature and a new theory of poesy. These were Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "the rapt one of the god-like forehead;" Southey, "the voluminous;"* Wordsworth, whom a living orator ranks as second only to Shakespeare; Harriet Martineau (still surviving); Thomas De Quincey, the "English Opium-Eater;" John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood;* Hartley Coleridge; and Dr. Arnold. Such a group of "hands that penned, and tongues that uttered wisdom," never perhaps threw the halo of their fame, in the same age, over any one locality. Lord Brougham, assisted by Charles Knight and others, established the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, and sent forth abundance of mental food at a cost within the reach of all classes. The two brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh, in the best spirit of rivalry, supplied wholesome literature cheaper, even, than the Useful Knowledge Society in London. Such were among the new impulses given to literature.

With regard to the physical sciences, Sir Humphrey Davy transferred himself from a small laboratory in Bristol to the Royal Institution in London, there to penetrate the arcana of nature, and propound the law of electric attractions and repulsions, which laid the foundation for those further discoveries in electricity and galvanism that, caught up by Wheatstone and Faraday, led to the greatest triumph of the age, the electric telegraph. Whilst John Dalton, "the father of modern chemistry," emigrated from Kendal to the Philosophical Institution at Manchester, and there demonstrated the Atomic theory, which in physical science ranks next to the theory of gravitation. Professor Williamson stated, in his address to the British Association at Bradford, last September [1872,] that this theory of atoms outliving its author, "has gained and is gaining strength by every experimental inquirer

* Southey's writings, if all collected together, would, it is said, make nearly 200 volumes.

who, since Dalton's time, has questioned nature, and knew how to read her answers."

Meanwhile, the mechanicians awoke to new powers and new appliances. The Arkwrights, the two Stephensons, and a host of other inventors, set wheels and cranks in motion, which soon multiplied production a hundredfold, brought isolated communities into personal union, advanced the material interests of the country, and augmented to an incalculable degree the comforts and conveniences of civilised life.

Thus, literature, science, and art emerged into the open day simultaneously, and, mutually aiding and stimulating each other, enlightened and invigorated both the individual man and the public life. So it may be affirmed, that a more complete transformation of the elements of society—a more complete revolution, mental, moral, and material—has taken place in the intervening half-century than had been witnessed in any five centuries of former history. Or, as Mr. Disraeli more pithily put it the other day at Glasgow, a change "more remarkable, in fifty years, than has ever occurred in the annals of mankind."

The appropriate sequel to this brief sketch of the "march of intellect" may be put in the form of question and answer:—Has the Kendal Mechanics' Institute kept pace with the general progress of knowledge? Coleridge and De Quincey had both of them noticed, about the time of the birth of this Institution, that "there is more elasticity and freshness of mind, more information, and more natural eloquence in the men of Kendal, than is to be found in literary cities, or in places professedly learned."* My own observation, I am proud to say, enables me to testify that this honourable distinction has held good for fifty years. The Mechanics' Institute has borne good fruit. Many of the industrious classes of Kendal have laid hold of the advantages offered to them by this and other kindred institutions (literary and scientific), and

* "Annals of Kendal," 2nd edition, p. 276.

have by these means pursued with advantage branches of knowledge which might otherwise have been neglected, contributing both to their happiness and usefulness. Many have had their tastes and aspirations exalted, their industrious habits stimulated, their faculties sharpened, their morals improved, their hearts softened, and, may we not further hope, their souls raised to the contemplation of the best and highest of all truths, so that whilst getting Wisdom they have got Understanding also.

CORNELIUS NICHOLSON.

WELLFIELD, *December*, 1873.

LECTURE.

THE SEA AND THE TIDES.

"*The Sea is His and He made it.*—"PSALM XCV. 5.

The contemplation of the sea is calculated to fill the mind with strong and devout emotions. If stars be the poetry of the heavens, the ocean is the poetry of the earth. All the poets have, in turn, apostrophised it and drank inspiration from it. I need not quote them all: Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Byron, have each of them laid the sea under tribute to their poesy. But poetry may be *felt* without being read or written, may be passive as well as active, and each of my hearers may have experienced its power. You have stood or sat on the shore in a calm evening in summer, "when the long bright day dies slowly over the sea," when the western sun threw a flood of light on the ocean, and burnished the tiny ripples with gold, as you watched them gambolling "like a child at play." How gratefully, then, you drew in the vital atmosphere into your lungs, and the spirit of the ocean into your souls. I have had moments of enjoyment like this, and memory clings fondly to the recollection of such scenes.

At the birth of creation God divided the land from the waters, and "the gathering together of the waters called He seas." The first observation that strikes one about the sea is that it never varies in bulk or volume. Like the widow's cruise of oil, tho' the thirsting clouds are always drinking at it, it never fails. Lord Byron expresses this thought in the following apostrophe to the sea:—

> Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean! roll!
> Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow:
> Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

And there is no evidence to show that there has been any general alteration of the level of the ocean within human observation. Solomon, be it observed, was among the first of meteorologists, and understood the great law of nature which keeps replenishing the ocean. He says, in Ecclesiastes i, 7, "all the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not full," and again in Ecclesiastes xii, 2, "the clouds return after the rain." Another scripture by the sweet singer of Israel says, the clouds pour down rain "to the springs in the valleys, which run among the hills." * Evaporation is always at work in the atmosphere, drawing up, or pumping up the water; and condensation and precipitation are always at work in the atmosphere, yielding fresh supplies of water, purged of its saltness by the chemistry of nature. The process is that of the law of supply and demand of commerce, exemplified in the operations of nature. One cannot, therefore, give a lecture on the sea without pointed reference also to the earth and its atmosphere. Nay, we must look farther than this still, before we can comprehend all parts of the subject in the unity of forces. We must look to the influence of the solar system of planets, and ascertain how, by the law of gravitation—attraction and counter-attraction—these planets are concerned in producing the tides and currents of the seas. It is found that the revolutions of those bodies, and particularly those of the sun, moon, and earth, on their own axes respectively, and their movements about each other in terrestrial gravitation, are all engaged in causing the tidal wave and ocean currents. Newton

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* It has been calculated, with regard to this power of evaporation, that the aqueous vapour hovering over every acre of the earth when lifted by evaporation is equal to the power of 30 horses, and for the whole area of the earth, it is 800 times greater than all the water power in nature! How wonderful, then, is the mechanical power of the silent operations of the laws of nature, to us unseen and unfelt.—*Maury*, p. 275.

taught us that not only the mass of each planet, but each molecule of the mass is concerned in it. "Nature never rests." The function of matter is to vibrate and oscillate ceaselessly and endlessly; changes are always going on, the minutest atoms acting one upon another. Centripetal and centrifugal forces are always in operation. And here, as it strikes me, the discoveries of science are shewn to be in harmony with the following declaration of the scriptures:—"How manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all."—Psalm civ. 24. I do not mean that the bible teaches lessons of science. It was never designed to do so. But all the discoveries of science rightly pursued, harmonize with the scriptures, and both books must be studied:—

> The two great books that we ought to read
> Are the bible and nature, and this is my creed—
> And all other books that do not agree
> With these two volumes, are not for me.

Now, first, about this globe "which men call earth." It contains both land and water; of water about three-fourths, of land one-fourth. In round figures it has 150 million square miles of water, and 50 million square miles of land. But the two hemispheres are not alike in these proportions—in the northern hemisphere land and water are nearly equal in quantities, in the southern hemisphere water largely predominates. The diameter of the earth is 8,000 miles; its circumference is 25,000 miles. From the earth's diameter to the moon is 240,000 miles; to the sun the distance is 91,000,000 miles. The earth, as you know, revolves on its own axis once daily. The moon rotates round the earth once in 28 days; and they go together round the sun in 365 days. And these combined movements have everything to do with causing the tides, as you will find by and bye. But one word more about this earth of ours in comparison with the dimensions of other planets. People are apt to exclaim of the earth, what a "world" this is! How vast its extent! How great its form

and pressure! What millions and billions of years or eras it must have taken to build it up! You laugh at the idea which entered the head of Archimedes, when he said "give me a fulcrum to stand upon, and I'll raise the globe." Pigmy man presumptuously to talk of raising this great world of ours! And yet, what a mite it is in the universe! The planet that was discovered (by Adams, of Cambridge), called "Neptune," is so small by distance, that you cannot see it without a telescope, and yet it is a hundred times the volume of this earth which you thought to be such a colossal "world."!

The two great seas are the Atlantic and the Pacific, which are nominally divided by geographers into the North Atlantic and South Atlantic; the North Pacific and the South Pacific. They mingle their waters on the north about Behring Straits, and on the south near to Van Diemen's Land. The smaller seas are, the Mediterranean and the Baltic, in Europe; the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean in Asia. These altogether circulate throughout the globe. They roll on in combination continuously and conterminously, clasping the earth, as it were, in their embrace.—"They cover the earth like a mantle."

Now, with regard to the tides, what is it that produces this almost uniform flow and ebb of the sea waters which we call tides? Theophrastus Such asks Pummell "what is the cause of the tides?" Pummell answers, "there be people who has their opinions, and I have my opinion." There Pummell wisely stops! It is not so very easy to put the *vera causa* into popular language, and make the subject intelligible to the simplest understanding. A general idea has always prevailed that the moon has everything to do with it. It is true that the moon has most to do with the tide; its influence is three times that of the sun in producing the tidal wave. The exact proportions are as 100 to 38. But it is necessary to look at the joint action of the sun and moon on our globe, and the separate action of those two luminaries, to understand the variation of the tides. If the mean periods of the revolution of these bodies were exactly equal in time, the tides would be

in their rise and fall quite uniform ; but those revolutions are unequal by about 54 minutes in every 24 hours. The solar day consists of 24 hours, but the lunar day is 24 hours 54 minutes. The sun and moon "conspire," and have a common vertex once in a fortnight. They are then either in conjunction or in opposition, and the moon is either new, as it is called, or it is at full. When at "full," the tide is the sum of the joint action of the sun and moon, and the product is high tide. From these periods the lunar wave lags behind the solar wave, until the quadratures (quarters) of the moon, when the high water of the moon coincides with the low water of the sun, and the joint tide is now reduced to the difference of the separate ones, and this is called neap tide. But let us state the problem in another way, and try to make it plainer still. When the sun, moon, and earth are in the same line, the solar and lunar waves are coincident. The sun and moon are then in concert, and the waves which they produce combine, and reinforce each other. In that case the tides rise higher and fall lower than they do when the sun and moon are at right angles towards each other; when however the sun and moon are at right angles towards each other their action is antagonistic, and the tides do not then rise so high or fall so low as in the former case. So the high tides occur two or three days after full moon and new moon, when the moon is nearest the earth; and *vice versa*, the lowest tides are two or three days after the first quarter and last quarter of the lunar month. So to make it still plainer let us say—from new moon to the first quarter the tides decrease; from first quarter to full moon they increase; from full moon to third quarter they decrease; from third quarter to new moon they increase.

But it may be well to make a further observation regarding the plane of the ocean. The waters of the sea are attracted by the moon and sun in such a way as to produce what Physicists call a "Wave Spheroid," that is to say the attraction of cohesion occasions a heaping up of the water into a spheroidal shape, altho' this is imperceptible to the eye look-

on the sea. On the side of the earth farthest away from the moon, the water is attracted less than the solid earth itself, and the earth, so to speak, is drawn away from the water, thus causing the liquid to be swelled up into a convex form, so that the surface of the sea is partially rounded. This observation of the disturbance of the horizontal plane of the sea suggests another remark with reference to the globular form of the earth. Before the time of Copernicus, in the sixteenth century, the earth was believed to be flat. We now know differently, and the fact is easily demonstrated. If the earth were flat, the surface of the sea would be an exact plane; and however far off a ship might be, if the eye could reach it, we should see the ship. But as it is when the ship has sailed a certain distance (say 30 miles), we find her gradually passing out of sight just as tho' she had gone over a hill! Watch a ship with a telescope scudding away on the ocean, and you will find that the horizon line of the sea is gradually rising up between you and the ship. This is proof positive, if any one doubted it, that the earth is a sphere. Yes!

> We know the merry world is round,
> And we might sail for evermore.

But another word with reference to the tides. I have said that they are of nearly constant recurrence, there being almost universally two tides a day on every shore. They are not uniform in their flow on all shores, that could not be. On the contrary, the reach of the flood differs on every coast. It is high water at one place at one hour, and high water at another place at another hour, governed, partly by the diurnal rotation of the earth on its axis, and partly by winds and local causes. But on every shore and every maritime river, there are, with few exceptions, two tides in every 24 hours, and what is called their periodicity varies only by the action of the winds. But there are remarkable exceptions to this general law of two tides a day. There is a point in the North Sea, instanced by Dr. Whewell, where there is no tide at all! It occurs by

reason of a conjunction of two tide waves flowing in opposite directions, so at that spot the tide is *nil*. Again, in the Pacific Ocean, from peculiar local circumstances, there is a spot where there is a single tide in 24 hours. I need not speak of the peculiarities of that case. But there is an exceptional case nearer home, and this is in the Isle of Wight. There are four distinct tides inwards to the Solent in the 24 hours. A second flood succeeds to the first flow of the tide, after an interval of two hours; and when the first has reached the harbours of Southampton and Portsmouth, it becomes stationary for about two hours. This double flow may be taken at eight hours, and is counter-balanced by an ebb of 4 hours, so there must be two collisions or cross currents in every twelve hours' tide in the Southampton Waters. Now, what are the prevalent causes of these peculiarities? Neither local histories nor pilots' handbooks have given any explanation of it. I may, however, hazard a theory. When the tidal wave approaches the Isle of Wight, coming up from the Atlantic, it first strikes against the promontory called the "Bill of Portland," and secondly against "St. Alban's Head." These obstructions not only retard the incoming waters, but throw them out into the channel in curved lines, just when they ought to be entering the narrow inlet at Hurst Castle. The harbour of Southampton—nearly five miles long—and the harbour of Portsmouth, both being empty, now act as powerful suckers, and suck in the earliest tide-wave with rapidity. That first wave of the double tides is then succeeded by a second wave, which occurs, as I take it, when the first has become stationary. I have said that when the tidal wave has struck against the headlands, one portion of the tide "sets out" in curved lines towards the middle of the channel. At some distance out this tide flows for nine hours, whilst the ebb there, is only three hours. Nearer to the shore the reverse action takes place; there the tide ebbs for nine hours, and flows only three hours. Between these two scenes of operation, these contrary currents, there is what one might expect, what I will call a neutral zone

—an area or belt of still water, where, if you were in a boat with uplifted oars, you would scarcely move for more than an hour! This is my own experience.

Apropos of the shore, let us suppose a person who is wholly unaccustomed to the sea, watching the tide when it comes creeping and crawling on to a long low beach; such a person would be apt to think that crawling was its normal uniform pace, which would be a great mistake. The fact is that the travelling pace of the tide is governed by the depth of the waters. As is the depth, so is the velocity of the tidal-wave. The fastest flowing tides are those out on the main waters of the Atlantic, where the sea is perhaps 30,000 ft. deep, and from thence the rate of progress gradually decreases, as the water becomes shallower and shallower, till the snail's pace of the tide reaches a point of rest on the shore; and let me ask which of you can tell when that point of rest is attained? I have, at any rate tried in vain to recognise the moment of rest.

Let us not forget that these recurring tides perform a great work—a beneficent work—in the operations of the physical world. It cannot be told in words what amount of decay and corruption is avoided, and what amount of life is saved by the agency of these moving waters. In fact, the circulation of water on the earth and in the atmosphere, is to the globe what the circulation of blood is to the animal frame—the means by which life is sustained.

It has been often said, and was until recently generally believed, that there are no tides in the Mediterranean. It used to be called "The Tideless Sea." Lord Byron gave currency to this belief in the following couplet:—

> There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
> Which, changeless, rolls eternally.

This is poetry, but not fact. I spent a winter in Italy 20 years ago, and was much interested in watching the tides at Nice, in the Bay of Genoa. I passed hours upon hours (and pleasant hours, too) lying on the sands with my heels at the water's

edge. I made floats of wood, floats of cork, got empty bottles well corked, and watched their gyrations with as much care and patience as a fisherman watches his line on the water; and I satisfied myself, first, as to the fact of a tide, its flow and ebb; secondly, as to its direction; and thirdly, as to its rate of travel. There is very little ebb and flow compared with the tides in the Atlantic; but there is enough to contradict and confute the notion of a tideless sea. That it is so small is occasioned by the waters of the Mediterranean having so little connexion with the main ocean.

We must next observe, with reference to this globe of ours, that it is surrounded by an atmosphere which is something like 40 miles in height. This is the air we breathe, and the condition of this air determines our climate. Hence the subject is brought home to us, and not inappropriately, for I am going to tell how this climate is influenced by the currents of the ocean.

First let me say, however, how it happens that we have in these latitudes, four seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. If the plane of the sun's path had been parallel to the earth's equator, we should have had only one uniform season—constant darkness or light; all heat or all cold; all wet or all drought; as astronomers believe to be the case with the planet *Jupiter*. But it has been wisely ordained otherwise. Instead of this parallelism, the equator and the ecliptic (the sun's path) are mutually inclined to each other at 23½ degrees, the consequence of which is, that the sun appears alternately above and below the equator by that 23½ degrees, causing the varying seasons of the globe; and days and nights of unequal duration, long days and warm weather in summer, in our latitudes, when the sun is north of the equator; short days and cold in winter, when the sun is south of the equator. The earth's eccentric orbit influences the variation in the lengths of day and night, and so "all things work together for good." A supposition may help to explain my present meaning. Suppose the sun and earth to be at rest in space, the sun's rays

would, in that case, constantly impinge on the centre of one half of the earth's surface; one half, it is clear, would be exposed to the sun, and the other half would never see it. The opposite side of the globe would be perpetual darkness, with no plant life, no evaporation, no rain. Man could not live there. But, as I have before said, the diurnal and annual revolutions of the earth in ellipsis, create our seasons—our seed-times and harvests;—furnishing us with all the comforts of life. Do we think sufficiently, and are we sufficiently thankful for these blessings so produced?

We come in the next place, to speak of the currents of the ocean which play an important part in determining the prevailing temperature, or climate, of various countries of the earth. We are indebted to an American hydrographer and philosopher, Captain Maury, LL.D., for the best treatise on the ocean currents and their effects, in a book entitled the "Physical Geography of the Sea," of all topics connected with sea this is, perhaps, the one that engaged least attention till lateley, and is of greatest interest and importance. I will bring its importance home to you in this way. We are an insular people and enjoy, therefore, what is called a maritine climate. London stands on this little island of Great Britain, Paris, on the other hand, is situated on the continent. Go from London to Paris on a winter's day, which you can do in 10 hours; breakfast in London and dine on the same day in Paris, and in that short space of time you encounter a difference of several degrees of temperature. The mean temperature of Paris, for the three winter months is only 38° Fahrenheit). But that is not the most singular thing about this difference. It seems still more singular that London being situated geographically 2·81 degrees north of Paris; or let us say that Paris is nearer the tropics by 2·81 degrees, still the winter temperature is in favour of London by $3\frac{1}{2}$°. What explains the difference between London and Paris? It is explained by reference to the currents of the ocean. The ocean has been rightly called a "great climate agent," a good name to give it!

Its waters, as a rule, wherever they flow, have a nearly equal temperature; and therefore they have a tendency to preserve a similar (nearly equal) temperature wherever their influence extends, moderating alike both heat and cold. Hence, the climate of islands and of countries bordering on the sea have milder winters and more temperate summers than the interior of continents. Moscow, for example, has a difference between its summer and winter temperature of 82°; whilst the difference in London is only 57°. That is the general cause of the difference I have just alluded to in the temperature of London and Paris; but there is a special cause, namely the Gulf Stream, the greatest known current of all the currents of the ocean. This Gulf Stream washes the western coast of our island, and helps to produce for us the comparatively mild and equable climate we enjoy. Water, like air, has less density, that is to say, is lighter at a high temperature than at a low one. Cold water (changing the phraseology) like cold air is heavier than warm. So the surface of the sea is lighter and warmer than its depths. As water warms, it increases in volume, and possesses an expansive force equal to its temperature. We have many of us, in our houses, a cistern on the upper floor above the kitchen, with a connecting water pipe between that cistern upstairs, and the kitchen boiler. When you open the tap at the cistern above, you find in a minute or two that the hot water in the kitchen boiler pushes forward, and pushes out the cold water that was in the pipe before the tap was turned, until nothing but hot water flows. This is the action of the Gulf Stream as seen in household economy. The Gulf of Mexico is the heated boiler, which sends forth a column or current of hot water through the North Atlantic Sea, in a north-easterly direction, across the Bay of Biscay, up the Irish Channel, and further still, beyond Norway and Sweden. Thus, says Maury, "one of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would be excessive, and to disperse it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climate of the

British Islands." How the goodness of God in creation displays itself, when we enquire into the operations of nature. But we must say a few words more in explanation of this Gulf Stream. It is a river in mid-ocean—a constant river! It never fails and never overflows. There are other ocean currents, but there is nothing like this. No other water within waters like it in the world! The temperature of the waters of the Gulf Stream, as they issue from the torrid zone, is from 80° to 85° at the surface of the ocean, and when the stream has travelled 10° of latitude, it has only lost 2° of temperature, so slowly does water give off heat. As it issues through the Straits of Florida the current is upwards of 30 miles broad, and 2,200 feet deep, and it travels at an average speed of about four miles an hour. Arriving in northerly latitudes it loses some of its depth, and spreads itself out, more and more, as it proceeds on its way towards the arctic circle. It is scarcely necessary to say that all this time, it is giving off heat to the atmosphere immediately over it and on either hand. It is a law in physics, that water is slower in losing temperature than any other natural element. Now we all know from daily experience, that our most prevalent winds are from the south-west. These winds, on their way hither, cross the fields of warm air which the Gulf Stream has created, raising their temperature by some 10° to 15°. The travelling winds participate in that increased warmth, take up the aqueous vapour floating over the sea, (aqueous vapour is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen) bring it to our mountain ranges where a colder air is in circulation, condensation then takes place by the junction of these two fields of air, and aided by electric currents, perhaps, down comes the rain. This is the accepted theory of the fall of rain, subject to some modifications of critical details which require no notice in a popular lecture. So, in this way, we get both a milder climate and a plentiful supply of rain, "with abundance of the kindly fruits of the

earth."* The cold winds which visit us, and which we are ever grumbling at, are from the east, north-east and north. These are with us about four months in the year. They start on their journey hitherwards from regions of ice and snow, and travel over continental lands which have not the same influence as the sea in ameliorating their proverbially ungenial natures. They are crisp, and biting, and piercing winds, such as made the teeth of Wordsworth's Harry Gill

Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

They would spoil our climate, if they remained with us as long as the south winds do, and spoil our harvest too. Charles Kingsley is the only advocate I know of in favour of the east wind. He gives it a hearty welcome in the following verses:—

Welcome, wild North-Easter!
Shame it is, to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Never a verse to thee!
Welcome, black North-Easter!
Over the German foam,
Over the Danish moorlands
From thy frozen home.

Kingsley had some strange, tho' many grand ideas! Shakespeare, on the other hand, has likened it, in the code of morals, to ingratitude: a want of gratitude being reckoned one of the worst features of man's character:—

Thou easterly wind,—
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

My subject would not be exhausted if I did not allude,—and it must be briefly—to the different degrees of saltness of the various seas, and inlets of the seas. The salt in the seas is

* London is below the average of all England in the amount of rain-fall, and yet, some rain (more or less) falls on 265 days out of the 365 days in a year (24 hours to the day), so says Dr. Mitchell.

governed in its proportions, mainly by evaporation and deposition of the rain clouds. Where evaporation goes on most rapidly, and where fewest rivers empty themselves into an arm of the sea, or into a land-locked sea, where the waters are most highly impregnated with salt (chloride of sodium). Again, where there is greatest evaporation there is least cloud above, and least fall of rain. Take Nice, for an example. The number of days in a year on which any rain falls is just one day a week, 52 in a year, against London 265 in a year, and if it were not for the melting of the snow in the Alps there would be almost a total absence of fresh water tributaries there. Indeed, the whole Bay of Genoa is ill supplied with fresh water notwithstanding the melting of snow and glaciers in the Alps, for the two greatest rivers on that side the Peninsula of Italy, the Ticino and the Po, empty themselves into the Adriatic. We see then the effect of these causes in the fact that this portion of the Mediterranean contains 20 per cent. more of salt than the waters of the Atlantic.* You may judge how far this is caused by evaporation, if I present a comparison between the amount of evaporation in connection with the rain fall in London and at Palermo. The average evaporation over London and its suburbs is taken at four inches per month= 48 inches per annum. The rain fall may be set down at 30 inches; there is therefore 18 inches of excess of evaporation. At Palermo the excess is 37 inches. But the disproportion between evaporation and fresh water supply, is carried to its maximum in the Red Sea, when rain scarcely falls, and but for an interchange of water with the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea would in time be reduced to the condition of an almost saturated brine.

Lastly, let us regard the ocean as the great international highway—the broad, free and uninterrupted channel of communication between the various countries of the world, and the various families of mankind. The art of navigation was

* For, recollect, no salt or muriate rises from the sea by evaporation.

known to the ancient 3,500 years ago when the Gauls crossed and recrossed the English Channel, without the aid of anything like a compass (for the mariners' compass was not introduced till the beginning of the 12th century) coming to Cornwall for *Tin*. And if Diodorus Siculus may be believed, this tin was carted across the Soland, at low tide, and freighted from the Isle of Wight. Britain was then called Cosniterides—"the Tin Island." By the end of the 15th century navigation took a leap, when Columbus sailed from a Spanish harbour with a fleet of three small ships crossing the unexplored seas, and discovered the continent of South America—a new world, which Canning hailed, as "a New World calculated to redress the balance of the Old." Columbus, then,

> Was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.—*Ancient Mariner*

These discoveries, in course of time, evoked a spirit of enterprise in different countries—in course of time, I say, because intelligence did not then travel by the telegraph or telephone.

In the middle of the 18th century Captain Cook* discovered New Zealand and the islands in the South Pacific, now a portion of the colonies of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, on whose dominions, it is boastfully said "the sun never sets." We have obtained in our day complete command of the seas. The bit of land on which we set our feet is not half big enough, notwithstanding its fertility, to produce food sufficient for its thick-set population, but the sea's highway compensates for

* Mentioning the name of Cook impels me to relate an incident in his life which made him the great navigator and discoverer of his age. He was apprenticed in his youth to a retail grocer at Whitby in Yorkshire, and his master one day threw a newly coined shilling into the shop till. The lad, attracted by the bright silver, took it out and honestly replaced it by a soiled shilling of his own. When the master missed the new shilling he accused young Cook of robbing the till. Fear seized him, and he ran away to sea, and thus became the discoverer of the islands and continents in the South Pacific Seas. The mother of civilization, like the mother of mischief, is no bigger than a midge's egg; or, to use another illustration, you see how great a fire a small spark kindleth.

this deficiency and enables us to procure supplies elsewhere. The granaries and larders of the earth on the other side of the world are our store-houses, ever accessible to us by the ships which, "like things of life," are constantly coming and going on their beneficent errands. Science has joined art in lessons of progress, and steam power has joined the power of winds to accelerate the speed of vessels. Business, and pleasure, and the comforts of life, all triumph and revel in the results of these new combinations. Our intercourse with India is so constant and prompt that merchants can calculate upon their receipt of letters with as much certainty as they look for the clock striking the hour. But the ocean is the silent medium of a quicker communication still. A thick cable lies at the bottom of the sea amidst microscopic forms of life, "things creeping innumerable,"—the *Foraminifer*—which never disturb it or think of feeding on it, and messages are constantly flashing through that cable between persons living at the opposite poles of the earth, thus absolutely "annihilating time and space," which was only a few years ago a mere sentiment. The girdle which little Puck threatened to put round the globe in twenty minutes has thus been accomplished, and Shakspeare's prophecy has thus been fulfilled.

Let us, in conclusion, contemplate the sea in a tempest, when, like fire, it exerts powers beyond the control of man.* When the winds are troubled the sea is roused from its tranquility and assumes an awful character. There is this difference between the air and the ocean in their normal state. The ocean is in constant motion more or less; it never rests. The prophet Jeremiah (xlix. 23) says of it, "it cannot be quiet." The air, on the other hand, is at times quite tranquil,—asleep—in fact. When a zephyr stirs, Wordsworth hails it "from its

*The mechanical force of waves in a storm has been accurately measured. At the Skerryvore Lighthouse, in the Atlantic, during a heavy gale in 1845, the force of the waves was equal to 2,000 lb. (or 3 tons) per square foot.

fields of sleep." What a beautiful thought that is—"fields of sleep!" How, then, is the air set in motion? The answer is, by the earth in its diurnal rotation acting in conjunction with varieties of temperature. A stream of cold air (the heavier body of the two,) will rush into a stream of warm air and overthrow the equilibrium. First, when it is disturbed by a breeze, the sea will laugh like a child at play. Then storm arises "the floods lift up their waves," and the great deep is lashed into fury, howling and hissing like a demoniac. The angry billows rear their frothy heads and manes into successive mountains, soaring high as the lofty head of blue Olympus. The wind cracks its cheeks against buffeted navies, which, after a fruitless struggle, go down like a plummet into the "yeast of waves." You will all remember—for it was one of the most striking shipwrecks in our day—that on Sunday, the 26th March, 1878, a Government training ship, the Eurydice, was suddenly overwhelmed in a snow storm off the Isle of Wight, carrying down with her to a watery grave not less than 300 souls. Many persons—including some personal friends of mine—were on the beach at St. Lawrence and at Ventnor watching with interest and admiration that gallant ship go proudly by, all canvass—(too much canvass, as the event proved)—set to the wind. At that very moment the crew were many of them engaged in divine service, thanking Heaven for the prosperous voyage they had had, and for their safe arrival at home! Suddenly there appeared over Dunnose a dark bank of cloud, and a driving tempest of snow and sleet—the squall struck the fated Eurydice, then wrapt in a shroud of snow, and when the squall was gone the spectators on shore lost sight of the ship, which had gone down like a plummet.

But there is one voice, and one only—a voice more powerful than all cosmic forces put together—which can still the tempest; and there was an occasion when this voice—the voice of Christ, in the fulness of God, speaking to the Sea of Gennesaret, rebuked the winds and the waves, and they instantly obeyed. Christ said to the angry sea—"Peace, be still."

The wild winds hushed: the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy Will!

So, when our Life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
May those words come above Life's roar,
Peace, be still.

August, 1878.

LECTURE

Concerning the Roman Road over High Street, Westmorland, and its line or lines of connection with the Roman Stations in the neighbourhood.

DELIVERED AT THE KENDAL NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY'S INSTITUTE, DECEMBER, 1838.

Although the study of local antiquities is one of the original features of this institution, yet subjects connected with this branch of enquiry are, I'm sorry to observe, only very seldom brought before our notice. I do not complain that scientific pursuits are made to preponderate over antiquarian researches, because I feel, and am willing to acknowledge, that the interests of science are of far higher consequence, and demand our first consideration. The comforts and conveniences of civilized life—the progress of the arts — the extension of commerce,—the advancement of knowledge, and consequently the advancement of human happiness—are in a great measure under the dominion of science, and I yield therefore a willing submission to its potent claims. But notwithstanding I do feel that our local antiquities, which constitute the restituted history of our own district, are neglected or underrated in importanee. Some old author (I forget whom) calls topography and chronology the two eyes of history, and among the many quaint truths of the old writers, there is hardly any truer than this. For what is general history but a connected series of topographical events first sketched out on the canvass by the local historian. It cannot be necessary to set up a defence of " Historiography." Surely no one will deny the importance of looking back through the vista of years, on past scenes and events, and bringing up " the long trails of light," (dim they may be, in humble efforts such as this) before the eyes of the existing generation. The

Roman Æra in Britain is pregnant with intense interest; and in investigating the traces of that people on this island, many circumstances may strike the inquisitive mind as models of imitation or objects of avoidance. Some of their works of art survive partially to this day, and have excited the emulation as well as the admiration of modern genius; whilst, on the other hand the traces of human blood which marked the footsteps of the conquerors have now become as the *Ignis Fatuus* which knowledge has taught mankind to avoid or remove, both the human scourge, and the natural phenomenon being discovered as the offspring of a fermenting and diseased condition. The progress of knowledge, and its handmaidens, the arts of civilized life, might be well illustrated by contrasting the habits of the Britons, during the Roman Empire, with the arts and manners of the present generation, but I can only simply allude to it. The Romans undoubtedly introduced into this country many agencies of civilization, of which the aboriginal Britons had no previous conception, and which subsequently wrought an entire change in their character; but the conquerors accompanied these arts with a ferocious and blood-thirsty disposition, which, let loose on a savage people, created appalling scenes of slaughter. They encountered a people rugged and intractable as the country they came to subdue; and as empire was their only object it must be purchased at any sacrifice of human gore. So that the history of the upper empire especially can be stated in two words—perpetual hostility. On the part of the invaders, and on the part of the native Britons, war was the business and the delight of life. The most brutal assassin was made an object always of adulation, and not unfrequently of idolatry. But now men's feelings turn them with horror from the contemplation of such deeds. Mind is now assuming its lawful empire over brute force, and it is not unreasonable to hope that the traces which are now extant of the devastations of war will be the last traces of its influence in this island.

It is of importance that historical events should be narrated for the instruction of mankind, it is also important that those events be connected, whenever they can, with the surviving memorials of the ages to which they belong. Existing relics of antiquity are the pictorial illustrations of the book of history and are to those who study them, as so many pleasing and bright intelligencies. The eye of an antiquary, revelling on these monuments of the past, fills with delight as he contemplates them, and whilst the mind is taking a long retrospective view—lights up with vivid associations, peoples the now deserted or changed scenes with the shadowy crowds of by-gone ages, and this tho' a *reverie*, may be not all fiction. The county of Westmorland is eminently fruitful in the remains of antiquity, and if I am asked to apologize for this paper I reply that it is my attachment to my native county that prompts me to investigate its historical treasures, and help to perpetuate their memory.

The Roman Road on High Street is marked by this distinguished feature, that it is the highest road or military way in Great Britain, being 2,700 feet above the level of the sea. When we consider this fact and couple it with the circumstance of its locality, being close to the confines of the empire, on the north, where the Romans concentred their forces and where consequently so many of their monuments abound to attract observation, all these circumstances considered, it seems astonishing that the attention of writers on Roman Antiquities has been so little drawn towards its history, and—as a consequence—that so very little (nothing I may say) can be found written concerning it. I have sought pretty carefully all books I could lay my hands on, local and general, that give the least promise of allusion to this subject, and I can find nothing more than this simple incidental notice of it, *viz*, that the Roman way passes over High Street.* Where it passed from or where

* Neither Camden, nor either of his learned editors ever mention it at all; and what is more strange still, Dr. Whitaker (the great model of antiquaries) has entirely overlooked High Street. So has Dr. Burn, the historian of the County.

it tended to, or for what certain or conjectural reason it ever had been constructed at such an unaccountable elevation, our authors have one and all of them left without consideration. It cannot have been in total obscurity in any age; for no one could pass through the country without seeing or hearing of High Street, and the name of the hill at once signifies and suggests the fact of the road being there. It cannot I think, have been disregarded from any supposition of its uselessness, for it strikes me that the fact of a road (broad as any of the great high ways) being made in a situation so adverse to road making, and so difficult to traverse when made, proves strongly that it had been a material object with the Romans. Tis true that it was only an *Iter Vicinale*, but the "maiden way" and many others of the local roads, in different parts of the country have been honoured with accurate investigation and publicity, whilst High Street so conspicuous in name, situation, and associations with military stations, where the heat of the fiercest battles raged, has been ignobly dismissed by writers on Roman remains, either without mention at all, or only with such notice as I have just quoted. How, then, are we to account for the silence and neglect of this road? Simply, I believe, from its great geographical elevation, and the difficulty of getting up to it for ocular inspection. For, however easy it might be for the sinewy Romans, or the nimble Pict and Scot to surmount the hills over which this road runs, I confess that I can excuse the awe with which our venerable fathers of antiquity, Leland, Camden, or Horsley might contemplate such a formidable journey. Youthful limbs, fired with zeal or local attachment may overcome the fatigue and difficulties of the encounter, but those who have experienced it will be the most ready to forgive the omission, at least, of a personal survey by the old writers enervated with age or sedentary employment

It would be quite superfluous in me to occupy your time and my pages with details of general history during the Roman sway in Britain. Two or three sentences will suffice to fix the time and events connected with the object of my enquiry.

The Roman period in Britain extends over the lapse of something more than 400 years—that is to say, from the dawn of the christian era till A.D. 440 to 450, speaking in round numbers. During most of this period wars prevailed throughout the island, but more especially did wars prevail and were most prolonged, in our own district, that is to say, in the northern counties of England. This was the country of the Brigantes, who were the most powerful of the British tribes. They were themselves hard to subdue, and after they had been drawn to the standard of the Eagle, then came the "barbarian Picts and Scots," whose constant inroads and repulses occurred in this district. We have it on good authority that two-thirds of the stationary forces of the Romans were employed on the Borders, where they themselves relate "that their soldiers carried on a business literally the same as moss trooping with the Picts and Scots." Hence Hadrian's vallum and Severus's wall, which extended in two lines nearly parallel from the Solway Frith to the German Ocean. And hence also the great number of stations and garrisons in these parts.

The first part of the Picts' wall (as it was called) was built in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, and, it is not improbable, under his own personal superintendence, about 124. It was constructed entirely of earth and sods, and on this account was called a vallum—a vallum of earth! It proved, however, no very formidable barrier against the barbarian Picts; for occasion requiring the Roman soldiers to be withdrawn for a while, "the Caledonian Picts," as Camden writes, "broke down the frontier vallum, destroyed all that came in their way, cutting down and trampling on all they met, like ripe corn, and ravaging the whole country." After an interval—which I need not stop to define—Severus came to the aid of the Britons, and having driven back the Picts from the frontier, caused to be built a solid wall of stone, close to Hadrian's vallum, from end to end, and which he defended with a ditch or fosse on the north side of the wall. This wall was further protected by numerous castella, or castle-fortresses, planted at irregular

distances, but so near that the blast of a horn could be heard from one to another. There was also a *via militaris* or road for the soldiers along this wall. But even this rampart so fortified was not sufficient at all times to keep out the northern barbarians, and when the soldiers were overmatched by the enemy, and forced to retreat from this fortress, they fell back upon the stations and by the roads. The Roman roads passed from one city or station to another, linking them together, as our modern turnpike roads constitute our medium of communication between one town or village and another. And as regards the roads, we have at least some written or traditionary authority for the main direction of them, and, where all traces are lost, I have not hesitated to be led by probability. If a writer on antiquities may not be allowed the use of conjectures or speculations, you deny him what is allowed in almost every science. As old Camden says: "I consider conjectures as among the helps which time makes use of, to draw truth out of Democritus' well."* And if I cannot claim from my hearers their full confidence in all my "speculations," perhaps I do not reckon too much on asking for their indulgence!

It is to be observed that the Romans seized every opportunity that presented itself of traversing the waters. We have good reasons to believe that they navigated both the lakes of Windermere and Ullswater, or at least portions of these lakes. At the head of Windermere, proceeding from the station Dictis, by a lane which still bears the name of Causeway, in corrupt language, *Caarsa Lane*, the Roman road has been traced to the very brink of the lake. Similar traces have, I believe, been made up to the foot of Ullswater, near Pooley Bridge, and there can, therefore, hardly be any reasonable doubts that these lakes were furnished with boats, and made the channels of communication for the Roman legionary. I have not been able to meet with any speculations by our learned antiquaries on the reasons why the Romans may be supposed to have pre-

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* Camden's *Preface*, p. ii.

ferred water conveyance to land. Two reasons present themselves to my mind—(however insufficient they may be deemed by others)—first, the same reason which impelled the Romans to go over the hills (of which I have more to say by-and-bye), that is, on account of the valleys being all thickly set with wood, and abounding with bogs and morasses; and secondly, because they themselves were so much better skilled in the art and management of boats than were the Britons or Picts, and so were enabled by means of their galleys easily to escape from any sudden attack in the neighbourhood of the lakes, by superior numbers of their enemy. We assume it as a fact that there was a road, and regular means of communication between the station at Kendal (Concangium), and the station (Dictis) at Ambleside, but we are not able at this distant day to trace the route of this road. I suppose it probable that it led over Helse Fell, by way of Crook to Bowness, at which last place the soldiers took to their boats and sailed to the head of Windermere. The circumstances which induce this probability are these. First, there was a large tumulus or number of tumuli on Helse Fell called "Sampson's Grave," which may refer back to the period of our enquiry. Secondly, there is a place in Crook called Borwick, originally I conceive Burghwick, which is a compound of Roman and Saxon—a Saxon wick or habitation having, very likely, been built on the site of a Roman encampment; thirdly, there have been several Roman remains found at Bowness and the neighbourhood. Very recently a number of Roman coins (from twenty to thirty,) were dug up at Bellsfield; and there is reason to suppose that a Roman villa was planted on Belle Isle, there having been discovered in digging there, "a beautiful pavement, and a hearth in a perfect state. They found at the same time several pieces of armour, and dug through curious gravel walks, &c."* Lastly, the direction I have thus supposed the road to take to Bowness, would be the shortest and straightest direction, a cir-

* Beauties of England and Wales—County Westmorland, p. 220.

cumstance that the Romans minded very particularly always.

Now, as regards the road over High Street and its connecting points. It is not my purpose to enquire in which direction it proceeded northwards from High Street to the station (Brementeuracum) at Old Penrith. Neither time nor opportunity permits this investigation. My present object is to enquire in what direction or directions it proceeded southwards from High Street: whether it had maintained a direct line of communication with the station at Kendal, or with the station at Ambleside, or with both of these! Beginning at the straits of Riggindale, at the north-east end of High Street, we trace it along the top of the latter hill, which is flat all the way, to the south-west end of it. High Street is covered by a sward of earth, soft almost as velvet. The road has been sunk originally perhaps a foot and a half or two feet, but is now for the most part filled up, and nearly level with the rest of the plain. It is distinguishable,—not the entire length of High Street, but frequently, and, in some places, for a considerable distance,—partly by its sunken boundaries on either hand, but principally by the sward over the road being of a brighter and livelier green than the rest of the hill. It has evidently been of the usual width of the Roman roads, from 16 to 18 feet. Proceeding with the road from High Street it descends by a gentle slope upon Froswick. Here our difficulties begin, and here is converged all the interest, or the chief interest, at least, of my present enquiry. We will first endeavour to trace the line of road to Kendal. Advancing from this point towards Kendal it must have skirted along the Troutbeck edge of Froswick, along the edge of Hill Bell, over the hill between Rainsbarrow Crag and by the highest fence in Crag Quarter. I say must have skirted along the Troutbeck edge of Froswick and Hill Bell, because it cannot have been taken either over the tops of these hills,—both being sharp impassable cones — or on the Kentmere side of them, both presenting very precipitous points to the Kentmere valley. Along the steepest portion of these hill sides, all traces of the road are lost, and at two places in

particular it seems as if no road could ever have been carried, or had ever been carried, across there, for there is now only just foothold for the sheep, along a narrow path faintly delineated by the paddling of these animals. But when we reflect upon the years that have elapsed since the Roman road was abandoned, and consider the steep character of the hills, and the tendency of stones, soil, &c., to roll down or be washed down such steeps, there is no wonder that in this situation the road should be now illegible, and almost impassable. Along the plain, which extends from Hill Bell to the point opposite Rainsborrow Crag, the road is again distinguishable by the same green sward which points it out on High Street. But if there had been no visible trace of it, the name of Rainsborrow,—or, as it ought to be spelled, Rainsburgh—would have been sufficient to fix it in this direction. About an eighth of a mile from Rainsburgh Crag, in a direct line for Kendal, there is a plain, with a peat bog in the middle of it, and there are persons living who state that they have seen a considerable length of paved road across the bog. This is at the head of Crag Quarter. Hence it proceeded down Applethwaite Common, but here we lose all visible traces of it, and all traditionary relations concerning it. The spears of the Romans are now turned into plough shares. All remains of the road where the hand of cultivation has commenced her happier efforts, and from this point to Kendal the plough or the hoe has obliterated for ever the footprints of the Roman conquerors. How are we to proceed now? The road could not terminate here, and it could not be brought so far in a direction towards Kendal without being designed to communicate with this station. It would be quite absurd to suppose that from this point it turned back towards Ambleside. No! we must look for it in a direct line for Kendal. And fortunate it is that at this day we can find even a single glimmer of light to help to conduct our groping steps. This light (which comes like a gleam of sunshine piercing through cimmerian gloom) is the name of a place — two farmhouses, situated below Applethwaite Common,—called

Burrens, almost in a straight line from the spot where all palpable remains of the road are lost, to Kendal. Regarding this name, *Borwens* or *Burrens*, Dr. Whitaker says wherever he meets with it he considers it as having reference always to something Roman. The station at Ambleside is to this day known by the name of Burrens Ring. There is a Burrens also at Kirkby Thor, and, according to Camden,* there is in Middleby parish, Annandale, a Roman station called *Burrens*. I look upon this name *Burrens*, then, as good evidence of the road at this spot.† If we proceed forwards to Grass Garth, almost direct, then by way of Reston Hall, skirting under Reston Scar, and over Helse Fell to Kendal, we take the nearest cut through the district. The probability of this being the route is strengthened by the tumuli on Helse Fell (before referred to), and by the fact of a silver coin of Antoninus Pius being not long since dug up close to Reston Hall. The circumstance of finding a Roman coin in any particular spot, does not, by any means, prove the former existence of a road at this spot; but this coin being found at Reston will be admitted, I think, as strengthening most materially the evidence and probabilities of the road having proceeded in this direction. It is worthy of being remarked that I had previously laid down the road there, without the evidence of this coin, and I was in the act of pointing it out to a gentleman standing together on the turnpike road opposite to Reston Hall, when the man who had dug up the coin (John Herdson) came up and mentioned the circumstance, he had the coin in his pocket. Having traced the road as satisfactorily as my present information permits, to Kendal (and I shall be glad indeed if any one can throw more light on the subject) we now retrace our steps to Froswick again, and begin a new enquiry.

By what medium of intercourse did the station at Ambleside communicate with old Penrith? By a route certainly not ac-

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* Gough's Camden's "Britannia," vol. III, p, 323.

† It would not be a *station*, properly so-called, but an outpost or summer camp, as were most *burghs*.

cording to our modern post-office arrangements! A letter for Penrith (or for Keswick even more circumlocutory) put into the post-office at Ambleside is made to travel round by Kendal; but the Romans, as an old writer says, were "too straightforward a people to go far about for anything." How, then, did they proceed from Ambleside to Penrith? The easiest, and, as one would suppose, the most natural way would be the present road, over Kirkstone, by Patterdale, and along the whole of Ullswater. But the Romans did not prefer the easiest way, and as we can find no traces or traditions of the Roman road in Patterdale, and no Roman remains of any kind, we must look in another direction, and seeking for the nearest course, we direct our steps to Woundale. We start from the station at Ambleside, and proceed up the eastern side of the river Stock Gill, by a road which leads on that side of the water to the Pass of Kirkstone, for about three miles. We then turn to the right upon Woundale, over the lowest part of this hill, and here we meet with a British or Roman-British relic, a monument of savage war and savage rites of sepulture. This is a noble cairn. The cairn is situated on the plain of Woundale, in the Pass between Ambleside and the Troutbeck valley. It is about 12 feet high at the apex, and 80 paces round the circumference. In the middle of it is a sort of cavity or crater, rather more of an oblong than circular shape, having two parallel sides formed by the cobbles built up as a well-faced wall, and this feature is evidently coëval with the whole fabric of the cairn. I am sorry to observe that the husbandman is now fast removing this memorial of antiquity, and carting away the stones of which it is composed to make walls for enclosing the common. Already about one-third of it is removed, and before many years are over it will be destroyed, with the other perishing traces of our ancestors, and be "ranked among the things that were." Woundale is a hill inferior in height to the mountains by which it is surrounded, and slopes down towards the east in a manner which may not inaptly be described as a dale, especially when contrasted

with the towering hills about it. As regards the prefix of the name "wound," I conceive that this might be applied either as the preterite of the verb to wind,—the road having wound, (as it does indeed), round this so-called dale,—or else it might be applied in connection with the cairn: a battle, perhaps having been fought at this very place, and the wounded and killed having been buried beneath this cairn. But, however, this is not material. The existence of the cairn * is all that I am most anxious to notice, as proving that the spot had been frequented by the Britons, or Roman Britons, and therefore the probability is that the road passed in that direction. A British spear head was found some time ago at this spot, which is six to seven inches long, made of mixed metal resembling brass. Now we proceed down the eastern side of Woundale into the valley of Troutbeck, and cross this valley about the head of Troutbeck Park, then up to Froswick by a steep ascent. All traces of a road up the hill from the Troutbeck vale are entirely obliterated till you get nearly to the top of Froswick, at the junction of the road before described as proceeding to Kendal. And at the place of the supposed junction of the two, the outlines, or outward visible traces are not very distinct, but here again we derive valuable aid from names. Here two names speak out like the voices of restored intelligences, and help to render that plain which would otherwise have been very obscure. These two names are Scot Rake and Froswick. Rake is an old word for road and could never have been applied here unless the Scots had used it as a road. As far as I know, the application of the word wick to the name of a hill, is quite singular, and it encourages us to seek out some probable reason for its being adopted here. Wick (having its origin perhaps in the latin word *vicus*, a street or village,) was used by the Anglo-Saxons frequently if not universally for a habita-

* The author of *Bremetonacæ* says the Romans used always to bury their dead by the highways, and not in towns. Hence *Tumuli* are found at a little distance from the Roman Roads.

tion, or hamlet.* Fros may be either from Frost, or Frosen—a cold situation, or from Fros a Saxon word signifying king or commander. In this sense the name would be sinonymous with Re-stone, the King's Road, or King's High Road, Iter Militaris in contradistinction to Iter Vicinale. Scot rake or scot road leads right up to Froswick, and when this name rake is taken in connection with Froswick, it makes the whole read very concisely:—a *road* used by the *Scots*. I must observe however, that the name Froswick is not supposed to be coeval with the Roman road. It is more probable that it was applied by the Saxons, who found a road over those hills made to their hands, and very likely used it for a time till a settled state of the country gave them opportunities and inducements for travelling in another direction.

I have connected the road on High Street, &c., with the two stations at Kendal and Ambleside. I should have been glad indeed if the traces and evidences had been more marked and more conclusive, but time is a destroyer hard to combat with, and we cannot "call spirits from the vasty deep" to bear witness to past deeds. If any member of this Society can bring other facts or circumstances, bearing on this subject, to strengthen my hypothesis, I shall rejoice exceedingly. On the other hand, being quite void of prejudice, I shall rejoice not less if the whole of my speculations should be overthrown by any other hypothesis more strongly supported. My object has been to seek out the lines of road as far as I am able to find them, and to bring the little I know on the subject forward, as an inducement for others to prosecute still further, and to a more satisfactory result, this interesting enquiry.

I will now proceed to give some reasons why the Romans carried their roads over the hills. We have no right to suppose that it was from any caprice, or any simple preference for arduous journeys, that induced the Romans to pass over the mountains, but rather from the then state of the country,

* We have, in this neighbourhood, Sedgwick, Cunswick, Borwick, &c.

which abounded with woods and marshes. On this subject I quote the following authorities :—

Dio Cassius, speaking of the Britons, says :—" Their arms are a shield and short spear, on the lower part of which is a ball of brass, to terrify the enemy by its sound. They can bear hunger many days, and will continue for several days up to their chins in water. They live in the woods on bark and roots of trees," &c.

Again, from Herodian :—" The Britons had marshes and thick woods to retire to, from which they could with greater security harass the Romans." " They don't use breast-plates or helmets, thinking them a hindrance to them in crossing the fens, whose exhalations and stagnant waters always keep the air above them involved in fogs."

Camden (quoting from Dio Cassius, in another place) says :— " That the Emperor Severus marched to the furthest parts of Britain—(that is, into the northern counties,) cutting down woods and draining marshes, without fighting a single battle." The Britons had submitted to him, and he had therefore leisure to improve the ways.

Further, Dr. Burn, in the History of Westmorland (p. 7,) observes :—" It is very certain that long after the Conquest this county was over-run with wood. We read of nothing but forests, and chases, and parks, and mastage, and pannage, and vert, and venison, and greenhue, and regarders, and foresters, and a hundred other names and titles respecting the keeping and preservation of woods." The learned historian of Westmorland also alludes to the trees of oak, fir, birch, and other wood found imbedded in the peat mosses, four, five, and six feet in depth.

No one can inspect, at the present day, any of the cuttings in the peat bogs in this county without discovering thick roots and large trunks of trees, shewing the native wood that formerly abounded here.

In addition to these facts, I wish to cite evidence of the former abundance of wood and morasses, by the names of the

majority of farms and country places in Westmorland. In reference to wood, we have Birk* Hagg; Birkrigg Park; Hag Foot; Aikrigg End; The Ashes; Park Head; Crosthwaite; Applethwaite; Thornthwaite,† &c., &c. In reference to marshes, we have Moss End; Moss Side; Mire Foot; Sparrow Mire; Long Mire; Broad Mire; and all sorts of mires; Long Dubs, Toad Puddle, and names without end bespeaking and referring their origin to this condition of the county, the prevalence of wood and morasses, at the time when property began to be consolidated, and when these names were first applied. I am tempted to add here, also, that these woods were peopled, as we believe, with wolves and wild swine, &c., as some of the names of our hills and dubs plainly enough testify. Grasmere was formerly written Gresmire, and originally, it is said, Grismere, from the *Grise*, or wild swine. We have also Grisedale, Wild Boar Fell, and other places of like signification.

This condition of the country, then, suggests the reason why the Romans carried the roads over the hills, especially in the early period of the Roman era in Britain, or, as it is called, "the Upper Empire," before the Britons were fully subdued, and their bodily labour made subservient to paving the bogs and making the roads through the valleys. Tacitus relates that one of the Caledonian generals inspirited his soldiers to fight by reminding them that, if they suffered themselves to be taken by the Romans, nothing awaited them "but to have their bodies consumed by carrying stones to pave the bogs, while the Roman soldiers goaded them with a thousand stripes," &c. When the inhabitants had submitted to the Roman power, and the conquerors had time to look about them, new roads would be planned and executed, and the roads over the high hills

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* Birk is not a corruption of Birch, but its original, a British Saxon word, spelled Beorc. Hag is stated to have a double signification; having been used to express a mire, in morasses, and a wood, into which cattle were admitted. See Brockett's Glossary.

† Thwaite (Sax.) means "a clearing or grubbing of wood;" wood land cultivated.

would be superseded—there being now time to cut down the woods and pave the marshes in the valleys,—and there being also less occasion for scouting and overlooking, with jealous eye, the country in their marches (which is another reason for the roads being carried over the hills till the country was completely subjugated.) Taking this general view of the question, I refer the road over High Street to an early period of the history of Roman Britain, probably to the time of Hadrian, or his successor, Antoninus. In accordance with this date of High Street is the coin lately turned up at Reston, of Antoninus Pius, and a coin of the same Emperor, which was found at the station at Ambleside. The supposition is also supported by what I previously recited of Severus (who reigned subsequently to the time of Hadrian and Antoninus) who cut down the wood and drained the bogs "in the furthest parts of Britain." We infer hence that Hadrian had passed to the Picts' wall—the first part of which was his work—without cutting down the woods, &c., therefore he must have gone over the hill tops and by the waters, as well as he could get. But we may well conceive that when time was given for disforesting the country and making ways more practicable, the road on High Street would be deserted.

It is not possible for me to close this paper without one or two reflections on the change which presents itself between the Roman Britons, and ourselves, in the medium of intercourse adopted by each, and in the objects of that intercourse. Fourteen hundred years have rolled by since the Romans finally abandoned this country, and one generation has passed away after another, successively peopling this interval, yet monuments still exist of the great physical exertion and enterprise of the Roman Britons, bidding defiance to tumultuous changes and to the decaying influence of so many years. It has before been observed that those stupendous works were executed mainly by the bodily toil of our ancestors, who were for a time doomed to a base and slavish servitude. These great works, then, the roads, and walls of defence, and fortresses were pur-

chased by the inhabitants at the expense of their independence. Couple with this humiliating circumstance the object of the conquerors, which was nothing but ambition and thirst for universal empire, regardless—at least in the original scheme of conquest,—regardless of any of those ameliorating consequences which have, in some cases, justified the subjection of a semi-barbarous country. We find little that is creditable to humanity in this contemplation. Turn we now from this to the picture of our own times. We see, not huge "works of men's hands" merely, the produce of vanquished slaves; we see science and art blending their influences, conducted by a bold enterprise and free agencies, and aiming, not to spread the ravages of war, but to diffuse the sacred arts of peace; not to enslave, not to subdue and despoil a country, but to dissipate the fruits of commerce, and extend to every spot on the face of the country, and finally by example—which is electric—to every country on the face of the globe, the blessings of civilization. Severus's wall and Hadrian's vallum, with the military way in connection with them, are, taken altogether, undoubtedly the greatest work that the Roman Britons accomplished. And this work is only remarkable on account of its great magnitude. It is, however, in my opinion, now eclipsed both in magnitude and skill (in skill without any doubt) by the Newcastle and Carlisle railroad, which traverses the route of the Roman wall almost from end to end. Instead of the *Pretenturæ* of the Romans, garrisoned with sanguinary troops, we have now station houses, of neat architecture, for the accommodation of population living in repose throughout the district. Instead of the blast of the war bugle, announcing some sudden attack of the Picts, we hear now the whistle of the steam engine, proclaiming its rapid approach and warning of danger all that may be in the way. Instead of the slow march of Roman soldiers, jealous of surprise, or grinding their teeth with vengeance to resent some late repulse, we have now flying trains of a busy multitude, engaged in pursuits of agriculture or commerce. Instead of a wall of defence against a savage

people, and the artificial frontier of a turbulent empire, we have an agreeable medium of intercourse which "annihilates space and time," uniting the two opposite shores, the German Ocean and the Irish Channel carrying the agricultural produce of Ireland, &c., to the east, and carrying the mineral riches of that prolific district to the Western Isles and to the continent of the New World, which the railroad has brought nearer to the Newcastle district by some hundreds of miles!

I need not say that there are on this island works of a similar nature to the Carlisle and Newcastle railway, of magnitude and skill and consequence far superior to it; but I select that undertaking because, being of the same extent, or nearly so, and traversing the same route as the great work of the Romans, it affords the best illustration in comparison with it. I wish it had been in my power to make a similar comparison between the Roman road from Kendal over High Street, and a modern road of the last construction, that is to say, a railroad taking the same general direction. Having alluded, (not impertinently, I hope), to this subject, I put it on record here, that an engineering survey has been made between Kendal and Penrith, for a line of railway, which survey proves that the undertaking is practicable as regards its physical character. It would not become me to speculate in this place, on the accomplishment of this enterprise, but I cannot help saying that I hope, in a few years to see it accomplished. Railroads, extending themselves with the increase of our manufacturing and commercial power, must shortly become the general medium of communication in this country, and will work out effects that we are only just beginning, at this day to perceive. What a wide difference, however, do these even now present, both in their practical operations and consequences, to the Roman roads in Briton. Such are the changes wrought by the revolution of years. If even this powerful kingdom—now exulting in pride over the world, as imperial Rome did of yore—if ever this country (which God forbid) should like Rome sink from its greatness, a prey to luxury, anarchy, or mad ambition, and its

present features become effaced by the hand of time, then the course and construction of our railroads may become a subject of curious enquiry to some unborn antiquary, and the great works of this description which modern enterprise is achieving, may be, at some very distant day, referred to, as illustrating the arts and manners of the people of whom we are all a living part!

COWANHEAD,
December 7th, 1838.

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF RICHARD CLEASBY.

Read before the Kendal Literary and Scientific Institute.

The first English lexicon, or dictionary, in encyclopedic form printed and published in England, was by a Westmorland man, Ephraim Chambers, born at Milton, near Heversham. This was in 1728. The last English lexicon, issued from the University Press, Oxford (1874), entitled an "Icelandic-English Dictionary," is by another Westmorland man (all honour to his name) Richard Cleasby, of Warcop. This book consists of 800 double-column pages, imperial 4to, very closely printed. Nearly 150 years separate these two works, and dates of publication, 150 years characterised by a greater amount of intellectual activity than belongs to any similar period in the history of literature. Yet the woof of the English was never attempted to be interwoven with one of the strongest threads of its original warp, the Icelandic—the various branches of the vernacular language were never identically connected with their parent stem—till Richard Cleasby, of Warcop, conceived and consummated the gigantic task of collating and correlating the Icelandic with the English tongue. Previously to this great undertaking there was almost literally no Icelandic dictionary extant; and in this case, as in many others, necessity was the mother of invention; for Cleasby found that going to Copenhagen for the purpose of learning the language, he must first construct a dictionary! He had before that, travelled a good deal on the Continent, and made himself acquainted with various living languages in the countries where these languages are spoken, namely, France, Italy, and Germany, taking particular pleasure, and making himself peculiarly master of old German; but it is not to be wondered at if the spoken

tongues just enumerated, took rank with him as second in importance to the primitive language of northern Europe. At this early period of his life, in writing of the University men of Leipzig, he calls them "a sadly raffish-looking set;" the word "raffish" being one of purest Westmorland. His inherent passion for words, and his inherited partiality for the Westmorland dialect, would cause him to set his sails for the Baltic Sea, to drink in there, close to the original fountain, his native dialect. When old Polonius encounters Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (mark the aptitude of the reference to Copenhagen), in one of the prince's reveries, he asks, "What is't you read, my Lord?" "Words, words, words!" So Richard Cleasby must ever have been reading and studying *words, words, words!* Daily, nightly, hourly, weekly, monthly, he was digging into the mine of primitive etymons,—neoterising, the process is critically called,—diving deep down into the verbal analogies and equivalents. Words were his meat and drink, they flavoured and cheered his life. If ever the appetite grew on what it fed on, this was the case. Always cramming, yet always craving for more. Always toiling, yet never wearying. No less zeal, indeed, and no spirit less ardent, could have wrestled successfully with such a gigantic task. Half doubtfully, half hopefully, he himself says, in April, 1841, "I have been toiling very hard in the Icelandic field all this winter, and am not a little exhausted. The further I get from the beginning the further I seem from the end, but in time I suppose the perspective will change." And so he toiled on for six and a half years longer, when he had collected all the ripe sheaves of his literary harvest together, and unfortunately had to leave them for another husbandman to gather into the garner.

But I must defer, for the moment, further allusion to the dictionary, to take a brief retrospect of the active life of the compiler.

Richard Cleasby was born on the 30th November, 1797. He had two younger brothers, Stephen and Anthony, and one sister, Mary, the late Mrs. Jones, who lived at Chester Terrace, London, and Brighton. Their father, Stephen Cleasby, had migrated to London before the century closed from the ancestral home, Craig House, Warcop.* Just as, a century earlier, the father of Joseph Addison had gone forth to the metropolis from Maude's Meaburn, a parish not far distant from Warcop. The youngest brother, Anthony Cleasby, finished his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, was third wrangler, and in the first class of the classical tripos in 1827, and still living, is now on the Bench as one of the Barons of Exchequer. Richard, our author, received his education at the Merchant Taylor's School, in London, and obtained there, among other branches of learning, a knowledge of the classical languages. It is probable that if his own inclinations had been consulted in time, he also would have entered one of the Universities, but the father, engaged in the very lucrative business of a Russia broker, drew Richard into the counting-house at the early age of 15. But his desire was for literary and philological knowledge, a desire which now became so unappeasable as to overcome both paternal affection and obedience. He therefore retired from the business with the profits he had realised, in 1824, at the age of 27, shewing, as a straw shows the current of the wind, that commerce was not the bias of his mind. He lived and died a bachelor. The only mistress he ever wooed—whom he both wooed and won—was philology,† to whom he paid more constant, more passionate devotion than ever swain paid to any object of love.

On his father's death, in 1844, the patrimonial estate at Warcop came into Richard's possession. He had made

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* Warcop Hall was one of the border fortresses, where some knights of the shire were born, as well as valiant knights of the field. One of these distinguished himself at Flodden Field—"Warcop wild a worthy squire."

† Philology comprises the *nature* of language. Grammar teaches its *functions*.

frequent visits to Westmorland previously to this, staying at Craig House for longer or shorter periods, and during these visits he would cultivate acquaintance with the provincial dialect, first inspired, perhaps, by the idiomatic phraseology of his father. I have known a Westmorland man live in good society in London for fifty years, and not lose a word or accent of the dialect.

In the September of 1824 he sailed for France and the continent, and for nine years, till September, 1833, he may be said to have been roaming in quest of languages. He visited, during this period, all the principal cities—most of them repeatedly—of France, Italy, and Germany, gaining access, and gaining the friendship, too, of the best scholars at each of the prominent seats of learning in those countries. Of these scholars we may enumerate *Hermann*, of Leipzig, *Schelling* and *Hoffman*, of Munich, *Boeckh*, *Von Raumer*, and *Ehrenberg*, of Berlin, the *Grimms*, of Gottingen, and *Schlegel*, of Bonn. Wordsworth makes his hero, Peter Bell, one

> Who travelled here and travelled there,
> But not the value of a hair
> Was heart or head the better.

But not so Richard Cleasby. The very objects of his travel were to educate his head, and nobly influence his heart, and these he accomplished as few men have the means and inclination of doing. He has not told us, and no one but himself could know it, whether all this quest of the continental languages was intended as a prelude and aid to the future investigation of the Scandinavian language. He might or might not have had this object in view. We are all of us creatures of circumstance, and seldom " shape our ends " from the outset of life. The probability, however, is that these journeyings and communings on the continent were for the acquisition *con amore* of the languages spoken there ; and as sweet wine will give a taste for still richer beverage, so French,

Italian, and German—the last named especially—would, perhaps, both inspire the mind and give it a relish for the dialects of the north. London was not the home of his heart, for after "my long peregrinations on the continent," he says, "I approached with many misgivings the overgrown metropolis, the centre of ceaseless toiling after wealth and rank, the matchless emporium of smoke and fog; for after the many quiet winters passed in philosophical research and the tranquility of literary pursuits in the less aspiring circles of German capitals, I feared that the rush and bustle and ambitious contendings of the great city would be sadly at variance with the tendency of my feelings and the whole tenor of my mind." And so Richard Cleasby turned his steps northward for fresh fields and pastures new. On the 24th May, 1834, he first set eyes on the beautiful spires and open squares of Copenhagen, which Mark Antony Lower calls "the City of Islands." After some hesitation, as between Copenhagen and Stockholm, Cleasby settled down, and soon got "up to the chin," as he says, *in Icelandicis*, to fill the gap which he found in "this branch of Teutonic development." This language gives the key to the prevailing bias of his mind, which was nothing less than an inspiration. Schmeller, of Munich, a former companion in labour, now one of his correspondents, kindly pats Cleasby on the back, and urges him, for the good of northern philology, to apply his "clear, cautious, enduring spirit" to the producduction of a "really useful Prose Lexicon of the Older Language of the North, a want which is every day more bitterly felt." Such encouragements would nerve and keep him to his work in spite of his physical infirmities. At length his health, which had never been robust, gave way under the untiring, unremitting labour of his life's work. Dyspepsia, flatulence, and other kindred stomach infirmities which almost always accompany studious sedentary occupations, obliged him to have recourse to various mineral spas in search of strength, but the continuous strain on the mind was too much for the

recuperative powers of the body, and broke it down at length : the mind

> Working out its way,
> Fretted the puny body to decay,
> And o'er controlled the tenement of clay.

His relations never heard of his sickness unto death, till they received the fatal intelligence. He finished his mortal course on the 6th October, 1847, and was buried in a vault beneath the church of St. Peter, at Copenhagen.

I must now recur to the *opus magnum* of our country-man, the Icelandic-English Dictionary. The abnormal speech of all the ancient dwellers throughout Scandinavia was Icelandic, or as it was also called *Oldnordisk*. In the island of Iceland itself the people proudly styled it *Vortunga*, "our tongue." In Norway it was *Norrœna* (Norse). In Denmark it was called *Dansk-tunga*, or the Danish tongue. But the language spoken at the present time in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, &c., is said to have departed in many cases from the primitive Icelandic, which, perhaps, had still more purity, brevity, and wealth of expression. It was a natural thing for Richard Cleasby to be struck with the idea of compiling and constructing an Icelandic-English Dictionary. His first rudimentary lessons, even in Copenhagen, would shew him the close affinity—the near relationship, in form and feeling, in structure and orthography —between the Icelandic and his vernacular tongue. He found, to use an expressive word, which is an example of Icelandic-English, that the tongues were of the same *stock*. And it has been very well said by one of the reviewers of the book now under consideration,* that none of the other living languages in Europe, save only the English, could have been so happily correlated with the Icelandic. Some years ago I was myself for a very short time in Copenhagen, and without knowing a word of Danish, *simpliciter*, I found, that by speaking the

* *Edinburgh Quarterly Review*, for July, 1874.

Westmorland dialect as broad, or should I not rather say as *pure* as possible, I could get what I wanted at the hotel, and some things I did not want in the shops, asking for them only to test colloquially the effect of our classical English. Such, also, would be the experience of Richard Cleasby, on his first visit to Copenhagen. One can imagine, in his earliest lessons, the delight of such a thorough philologist, at these evidences of congenital relationship between the written and spoken language of his new home and his mother tongue whether national or provincial. He would not be long in finding out their lingual resemblances, peculiarities, and beauties. He was working in a mine of wealth which became richer and richer at every step, and by every succeeding operation. Some explorers had worked a little at this mine before, but no one had dived deep down into its hidden recesses—no one had brought up, and brought to light its many precious treasures.

It must be my business now to give this subject as it inherently possesses, a local bearing. If it be asked why the Scandinavian literature should have taken such firm hold with the inhabitants of Westmorland and the northern counties of England, and why it should so steadfastly and pertinaciously remain here, the answer is twofold :—(1) That the freebooters who brought hither the language settled here, with intermissions, for some generations, dwelling apart from the Saxons, in the southern counties ; and (2) these same Vikings ravaged and rooted out of the preserves in the monasteries,* the Anglican and Keltic literature which preceded their invasion ; and so the dialects of the Icelandic tongue were sown broadcast over the locality, and became the prevalent language. The conquerors imposed their own lore on the conquered race, to the displacement of what was perhaps a much feebler tongue.

These dialects are more or less thickly scattered throughout the six counties which constituted, in the time of the Heptarchy,

* "Philology of the English Tongue," by John Earl, M.A.

the kingdom of Northumbria. They differ naturally in these different counties, in pronunciation and somewhat in orthography, but generically and idiomatically they are, to a large extent, one language. Mr. Peacock, an indefatigable philologist, etymologized 5,733 local words, and of these he traced no less than 2,838—being one half—to the Scandinavian family, old Norse, Swedish, Danish, and suio-Gothic. Of course some of these words, perhaps many of them, belong to all the provinces on the shores of the Baltic alike, just as they belong, mutually, to the six counties of Northumbria; take, for example, the word *kist* (a chest). It is found, variously spelled, in old Norse, in Swedish, Danish, Flemish, and suio-Gothic. And some time after its introduction into the north of England, it became incorporated with the Anglo-Saxon (spelled *ciste*, in Bosworth). But I have repeatedly enquired after this word in the south of England, and find it utterly unknown. It would be a difficult, almost impossible task, to ascertain which of the six counties, and which ward of any one county can lay claim to the purest examples of the original Icelandic. Robert Ferguson believes, and herein I agree with him,* that Westmorland and Cumberland must have been peopled more by the Norwegians than the Danes, because the names of places and local terms left here are more particularly those of Norway. And he cites the following short table of names identically the same in the Lake District and Norway,—a table which might be considerably extended :—

LAKE DISTRICT.	NORWAY.
Natland.	Natland.
Morland.	Moreland.
Langlands.	Langlands.
Lylands.	Lilelands.
Bigland.	Bygland.
Rylands.	Ryland.
Rusland.	Rüsland.
Garlands.	Gartland.

* "On the Northmen in Cumberland and Westmorland."

Haverslack, Haversham, and Haverflatts may be added, (from *hafrer*, O.N.) as descriptive of the sort of grain raised in the locality, *haver* in one place, *big* in another, *rye* in another. It is also worthy of note that whilst the word *lile* remains unchanged in Norway, in Lile-lands, it is almost disguised by corrupt spelling in the foregoing example in the Lake District. Lile-lands is obviously the opposite of langlands or more-lands. Langdale is locally separated into girt Langdale and lile Langdale; and there is nothing more common than these opposite appellatives, Orton (over-town) against Lorton (lower-town), &c., &c. Gar-land and Gart-land in the table of examples is land fenced and enclosed, whence we have garth, garden, &c. But to proceed to the argument as to the localization of words. Mr. De Quincey supposed that he had found a natural frontier in Kirkstone Pass, between true Danish and semi-Danish provincialisms. In the trans-Alpine region, as he grandly styles the dales of Cumberland, the very nerves and sinews of the dialect, he says, are Danish. If Mr. De Quincey had been as great a master of Icelandic as he undoubtedly was of the dead languages, he would be a bold man who would dispute the authority of the English Opium Eater. But there is no great presumption in calling this verbal distinction as fanciful or poetical as the assumption of the Alpine region! The Danes and Norwegians have left lingual traces blended as plentifully in the dales of Westmorland as in those of canny (kiaen, O.N.) Cumberland. Prenomens and terminals, of Icelandic origin, abound in Westmorland and Cumberland alike, such as the *gills*, the *sides*, the *thorps*, the *lands*, the *slacks*, the *hacks*, the *hags*, the *stiles*, the *felds*, the *tarns*, the *riggs*, the *cams*, the *dales*, the *mires*, the *becks*, the *hows*, the *thwaites*, the *by's*, the *gales*, the *rays*, the *barrows*. Thwaite, which is pure Norwegian, occurs, it is said, 43 times as a terminal in Cumberland. I have not been able to count the number in Westmorland. There is a fjord in Norway called "Sognefjord," and a village in Westmorland called Sanford. No one can doubt that these names are identical.

Take, again, some of the words of personal application, *farant*, for an example. In Westmorland an *ald farant* is a pedlar, one on a journey. Hence, "How fares you?" (how go you?) Hence, also, in our own stirring times, coach fare and railway fare. Then, again, proper names or family names, of the sons following are held to be exactly alike, to this day, in Scandinavia and in Cumberland and Westmorland:—Johnson, Thomson, Stephenson, Matthewson, Allison, Alderson, Arnison, Carson, Dawson, Ellison, Gunson, Harrison, Hanson, Nanson, Nelson, Rawson, Sanderson, Simson, Swainson, Tolson, Watson, Wadeson, and very many others.

I will now give a few examples, taken haphazard, of primitive words in constant use by the common people in this locality, who are the depositories and conservators of the vernacular tongue. These are all related to the Icelandic — Worsel (wrestle); mell (meddle); frae (from); niffy-naffy (simple minded); fein (glad); bein (nearer); brag (boast); klatter (noise); titter (sooner); thrang (squeeze, busy)—"as thrang as three in a bed;" nobbet (only); brat (a pinafore and a child both)—this is an instance of verbal refraction, the name of the thing inanimate transferred to the sentient wearer. Another instance of verbal refraction, the converse of this, occurs in the word huzzy (house-wife) from *hus'fr*, a woman, to hus'if, the pouch or receptacle for her needles and thread—

> It is for homely features to keep home,—
> They had their name thence.—*Milton*, in 'Comus'

Tippy (smart)—"he's tippy bob, wi' a watch in's fob"; threap (dispute); mappen (mayhap); efter (after); et-efter (afterwards); daze, deig (drizly)—"it ma deig an dozzle an du, bet mappen it'll be nae girt pells"; summet (somewhat); neb and nob (head front); whack, whang (tough)—hence "shoe-whang"; gloppen and gloar (an idiotic stare); mickle (much); maander (wander)—applied both mentally and physically; t' tudder (the other) "he put ae fuat in t'taen (stocking) and

t' tudder in ta t' tudder"; brant (steep); grike (a crevice); ingle (fuel); kik (fashion); lish (active); mafflin (simpleton); riff-raff (rob and roam)—

> Fell-siders and Sowerby riff-raff
> That deil a bum-bailie dare seize.—*Brockett.*

Skogg and scrug (shelter or shade); shive (a slice); slape (slippery)—a genuine Norwegian, though Dr. Johnson calls it "a barbarous provincialism; lig (lie); while (until)—Shakespeare uses the word in this the original sense, "While then, God be with you"; a farmer in Westmorland says to his watchful dog, "Thu'll keep thor sheep here *while* I cum back"; big and by (build); whilk (which?); nobbet (nothing but); coup and swap (exchange, barter)—hence chapman, cheapside, &c.; lake (play); rig (ridge); flait (afraid)—hence flay craw; cranky (weakly); rive (rent); greet (weep); gaupen (handful)—"gold in gaupens"; pinch (to squeeze)—this word is no longer provincial, except in its primitive application. The late George Braithwaite, of Kendal, used to be constantly using it for anything short of proper dimensions—"a pinched pattern"; and Professor Sedgwick told a good story where it was aptly applied. Sedgwick, with geological hammer and bag, stopped at a wayside public house, and asked for "summet to eat." He got a hearty meal of eggs and bacon, with a glass of ale, and when he inquired what was to pay, the landlady said "Nay, I kna'nt, wod tenpence pinch ye?" Relishing the vernacular, Sedgwick answered, 'Nay, net it; I'se hev a nest egg left efter that," and gave the good woman a shilling. Klease (clothes); seke (sick)—Southey uses this word in "The Doctor," (p. 558) "as seke es a peät"; dunnet (do naught); tarn (a lile lake)—this word is beautiful in its derivation, viz., from tiörn (O. N.) a tear; gang (go); drabble (trail); drabble-tail (a slattern); nœst (nearest); hansel (a contract)—still used in Denmark, as "handsal," a term in law, as in Westmorland for striking a bargain; naggy (quarrelsome); and a host of other words and phrases too numerous for my space.

Such, then, are so many examples of the family kinship—in some cases they are the absolute identity of words and phrases—between our dialect and the *mudder tunga* of Scandinavia, preserved, it is said, to this day in an unadulterated state in the island of Iceland. Many of those words and phrases are now naturally intermixed, in this locality, with Keltic and Anglo-Saxon equivalents, but nine centuries of change and decay have not been able to obliterate them in the sister counties of Westmorland and Cumberland; and I for one, hope, without any disrespect to Keltic and Saxon, that they never will be obliterated. They have established their claim, it is well said, to universal supremacy; and if in these fast days of railways and telegraphs, provincialisms of counties distant from one another, are henceforth to be more amalgamated, and if in the process of amalgamation some words are to be dropped, or pushed out of the vocabulary, let it not be any of our masculine words, replete with meaning, but rather let it be members of the effeminate offspring of the Norman-French, still struggling for existence in the southern counties.* Towards the perpetuation of these dialects Richard Cleasby has done more by his Icelandic-English Dictionary than any writer that can be named. But whilst extolling Cleasby let me not be unjust towards others. Not to Cleasby alone be all the honour. I said before, that he was obliged to leave his sheaves for another husbandman to garner. This was M. Gudbrand Vigfusson. Cleasby's was the conception. He also collected all the materials. He lived to see an experimental proof of the first printed sheet, and then was suddenly snatched away! Our great naval hero, Nelson, after he had received his fatal wound at the battle of Trafalgar, had his dying body

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*If I wished to shew by one word how full of meaning Icelandic is in comparison with Norman-French, I would cite the word "*Landnamanbok*," the title of the National Record of Iceland, and "*Doomsday-Book*," the National Record of the Norman Conqueror. Doomsday-Book (domus dei) gives no clue, however distant; whilst Landnamanbok is calling a spade a spade.

raised up on deck to see the Union Jack float on French masts, and hear the shouts of British tars for a glorious victory. So Richard Cleasby died with the literary trophies of his great victory surrounding his death bed. These heaps of manuscript, partially assorted, partially digested, were doomed to lie for some time untouched, and when at length they were gathered together with a view to publication, they were unfortunately entrusted to incompetent hands in Copenhagen. The scribes here indicated, instead of putting the materials in due form and sequence, only garbled and confused them, till at length a philologist was found in M. Vigfusson, competent, and willing as he was competent, to complete the work. Then came the task and risk of printing the publication. Dr. Dasent, who writes the introduction to the Dictionary, induced the delegates of the University Press, Oxford, to undertake the printing and publication; and in this enterprise the University is properly declared to have "fostered a work which is alike honourable to Oxford and to England." Without Richard Cleasby the collection would never have been undertaken or accomplished; without M. Vigfusson the materials might never have been set in order; and without the Oxford Press, or the pecuniary resources of some other learned and liberal body, this invaluable contribution to the science of language would never have been made. The Dictionary is already hailed by scholars as "the greatest help to Teutonic Philology which the world has seen in this generation." And its value is confessedly enhanced by being rendered into the English language; not altogether because, as Dr. Dasent says, English has "a natural and spiritual affinity with the Icelandic," but because, as we many of us believe, the English tongue—

The well of English undefiled,

has a higher future destiny than any other living language, namely to overspread and subjugate both the old and new world.

And so, in conclusion, let me hope that in giving this brief account of the life and labours of Richard Cleasby, I have thrown over our native Westmorland an additional halo of glory.

Wellfield, Muswell Hill,
September 25, 1874.

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE:

TWO PARALLEL SKETCHES.

A Lecture delivered at Ambleside, June, 1886.

"ALIKE, BUT OH! HOW DIFFERENT."

If any two English writers of eminence may run in parallelism, it is Wordsworth and Coleridge; because, like the parallel lives of Plutarch, they are both similar and dissimilar —offering innumerable comparisons and resemblances. In one respect only are they alike. They are both *Titans*. Each in his walk attained to the highest place in the age in which they lived.

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth, like the child Moses, was cradled by the edge of a noted river. The first music that reached his opening ear, was the babbling voice of the Derwent, by Cockermouth, and after death, his mortal remains were laid in Grasmere churchyard, where one of the streams from which he drew his inspiration, daily and nightly sings his requiem. Fit birth-place and fit burial.

> Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
> Oh, Rotha! with thy living wave.
> *Matthew Arnold.*

The preliminary education of Wordsworth, from a small boy up to his entrance at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, was obtained at the Free Grammar School of Hawkshead. This was one of numerous classical schools, founded in the era of Free-School Foundations, in the reign of Elizabeth. Hawkshead had secured the bounty of a native, Archbishop Sandys, one of Elizabeth's most learned prelates. These schools, in the northern counties in particular, turned out several famous churchmen, such as Bernard Gilpin, Wonderful Walker, Bishop Gibson, the famous antiquary, and others; but the greatest title of honour to Hawkshead is in the budding intellect of Wordsworth. There is, as far as I can find, only one incident of his schooldays of sufficient importance to chronicle, that is his discovery, when at school, of a packman, the original of "The Wanderer," and "The Pedlar," who occupies so large a space in *The Excursion*. This packman, says Wordsworth :—

Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my years.

And so the packman and the youthful poet became both companions and friends, and the poet afterwards confessed that in this old man's discourse he found :—

The vision and the faculty divine.*

After he left Cambridge, without having taken honours (at which we cannot wonder), he with his devoted companion sister, repaired to Somerset, in 1797, and settled down in a house called Alfoxden. Coleridge, recently married, was then residing at *Nether Stowey*, within three miles of *Alfoxden*, and was doubtless the magnet that drew Wordsworth to the spot. Southey also was in that neighbourhood ; and so the three aspirants foregathered for a time, and braced each others' mental nerves, as iron sharpeneth iron. Wordsworth, together with his two literary associates, sympathised, at its outbreak, with the French Revolution, an event which raised in many youthful ardent spirits, visions of hope, that were soon doomed to disappointment. But it has to be observed, that two distinctly different features presented themselves at that revolutionary epoch. The political tempest was accompanied by a powerful impetus then given to national instruction.† A bright star appeared in the darkness of the days of terror; the light of the dawn of intellectual culture. This, it may be easily supposed, would stimulate the instincts of our three budding poets, altogether apart from politics. At any rate, Wordsworth soon after publicly denounced the revolutionists and their principles. Nor did he unite with his friends—Coleridge and

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* The name of this prototype of "The Wanderer" was James Patrick, who died at Kendal, and was buried in the Unitarian Chapel Yard, in the Market Place.

† The *French Institute*, which governs public instruction in France, received new life at that epoch. "The sun beamed on 100,000 enthusiasts, who all believed in the dawn of the Golden Age."—*Metternich*.

Southey—in that wildest of wild dreams, the Republican Pantisocracy. He turned away from such theories to a totally different class of thoughts, the simple beauties of nature, the all engrossing influence of natural objects, and the fascinations of childhood. The three short poems, *Alice Fell*, *Lucy Gray*, and *Barbara Lewthwaite*, were among the earliest products of his lyrical muse. These, and such as these, were designed as the type and earnest of that new revolution in poetry, of which Wordsworth was afterwards regarded as the great Apostle. His first appearance in print was in 1798, in conjunction with Coleridge, who contributed to the volume of "Lyrical Ballads," that weird poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, and three or four fugitive pieces. The publication, in the hands of Amos Cottle, of Bristol, was a failure. It was mercilessly attacked and condemned by the critics, for what was termed its puerilities. But the whirligig of time brought its revenge. The critics misapprehended the design of a new theory of poesy, that was eventually to displace the romantic fictions, "the weeping swains and funeral urns," of the 18th century bards. When a second edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" was called for, Wordsworth wrote a prose preface, for the purpose of enlightening the critics and the reading public. He explained that "the object of these Poems was to choose incidents and situations *from common life*, and describe them in language *really used by men*: whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind; and to make these incidents interesting by elucidating the primary laws of our nature. Humble and rustic is chosen, because in that condition the passions of men are there incorporated with the permanent forms of nature." Humanity and nature were to go hand in hand. Add to these reasons, for what the critics unconsciously called the puerilities of his verses, another reason, not included in Wordsworth's Apologia, namely, the images and incidents drawn from childhood, with which Wordsworth's poetry abounds more than that of any other poet. How completely Wordsworth is the interpreter of a child's feelings and language; how well he

understood human nature is shown by the poem entitled "Lucy Gray." A recent expositor says the poet has seized this incident of real life, and reproduced its details with the touch of genius. He discovered, as no one before him had done, the element of reason in childhood, and invested it with a spiritual ethereal essence. Sydney Smith once said, "I cannot see what there is in Wordsworth," when Miss Fenwick (a lady we all knew) was present, she shut Sydney up by her answer, "There are some things which must be *spiritually* discerned."

Wordsworth found in a child, as he himself says,

> The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door.

He discovered there the germ of humanity, the thoughts and aspirations of a future maturer life—found that

> The child is father of the man.

I take leave to ask if there is anything in English verse so beautiful, or anything either in prose or poetry, so natural and touching as the persistent logic of the child in "We are Seven"? The interrogator asks the child :—

> "Sisters and brothers, little maid,
> How many may you be?"
> Then did the little girl reply—
> "Seven boys and girls are we;
> Two of us in the churchyard lie,
> Beneath the churchyard tree."

But if, said the interrogator, two are in the churchyard laid, then ye are only *five?* The little maid takes no heed of his renumeration, he was at fault in his reckoning, so she proceeds :—

> "Jane was in the churchyard laid,
> Thro' all the summer dry,
> Together round her grave we played—
> My brother John and I.
> And when the ground was white with snow,
> And I could run and slide,

My brother John *was forced to go!*
And he lies by her side."

Forced to go by some unseen, unknown power!

But if they two are in heaven, *then* how many are you? Answer: "Oh! Master, we are seven."

No specious arithmetic could persuade the child that they were not seven. That was "the measured number" she had been taught, and dead or alive they were still seven. Her faith was in the continuity of life. What should she know of death?

The poem, then, demands consideration for other reasons than those of its own simple beauties. It appears that the poet is here tracing the processes of thought that occupied his own mind in early childhood. When he goes back in recollections, and examines the history of his mind psychologically, he finds that there was nothing more difficult to him in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to his being. He was often unable to think of external existence, he says, and communed with all he saw, as something inherent in immaterial nature. So, this untaught philosophy of the little maid, in *We are seven*, is an induction from the poet's early mental experience. It is embodied in the line which everybody has at his tongue's end—"*the child is father of the man.*" This feature of Wordsworthian verse is so prominent, it might be called his Scripture. It pervades that fine philosophical poem—his masterpiece—(no longer milk for babes) *The Ode on Immortality:*

The children are culling on every side,
In a thousand valleys, far and wide,
Fresh flowers, &c.

Charles Lamb thus endorses this sentiment:—"The solitude of childhood is the mother of thought." De Quincey has also given his testimony to these reflections. He says: "Whatsoever, in a man's mind, blossoms and expands to his own consciousness in mature life, must have pre-existed in germ

during his infancy. I, the child, had the feelings; I, the man, decipher them." The discovery of this new "continent of childhood" was not present to Wordsworth's early critics. It was a sealed book to them.

I have incidentally alluded to the *Ode on Immortality*, which requires further elucidation. It has generally been regarded and called *Platonic*, as indicating the doctrine of pre-existence —the doctrine of Plato. These three lines, it was thought, suggest that opinion :—

> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.

But surely Wordsworth ought to be his own interpreter. He said, in discussion : "I protest against the conclusion that I sought to inculcate such a belief (as an article of faith). I, nevertheless, took hold of the notion of pre-existence, as having sufficient foundation (in classical literature)—sufficient foundation to authorise me to make the best use of it I could, as a poet." So, the pre-existence of life, and its continuity, are idealisms, where the attributes of time and space are inapplicable. This is the justification, by Wordsworth himself, of his so-called Platonism.

But the system which distinguished Wordsworth from *preceding* poets (who taught phantasies merely), consists in harmonising the mind of man with the external world, or, as is said in one of his verses, wedding the intellect to the Universe! Such was his high argument. It wants no other definition. What, on the other hand, distinguishes Wordsworth from his *cotemporary* poets is sentiment, and the moral elevation of his verse. Aspirations higher and nobler than Byron and Shelley could conceive. He ever found, in his researches, "something that is ours;" whilst the poets of passion overlooked or slighted all the lessons from natural objects. In a word, he substituted what is rational for that which was purely imaginative, and what is ennobling for that which is merely

exciting. Dr. Johnson said of *Milton*, that he perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. Wordsworth, on the contrary, *illustrates* his philosophy with his poetry.

It has been frequently said, with some truth, that Wordsworth's fame suffers from his having written too much, and that his *magnum opus*—"The Excursion" is too long. The same complaint was made of Milton. Whoever, it has been asked, read through, from end to end, *Paradise Lost?* Again, whoever mastered the whole of *The Excursion?* These criticisms seem to imply that the general reader's capacity for judgment is superior to the judgment of Milton and Wordsworth, who set themselves tasks which they scorned to leave incomplete. Don't forget that there is no conventional standard of excellence! Milton's versification is best appreciated in his *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro*. Wordsworth's verse is best appreciated in his *Lyrical Poems*, and in his famous *Ode;* because, in these cases, the pieces indicated have taken hold of the popular imagination, and what does not seize and subjugate the minds of numbers, is not called popular. But popularity in the mass may not be the measure of true merit in poetry. The afflatus of poetic genius may soar above the common understanding, and above any test by others of its true value. This explains the limited acceptance of Wordsworth in the early part of this century. He was then more talked about than read. He is now making conquests year by year. A poet may fail to get cotemporary popularity, and win enduring fame; and *vice versa*. Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* was the most popular book of its day; and it is already a dead letter. Wordsworth's disciples are those who are best acquainted with his writings. I have often heard Wordsworth depreciated, when I invariably found that the objector knew little or nothing of his writings. This ignorance does not so much prevail at the present time. The public are now calling for new editions of his works. His popularity is on the increase. Another thing is also on the increase simultaneously, namely, his imitators. The poetry now issued

in the periodical magazines and reviews abounds with Wordsworthian thoughts and images. And this is occurring in an age of unexampled utilitarianism. His fame has broadened and grown ever since his death. "He ceased to die in dying."

It must not be forgotten, in tracing the growing progress of Wordsworth's fame, that as he had formulated a distinctly new phase of poesy, he had to create a taste for it, and wean the public mind from the sensational pabulum on which it had been feeding for the past century. He had to disabuse the general reader of his preference for romantic visions, and teach him instead a lesson of real life. He had to transform airy nothings into living realities. He had to educate his cotemporaries in a new book, the book of nature, which he himself had so carefully studied, beginning with his earliest thoughts. When his school-fellows at Hawkshead rushed to the football, he, leaving his *Virgil* at the school, sauntered to the banks of Esthwaite Water, to con a more congenial volume. So, in after life, when he came again to the Lake District, "to live beneath its more habitual sway," the mountains, the vales, and valley streams were his library, including the library's inner contents—animal and vegetable organisms. He talked familiarly with Loughrigg Fell, and communed in spirit with the "meanest flower that blows." No passing cloud, no falling leaf, no insect or germ of life, however small, escaped his observation, which was microscopic. Contemplation was his normal state of being. Thus it was that he reaped the Harvest of a Quiet Eye. No other poet, it is certain, ever dedicated all the hours of sunlight to such a course of study, with such ardour, and to such fruitful results.

> Still nature, ever just, to him imparts
> Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

This "joy of the earth" occupied Wordsworth's mind with all its imagery, but he nevertheless did not convert it into an idol, as persons have supposed. He did not set up his Christian Altar in the landscape. He did not see his God *in* it but *through* it.

He was neither Materialist nor Agnostic—far from both! His reverence for God's works was dominated by reverence for God's word. This is proved, if proof were wanting, by a beautiful hymn on Justification through Christ, of which I need only quote one verse:—

> Thou art true, incarnate Lord!
> Who didst vouchsafe for man to die:
> Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
> No change can falsify.

There is much to be said for Wordsworth's morality, as well as his true piety. Dean Stanley illustrated the blessedness of the *pure in heart* by the writings of Wordsworth; and many present in this assembly can testify that his life was in perfect accordance with his writings. There was not in his thoughts, and there is not to be found in his works, a single line marked with impurity. Not a line, "which dying he need wish to blot." The even tenor of his life was passed in a quiet home, surrounded by a deeply-attached family of wife, sister, two sons, and one surviving daughter. The sister sympathised with him in his love of natural scenery and taste in poetry. Many passages from her diary have been published, which shew how powerfully she was impressed, and how beautifully she could paint in words. The family circle were all alike frugal in their habits, and all alike exempt from the grosser indulgences. So, contentment and happiness pervaded the domestic establishment, as where moderation dwells. It was essentially

> Plain living and high thinking.

It is quite an open question as to the exact place which Wordsworth holds in the rank of English poets. Some excellent judges of poetry, (Justice Coleridge for an instance), place him next after Shakespeare. Others, Matthew Arnold, I believe, holds him next after Shakespeare and Milton. It is not very material, however, so long as everyone acknowledges him entitled to a niche *on the very summit* of fame's proud

temple. This summit he has reached in a century which is distinguished above all its predecessors, by an excess of readers, an excess of writers, and greatly enlarged views of the products of intellect.

Wordsworth as a sonneteer has no compeer. Dr. Johnson remarked, of the fabric of a sonnet, that it never succeeded in the English language. But if Johnson had survived Wordsworth, he would have had to alter his judgment.

There is an acknowledged test of the popularity of writers which places Shakespeare above all others, and about which there cannot be two opinions. I mean the test of the prevalence of household words and phrases, which drop from every tongue and appear on every page. Universal is the use of these phrases, and one-tenth of the persons who quote them are ignorant from whence they come. This same test may prove the popularity of Wordsworth. I have repeatedly heard such quotations as

That he may get who has the power, &c.

used by men who never read the poem entitled *Rob Roy's Grave*, or, perhaps, any single poem of Wordsworth's. And I heard the other day a noted preacher, in one of the most fashionable churches in London, make use of an exceedingly fine passage from Wordsworth, which he introduced "as the poet says." Now, he must have borrowed it second-hand, as I detected three verbal errors in that one quotation! The following partial selection of familiar lines will be recognised as currency that now circulates almost as freely as the current coin of the realm.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS AND PHRASES.

The child is father of the man.

That he should get who has the power,
And he should keep who can.

The river glideth at its own sweet will.

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Like as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.

A violet, by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Like as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.
(Of Milton).

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

Oh! joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live.

Great men have been amongst us,
Hearts that penned, and tongues that uttered wisdom.

Verse can build a princely throne
On humble truth.

A very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower.

Not an inch of his body is free from delight.

Our peace is of the immortal soul,
Our anguish is of clay.

The winds come to me from their fields of sleep.

The pansy at my feet doth the same tale repeat.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,
Little we find in nature that is ours.

How many are the poets that are sown by nature.

ANECDOTES.

Many anecdotes, relating to Wordsworth linger in the Lake District, as may naturally be supposed, and many of them require, for their true emphasis, to be told in the Westmorland dialect. The following may be taken as a fair specimen. When Mr. Quilinan, who visited Rydal Mount as a passionate admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, fell in love with the one surviving daughter, Dora, he had a mind to find out, if he could, how the poet was held in esteem among the neighbouring peasantry. Sauntering down the Mount, into the little hamlet of Rydal, he accosted a woman standing against the door-post of her cottage, and prefaced his pre-determined enquiry by the Englishman's usual colloquy on the state of the weather. Did she think it was going to be a fine day? "Nay, I kna'nt I'es sure. Fairfield, ye see, hesn't doft his neet cap, that doesn't promise much." "I suppose you know Mr. Wordsworth?" "What! why everybody knaws ald Wodsworth." "And what do you people think of him?" 'Think! we're often puzzled what to think about him. He gaes trailen aboot t'roads, talken ta hissel, poor fella, sometimes wi his hat on, and sometimes wi his hat off, i' pelting rain; but mappen, *if you nobbit knew it*, he may have as mickle sense as either ye or me!" This was not the kind of estimate which Quilinan was seeking, but he did not carry the enquiry further at that time. Eventually, he married the daughter, Dora, nothwithstanding the neighbour's doubt about her father's mental weakness!

COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "the rapt one of the God-like forehead," as Wordsworth pourtrayed him, is universally esteemed the most powerful thinker of his day. He, at least, drank deep of the Pierian spring. In other nations and other languages, Plato and Comte, Spinoza and Gœthe had gone far beyond the reach of ordinary mortals into metaphysical and physcological investigations; but in England and in English, Coleridge alone furnished an intellect capable of unlocking and unfolding all the mystical knowledge known as transcendental philosophy.

Of Providence, fore-knowledge, absolute will and fate.

In all the ranges of history, bibliography, mental and moral philosophy, theology, theocracy, supernaturalism, books, or man—no subject came amiss to him, if it was only sufficiently recondite. He stands head and shoulders above every other English metaphysician or dialectician.

He was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, in the year 1773, and died at Highgate, near London, in 1834, his span of life being therefore 61 years. From the age of a schoolboy he was virtually an orphan, having been divorced from his parents in Devonshire, and placed at Christ's Hospital, London. Charles Lamb was one of his school-fellows—*par nobile fratrum*. The master of Christ's School, at that time, was one Bowyer —no great scholar, but very good at flogging, when flaggellation was thought to be a necessary adjunct of elementary education. One day Bowyer found the boy Coleridge reading Voltaire's Philosophy, instead of his appointed task, and clutching hold of the book he said, suiting the action to the word, "So, sirrah!

you are an infidel are you? then I'll flog the infidelity out of you." The master died while Coleridge and Lamb were still at Christ's School, which was to them matter of rejoicing, when they said, "It was well that the cherubs who were carrying him to bliss had no *tangible* bodies, else he would have flogged them all the way to heaven's gate.

From Christ's School, in London, he removed to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he neither gained degrees nor academical honours. No doubt can be entertained of his ability to have done so, if he had pursued the trodden path; but he spent his hours at College, as his after hours, in physcological investigations, despising the *curriculum*, as he despised all stated and methodical rules. He left Cambridge for a time, under circumstances which have never been explained. We find him, after a blank interval, an outcast or waif, in the streets of London, an almost exactly parallel case to that of De Quincey. In this abandoned strait, he did the strangest thing imaginable for such a character—he took the recruiting sergeant's shilling, and enlisted as a cavalry soldier, in the 15th Light Dragoons. To conceal his identity, he invented the name of *Cumberback*, no very inapt designation, if it was intended to describe how he would "cumber" the back of a horse! So, by the name of Cumberback he was known to the regiment, officers and privates. It is needless to say that he never got beyond the awkward squad, although he remained under drill between three and four months. One morning, the inspecting officer entered the stable, and, looking round, observed some Latin verses, from *Boetius*, in pencil on the white-washed wall. Addressing one of the rank and file, he asked, "Who wrote those lines under that saddle-tree?" "Cumberback, your honour!" This led, naturally, to an enquiry of the antecedents of the classical recruit; and the discharge very soon followed of a cavalry soldier who could neither clean his horse nor ride it.

After this strange episode, Coleridge, like a hunted hare—which always comes round to its seat—made his way again to

his native Devonshire, and the neighbouring Somerset. Southey and he were already acquainted. Wordsworth joined them, it seems, by the freemasonry of genius, all three just then beginning to

> Climb the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar.

They were in perfect sympathy in politics; in sympathy, also on the lines of poetry: a bond of union in both; with a Republic of Letters, in embryo.

Coleridge was then (1796) residing in a small "elusive" cottage at *Nether Stowey*, "writing verses (as he says) for a London morning paper;" and Wordsworth settled, for a short time, with his sister, in a house at *Alfoxden*, about three miles distant. Here the Muse and the Quantock Hills seized both their hearts. Here they walked together and communed together daily. From the summit of the Quantocks they got a view of the Bristol Channel, mingling its silvery waters with the sky line beyond the intervening copse and meadows. In one of these walks, that weird story of *The Ancient Mariner*, struck the ever-active imagination of Coleridge, and was thoroughly discussed by the two young poets. It was agreed that when the poem was finished a joint publication should be launched, to be entitled *The Lyrical Ballads*. It was published by Amos Cottle, of Bristol. A luckless venture it was, and proves how deceitful are the first efforts even of truly inspired poets. Mainly, perhaps, on account of this abortive publication, Coleridge misjudged his powers as a poet, and declared that he must abandon the Muse to Wordsworth. "I am reserved (he said) for other work than making verse." And so afterwards he took other work in hand; but the critics, in a consensus of opinion, have since declared that if Coleridge had duly cultivated the art "of making verse," as he modestly termed it, he would have ranked as the greatest poet of the century. The truth is, he could not steadily adhere to any settled course of word. A ship at sea is governed by two powers, which balance each other—the fulcrum and a helm,

Coleridge's mind had a boundless fulcrum, but no helm, and therefore no balance. All the resources of rhythm and language were his, in the highest degree, and just when his lute would awaken the harmonies of heaven, he relapsed into inactivity.

In the year preceding the time we have been speaking of (1795) Coleridge had been married, in St. Mary Redcliff Church, Bristol, to a Miss Fricker, of Bristol; Southey having already married a sister of that lady. Lord Byron, too fond of detraction, said that Southey and Coleridge married "two milliners of Bath." They were neither of Bath, nor were they milliners, and Byron might have known the truth, if he had cared for it. This marital connection of Southey and Coleridge, with mental sympathies, kept the two families linked together in after life, till life closed. When the Lake District first attracted them, they jointly occupied a residence called Greta Hall, situated on the banks of the river Greta, at Keswick; which residence became the abiding place of Southey, where by indefatigable work, that has no parallel in literary pursuits, he laboured and died. Coleridge did not continue long at Keswick; but he occasionally visited Greta Hall, and he resided for six months together with Wordsworth at Grasmere. So he must, on some of these occasions, have visited Ambleside and Kendal, for De Quincey heard him give the following testimony to the literary character of the inhabitants of Kendal: "No where," he said, "is there more elasticity and freshness of mind exhibited, than in the conversation of reading men in manufacturing towns, especially in Kendal, &c." In a certain sense, therefore, he is connected with Kendal, where like his gifted son, Hartley, years afterwards, he held converse with the best educated company he could there find. His first introduction to opium was, I apprehend, the Kendal *Black Drop*, a preparation of opium, the secret recipe of which was confined to a family, of the name of Braithwaite, who carried on its manufacture and sale in Kendal, for two or three generations. There can be no doubt that Coleridge found this

anodyne on one of his visits to Kendal, when there was no license required for the sale of opium.

When the works of Coleridge and Wordsworth are analysed and duly estimated, it is clear that the two writers need never have been afraid of rivalry or collision. Inherently, there was as much difference in their temperaments, and their faculties, as is the difference between the objective and subjective. "They painted different worlds." Wordsworth's impulses were all external: Coleridge's all internal. A single verse will give the character of Wordsworth's prevailing sentiment:—

> One impulse from a vernal grove
> Will teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.

This sentiment is not intended to controvert Pope's maxim, "that the proper study of mankind is man;" but may be intended, as I conceive, rather to endorse and enforce Lord Bacon's lesson, that there is "no occupation of man more ennobling than the cultivation of a garden," human labour stimulating the fruits of the earth.

Coleridge's meditations and sympathies were with the varying forms of the human emotions. He dealt almost exclusively with the mind. If Wordsworth was chiefly naturalistic, Coleridge was distinctly spiritualistic. When his vision was not introspective, it was soaring aloft, like the eagle undimmed by the blaze of the fiercest sun-light. He was always projecting, both in poetry and prose, no matter how visionary the scheme. It was he who conceived the new Republic to be called a *Pantisocracy*, a project wilder far than Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, and which even the sober-minded Southey was induced to join in. "Call me not Democrat, or Aristocrat, call me *Pantisocrat!*" This *Pantisocracy* was to be located in the backwoods of America, by the banks of a stream, designated by the captivating name of *Susquehanna*. Indeed, the poetic name, *Susquehanna*, was its chief attraction, because the word, somehow or other—a sober mind cannot imagine

how—bespoke to the enthusiasts the home of a happy community. This fact reminds me of one of Dean Ramsay's stories. A Scotch dame, the Dean says, had been much impressed, on the Sunday previous, with the minister's sermon; and when her neighbour enquired of the dame what was the peculiar merit of the sermon, she replied, "Oh! the meerit of the meenister's sermon was Mesopotàmia! Mesopotàmia," she said, "was such a bonnie word!" So, said our Utopians, was the name Susquehanna! a promising name!

Coleridge's personal features were as striking as the faculties of his mind. Hazlitt thus describes them:—"His forehead was broad and high, and light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolled beneath them like a sea, with darkened lustre." A fine subject it would have been for Spurzheim or Lavator.

He had two children, out of four, who directly inherited their father's mental gifts. Hartley, the eldest son, exemplified the Latin maxim: *Poeta nacitur non fit.* Indeed, he was both poet, born such, and classic. De Quincey said that Hartley Coleridge, at twelve years of age, was the best Greek scholar in England. Hartley always carried a small edition of Homer in his trousers pockets, and was always reading it as he walked these lanes. He and his brother Derwent had their classic training at a school here in Ambleside, under "Parson Dawes," on a spot of ground which, 1700 years ago, formed part of the Roman station.

The daughter, Sara Coleridge, inherited, not the Muse of her father, but his great grasp of thought, as a metaphysician. Her letters and memoirs are among the most intellectual achievements of her sex, in all the range of English Literature and Philosophy. It was said of her "that her father had looked down into her eyes, and left there the light of his own."

Coleridge's first habitation, after his marriage, was in a cottage, at Clevedon, near Weston-super-Mare. I once made a pilgrimage to that cottage, the memory of which abides with me still, and will abide. I wandered over its five small rooms,

as in homage to a sacred shrine, feeling that I ought to have doffed the shoes from off my feet, for the place seemed holy.

Coleridge was wholly deficient in what is called the wisdom of this world, the care of money. He could neither work for gain, nor husband such scant resources as came to him without work. But in this peculiarity he was by no means exceptional. Penury seems closely associated with genius. Almost all the great artists and thinkers of the world dwelt placidly with poverty. Let me give a few examples *Coleridge* himself, was dependent first on Mr. Poole, and afterwards on the Wedgewoods. *Chatterton*, "the marvellous boy," as every one knows, died of starvation, in a garret. *Keats* broke his young heart, in utter oblivion. *Goldsmith* spent years of his life in a debtor's gaol. *Southey* had not money enough to pay his wedding fees at the church (what a satire on the words, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow.") *Butler*, author of Hudibras, left behind him a sum that was not enough to purchase him a shroud. *De Quincey*, while he lived at Grasmere, was twice under writs of *Fieri Facias*. *Hartley Coleridge's* material sustenance came to him like manna to the Israelites. He received periodical remittances by post, without certainly knowing whence they came. *Claude Loraine's* life was steeped in poverty. *Homer* literally went begging in the streets. *Kant*, the patriarch of German metaphysicians, had to borrow the coat of a friend whilst his own upper garments was sent to the tailor to be mended. *Erasmus* was reduced to reading by moonlight, being unable to procure a reading lamp. And last, but not least, our own immortal *Shakespeare*, "the thousand-minded Shakespeare," subsisted for some time on the coppers that were flung to him, for holding gentlemen's horses, at the door of the Globe Theatre, in Southwark. So, it is seen, that genius is not born or bred of opulence. On the contrary, the afflatus of highly-endowed minds seems to be fostered with crumbs.

With regard to the products of Coleridge's intellect, only deep regret can be felt that they should be so few. He was

always cogitating without producting, always planning without completing. "The plant was perennial, but the flowers were few." Every resolution culminated in irresolution, and nothing is but what is not. *Christabel* is, by some, considered his greatest poem. And if it had been finished—there were three parts yet to come, he said—finished, as the author originally designed, he would have realised what Swinburne predicted, namely, that for height and perfection of imaginative qualities, he is the greatest of lyric poets. The power of imagination was his highest power and his highest praise. "No English author," said Sir Walter Scott, "was equal to Coleridge for management of the supernatural!" As to *management*, ordinarily, the total *want* of management was Coleridge's grand defect. He was tried as an editor (of the *Morning Post*) and failed in that. Was tried as a preacher. Was tried as a lecturer—think of this, the finest lecturer England has ever known,—failing! His analyses of Shakespeare's characters have never been exceeded; still he failed—failed for want of management;—for want of that commonest of possessions, order and arrangement, which inferior minds acquire so easily.* He had, in a word, every sense but common sense, and uncommon sense in an uncommon degree. His head was brim full of knowledge; eventually he acquired a wise heart, and wisdom of the heart is worth all other wisdom.

The most wonderful faculty of Coleridge was his faculty of extempore speech. He talked in monologues, for sometimes two hours together, to the most eager listeners; and no listener ever wished that his discourse should come to an end. He had their ears tied to his tongue. Such a feast of words it was, as Atheneus only could have bodied forth. The stream of logic would flow on like a river, broad and deep, with sustained and consistent vigour. The thread of his verbosity never strayed from the web of his argument. One thought

* Dr. Dibdin says he walked through sleet and snow to hear one of these lectures on Shakespeare, but Coleridge never appeared that night.

originated another, with true relevancy. Then, the tones of Coleridge's voice were soft and silvery, "musical as is Apollo's lyre;" so that you hardly knew which to admire most, the profundity of thought, the amount of erudition, the felicity of illustration, or the speaker's perfect elocution. Well might John Stuart Mill say, "Coleridge's *silken thread* of reasoning was sometimes broken, but it was for the sake of interpolating a *fillet of pure gold*." Further, it should be observed, he was not talking for effect, nay, was quite indifferent about his listeners. He talked as the nightingale sings, with spontaniety: talked, as was said of Macaulay, because he could not help it. But there was this difference between these two talkers: Macaulay had "flashes of silence," Coleridge never paused. His mind was so full, to overflowing, that it rushed on ceaselessly, like the waters of a dam which had burst its barriers. His speech never darkened counsel by words; but as darkness may proceed from excess of light, his luminous monologue would throw a film across the mind of his auditor, by the dazzling corruscations of his eloquence. So it was not to be wondered at that Coleridge was always denominated the "old man eloquent." He, on one occasion, asked Charles Lamb, "have you ever heard me preach?" to which Lamb answered "I never heard you do anything else."

Let me now refer to Coleridge's views on religion, and his undoubted piety, when the sun of life was setting. In early life he was for some time in a haze, about the true religion. But, in good time, he proved the truth of one of Bacon's maxims, that "depth in philosophy sometimes bringeth men's minds to religion." Calling for aid on a Higher Power, he dispersed the mists that had intercepted the clear light of the Gospel. He found *Luther* to be "the man whose grasp on spiritual truths was firmest." These are his own words.

He had been, in early life, a preacher of Unitarianism. At that time, it would seem, he had taken only a one-sided view of christian doctrine. The vocation of a preacher would beget an attentive study of the bible, and, when once he bent his

powerful mind to that study, he came to see clearly, *from subjective evidence*, that the canonical scriptures were divinely true. He said that Christianity proves itself as the sun is seen by its own light. "I know that the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book." He satisfied himself that not merely did both the Old and New Testament proceed from the direct authority of God, but that Jesus Christ was the chief corner stone of the structure. His views on inspiration require, to do them justice, to be stated in his own words, and these are his words: "Revelations of facts were made to the prophets; revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul. Surely the heart and soul of every christian give him sufficient assurance that, in all that concern him, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from Him who made both heart and soul." It was not, he afterwards said, that he had found the true religion, but that the true religion had found *him*; for (he goes on) whatever *finds me* bears witness of itself that it has proceeded from the Holy Spirit.

When the shadows of evening gathered round "the old man eloquent," his mind took a firm belief in redemption through Christ. The last letter he ever wrote was addressed to a God-son of his, in which he observes: "I offer up the same fervent prayer for you now as I did, kneeling before the altar, when you were baptized into Christ. I trust that the all-gracious God has redeemed you from all evil, and willed you to be born out of darkness into light; out of death into life; out of sin into righteousness—even into the Lord our righteousness! Oh! my dear God-child, eminently blessed are they who begin *early* to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of Jesus Christ their Lord."

I have been desirous of thus shewing how Coleridge's heart, after some early fits of wavering, gradually centred and became fixed on the true lode-star, the Lord of light and life because the public have only a very imperfect acquaintance with this feature of Coleridge's character. Most persons think of him

vaguely as a dreamy metaphysician and philosopher, knowing nothing of his Christian character. One of my objects in this lecture is to exhibit to you this characteristic.

During the last nineteen years of his life, from 1816 to 1834, Coleridge dwelt in the house of Mr. James Gillman, a medical practitioner at Highgate, who was the means, happily, of moderating his sad habit of opium eating. He died at Mr. Gillman's on the 25th July, 1834; and was buried, not where some of his so-called biographers have thoughtlessly asserted, in Highgate *Cemetery*, but beneath the cloisters of an ancient church, connected with the Highgate Grammar School. Sara Coleridge, his wonderful daughter, and Henry Nelson Coleridge, her husband, lie alongside their father in the same mural tomb. I have often visited the spot, and I would fain have gathered, into a golden urn, some of the famous dust which moulders in that catacomb.

There has recently been introduced into our English Walhalla (Westminster Abbey), a marble bust of Coleridge, placed not far from Wordsworth's.

Ashleigh, Ventnor,
June, 1886.

BURNESIDE HALL, KENDAL;

A GLIMPSE OF THE BORDER WARS.

From the summit of *Bensun Knot* (hill of the rising sun), we can recognise several places and objects with which you and I are going to hold communion; and we can also thence contemplate a scene of beauty, a Turneresque landscape, in the continuous valley below, watered by our favourite river *Kent*. It is a *vignette*, being an aggregate of beauties, all seen at one view. Yon "brotherhood of mountains" above Kentmere, blocking the horizon, send forth their limpid springs from their base. The eye descends, along with the stream, flashing in the sunlight, and you watch it leaping the weirs, and glistening in long pools, till its waters mingle with the tidal waves of Morecambe Bay. It is doubtful if a parallel can be found, of such natural beauties, comprised within the twenty miles' course of an historical river. Hail to thee! pretty prattling Kent! Garrulous gossiping Kent! Tell us what we are just now seeking to know! Tell us, in your own liquid loquaciousness, what are the notable events, civil or military, that have been enacted on your borders, within the vanishing centuries! You told us, long since, of the Roman Station which *Agricola* planted, in the first century of the Christian Era, within the protection of one of your sinuosities, at Water Crook.* The Roman Epoch has been fully realised, when the *Cangii* herdsmen, and the Roman legionaries, shared the valley between them, for three hundred years. But tell us, now, something more! Come down to feudal times, and feudal manners, and shew us how our forefathers lived and acted here, in the

*The Kent washed and protected three sides of the Roman Station, *Concangium*.

medieval ages. The evidences may not all be very apparent, and yet we may gather some gleams of historic light. We have material structures, struggling with decay—*Burneside Hall*, for one—which help to bring before us, as by the restitution of bye-gone evidences, not the structures only, but the living agents therewith connected, the chieftains and retainers, as they respectively played their parts in the scene. Historic events can be brought to the mind by solid structural objects, as well as by written records, sometimes better. Stone walls are proverbially said to have ears. It would be more true to say they have tongues. In the broken fortress before us, the bodily eye sees the force of stone and mortar in process of decay. The mental eye sees the original walls machicolated and equipped. The real and ideal are thus both present—what is now, and what was of yore. This is called the law of association.

Let us place ourselves in the 14th or 15th century, and, as *Wordsworth* says, "Make the Men that have been re-appear."

The Barony of Kendal, established towards the end of the reign of William the Conqueror, was subsequently divided into four parts:—one fourth part fell to the Lumley family, and was thence called the Lumley fee. Burneside was included in the territories of this Lumley fee, and the manorial rights seem to have been retained by that family till they reverted to the Crown, in the time of Henry VIII. That monarch ceded these rights to Allan Bellinghame, in 1345, who might, or might not, then be residing at Burneside Hall. Before the Bellinghames, any of them, occupied Burneside, the Burnesheads, for an uncertain period, resided there, and they (with family pride?) gave their name to the place which stuck to it until, perhaps, its irrelevancy blotted it out. Burn(e)side in two syllables (a habitation by the river) is too descriptive to be mistaken as the original.

Burneside Hall was not a mere manor house, designed for domestic comfort. It was a fortified Border Tower, well placed on a tongue of land formed by a junction of the *Kent*

and *Sprint*, half-a-mile away. A strong wall encircled it, for the preservation of cattle at nights. The great tower—perhaps the initial building—was of the largest size of peels, no less than forty-five feet by thirty feet. It was surmounted by four turrets, at the four angles. The hall was embattled, and the approach to the gateway was protected by an artificial sheet of water, having, on either side of the water, a narrow passage, leading up to the entrance. This would compel a body of troops approaching the fort to advance in single file. Whether there was a barbican or not, is uncertain. If so, it is razed to the ground. It is conceivable that the modern shippon, outside the walls, was constructed with the materials originally used for the barbican. This shippon is shewn in the *frontispiece*: a beautiful drawing, by an amateur artist, Mr. T. R. Newbold, expressly executed for this publication.*

Such then, in the hour of its strength, was this border fort, designed to protect the chieftain and his retainers, and his cattle, and to repel the attacks of Scottish freebooters, who occasionally pushed their forays far south of the frontier lands, at Solway Moss. It stood backed by a natural bulwark, the river *Kent*; over which there might be no escape then, by any bridge at Burneside; nor would the river thereabouts be fordable; for our rivers were fuller and deeper in the 15th century than they now are. A bridge at the foot of Stramongate, there might or might not be. I am disposed to say not, at an early period. The original tri-syllabic cognomen, stream-mound-gate, embodies three objects: a *stream*, the trajectus being protected by a *mound* at the foot of the *gate* (street); and these betoken a ford or *wath*, analogous to Wath-field, now wrongly named "Wattsfield," † south of the town. At a later date, these two waths gave place to Nether bridge and Stramongate bridge. The town was now safeguarded, night and day, by vigilant archers, on "watch and ward;" ‡ and

* When published as a separate pamphlet.
† Vide "The Annals," p. 17.
‡ The county division Ward is derived from *watch and ward*.

might feel secure, also, under the protection of the Norman castle. That stronghold, the castle—planted on a geological moraine (a vestige of the last glacial epoch) dominated the whole valley. It was literally a citadel, girt with massive towers. The circular keep, the donjon, was of immense strength. The walls of the *enciente* were embattled, and encircled by a moat, with a drawbridge, leading to the barbican.* We have the authority of Mr. Hodgson, apparently quoting the "Pembroke Memoirs," for saying that the moat was supplied with water by a spring, he says, "on the south side." It may be that the water which so constantly fed Willowward tarn, below, came from the castle. That there was a garrison within is not on record; but it is a fair inference, from analogy. Egremont, Cockermouth, and Brougham castles have all a cotemporary likeness with this at Kendal, and bear approximate dates; and Bishop Nicolson shews that the aforesaid three castles each contained garrisons, at different periods of their history. The garrison, then, was ready to rush out at any moment, if the beacon fire on Potter Fell or Whinfell signalled the approach of an enemy. But the enemy came not,

Letting I dare not wait upon I would.

The dismantlement of the castle belongs not to the work of the borderers, but to another chapter of history. The walls would not yield readily to the battering-ram, being grout work, and 30 ft. thick or more.

Kendal was once, and once only, as far as I can find, attacked and wrecked; and this was at the very outbreak of the wars between England and Scotland, before any sufficient means of defence—perhaps before any means of defence at all—had been adopted here. *Holinshed* says, "in the time of Gilbert, the sixth baron, the Scots, under *Duncan*, Earl of Fife, entered and plundered the town of Kendal, broke open the church, and put all the inhabitants to the sword, sparing neither age nor

* West (historian of Furness) calls it "the gatehouse"

sex." The mention of Gilbert, enables us to fix the time of this outbreak as about 1210, *temp.* Alexander III., of Scotland. No mention is here made of the castle. Either it was only in course of construction ; or, if built and armed, it was prudently avoided. The church was an easier prey. Now, what may it be reasonably supposed, was the effect of this disaster on the then inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood ? The immediate organisation of the means of defence would be the effect. They were put on their mettle. Buonaparte threatened the invasion of England, in the first decade of this century, which caused the erection of the Martello Towers on the south coast, and raised up, in every county, regiments of local militia, and brigades of yeomanry cavalry. So, by parity of reasoning, it would be in Westmorland, when panic fears prevailed, in 1200. The axe was, at once, laid to yew trees, to furnish a supply of the best bows ; arrows, a yard long, were sharpened and feathered. Archers, by hundreds, were daily mustered and drilled.* Beacon fires were established on hills in communication. The chiefs began to put their houses in order. Forts and fortified houses presented, in the following years, walls of defence and defiance. So we come to the conclusion, on these premisses, that such strongholds in the neighbourhood, as Burneside Hall, Sizergh Hall, Cunswick Hall, Collin Field, and Dockwray Hall, at Stricklandgate-end, may be dated respectively as the outcome of this early massacre. The combatants supplied by Westmorland to the border wars were, in the first instance, billmen and bowmen. The billmen's weapon was a light battle-axe with two faces, a pointed bill or beak, and a square axe. The bowman's weapon was a bow, mostly of yew, of various lengths, to suit the stature of the archer. In *temp.* Henry VI., the Stricklands of Sizergh mustered no less than two hundred and ninety, viz ;—

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* Acts of Parliament were in force, compelling the practice of archery, and yew trees were protected by royal precept.

Bowmen, horsed and harnessed	...	...	69
Billmen, ditto ditto	...	...	74
Bowmen, without horses	...	...	71
Billmen, ditto	...	...	76—290

It is nowhere told how many warriors the Bellinghames mustered; but there is evidence that they were prominently engaged; for one of the *Statutes of Hue and Cry*, issued on behalf of the whole county, was signed by Thos. Strickland, of Sizergh, and James Bellinghame of Burneside.

By about the middle of the 17th century, it seems, when gunpowder had been introduced, the weapons were wholly or partially changed for muskets, for the constables of Kendal were then *by warrant* ordered "to summon their musqueteers, with powder and bullets," &c.

All the male servants of the lord's household, all the labourers on his demesne, all the tenants of his farms, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, were equipped at the cost of the chief, and were bound to do fealty, "suit and service," to buckle on their armour and fall in, night or day, at the call of the bugle.* Most of these were serfs, *villeins* under the statute, and were occasionally sold like chattels, with the farms to which they were attached. There was, however, at one time, some form of enfranchisement practised; for we find a statement in Burn's History (p. 89), that in the sixth of Henry VII., Sir Thos. Strickland "enfranchised eighty-two tenants, in the vills of Kirby-in-Kendal, Seggiswick, Hencaster, Brigsteer, Levens, Sizergh, and Stainton." This enfranchisement, whatever else it did, would not free cornage tenants from military service. That was beyond Strickland's power. It might free them as bondsmen or personal villeins, but military service was the prerogative of the Lord Warden of the Marches. We arrive here at an interesting local question, viz.:—where did these *familia rustica*, serf or freeman, reside at the time? Where

* The first quartering of the Bellinghame arms was "a bugle stringed."

were they located? The answer is supplied by etymology and topography, in place-names, for

Old names *survive* when laws, and creeds, and people all are gone.

There are two place-names—one, two miles to the south of Kendal, the other, two miles to the north—which proclaim the habitations of these servitors, as distinctly and certainly as topography can do. These names are "Natland," on the one hand, and "Bonnin-yeat" on the other. Natland, by derivation and signification, is the land (or home) of the *Nativi*, freedmen (born of free parents?) *Bonnin-yeat* is the gate, or street, or thoroughfare of the bondmen of Kendal, like the congenital *Bongate*, at Appleby, a modification of Bondgate; and *Bonnin-yeat* is a manifest corruption of Bondgate, and nothing else.

The condition of the rural population, at the time we are referring to, and their habits of life, are clearly revealed in these narratives, scant though they be. There were then only two classes of people, without any sympathy, the rich few and the poor many; but "the peasant's toe might not touch the patrician's heel." If there were a middle class at all, which was the exception, it was to be found in towns, such as Kendal, and would consist of "the cottoners," as they were incorrectly called, makers of coarse woollen cloths, shearmen dyers, and such like.

But I am wandering. Let us go again to our *locus in quo*, Burneside Hall, and enquire, next, how the Bellinghames, as chieftains, carried themselves personally.

The Bellinghames, of Burneside, and of Levens, were the most powerful family, territorially and politically, that have held sway in Westmorland. They came here in the reign of Edward I (1290?), and remained almost continuously till *temp.* William and Mary (1690), a space of 400 years. In his descriptive history of *Levens Hall*, our reverend friend, F. G. Weston, has taken prominent notice of the more recent Bellinghames, who were connected with Levens and Helsing-

ton. We have only, in this place, to do with those who were occupiers of Burneside Hall; and these fill a large space, but we cannot crowd our canvas with genealogies. Richard *de* Burneside was the first to be connected with Burneside Hall, by his marriage with Margaret *de* Burneshead. This conjunctive preposition *de* came into England with the northern conquerors, and remained in fashion till the 16th century.

One of the Bellinghames, Sir Roger, who died in 1533, was a benefactor to the matchless parish church of Kendal—matchless in its five aisles, matchless in its capaciousness. A monumental plate there testifies that he "at his own proper cost and charges," builded the oratory (private chapel) afterwards called the Bellinghame chapel, dedicated to our Ladye, the Virgin mother. It has been described as a stately chapel, with an elaborate oak ceiling, now among the things that were.

Another Roger is also connected historically with the church, by an object looked upon scores and hundreds of times, by all church-goers, namely the iron helmet, technically called *a sallet*,* and popularly called "the rebel's cap." A legend, long generally credited, assumes this cap to have belonged to Robert Philipson, better known as *Robin the Devil*, who, it is said, rode through the church on horseback, and had his helmet knocked off in his escape. The story is a fit subject for poetry, and Sir Walter Scott has made a poet's use of it. But the probability is that the cap belonged to Sir Roger or Sir Allan Bellinghame—the latter most likely. It projected from one of the walls of the Bellinghame chapel, like a gurgoyle, and may have been placed there when the corpse of the wearer was deposited in the tomb hard bye—a warrior taking his final rest. In those times, churches, both in England and on the continent, were garnished with the trophies of war, of which custom this relic is an illustration. *Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!*

How were these chieftains apparelled or accoutred when they went forth to battle? Our curiosity here gets a satis-

* A sallet for to save his pate.—Ballad of *Flodden Field*.

factory solution by a pictorial representation of Sir Allan Bellinghame, in armour, in the parish church. You there find on the walls of the north aisle, a brass monument, which contains, clearly delineated, a portrait of Sir Allan "in his habit as he fought," clad from top to toe in coat of mail scale-wise. It would be difficult, one would think, for Scottish lance to find a chink between the scales of that harness :

No lance's point
Can find his breast-plate loosened joint.—*Lord of the Isles.*

The precious person of the chief was, in this way well protected; no matter how the base troopers—clods of the earth, made of the refuse clay of creation—might be exposed to the deadly weapons of the enemy.

I find nothing more to say of the Bellinghames, unless it be a word on the derivation of the personal name. Dr. Burn (Hist. Westmorland) says some of the family tried to derive their name from *De bello campo!* So, also, did some of the Campbells, of Scotland. This reminds one of Dean Swift's derivation of *Achilles*, A-kill-ease !

We must next refer to another ancient family connected with Burneside Hall : one of whom, born there, was a literary celebrity in his day. The manor and hall of Burneside came into the possession of the Braithwaites, by purchase, in the reign of Henry VIII, possibly somewhere between 1542 and 1547 ; the exact year is not certain. The Braithwaites had been, for a long time, settled at Ambleside, or at Brathay. The first Braithwaite, as owner and occupier of Burneside Hall, was Robert, "son of Richard Braithwaite, of Ambleside." The fourth descendant from this Richard was Thomas, who, being knighted, became Sir Thomas Braithwaite. He was twice married, and had issue, ten children by his first wife, and eight children by his second. His eldest born was Thomas, and the second son Richard. It was this Richard, as we conceive, (by an estimate of the days of the years of men's lives) who was the famous author of "Drunken Barnaby," and several other

works of great popularity in his day. [I have, in my collection of books four of these works]. He was entered a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, but there is no record of his having graduated. It is, however, certain, that he remained long enough at the University to become a sound classic, at his command, in prose or verse. His Latin rhymes have been highly extolled by scholars of our own day, and their classical merits are heightened by the parallel lines in English, from the same pen—not a translation the one from the other, but two versions dictated simultaneously. In this respect, "Drunken Barnaby" is regarded as a literary curiosity. Numerous editions of Braithwaite's works saw the light in the author's lifetime, when books were not, as now, appreciated and read. It is on record that only two editions of Shakespeare appeared in half a century. There scarcely is a catalogue of second-hand books of merit, now issued, which does not contain some of Braithwaite's works. They were all published anonymously, and we might never have known the author but for the local lights in "Drunken Barnaby" and "The Strappado." Local allusions, in these two volumes, identify their author; for instance, addressing the "Kendal Cottoners," he says :—

> Let me exhort you, in respect I am,
> Unto you all, both friend and countryman;
> Whose aire I breath; oh! I were worthy death
> Not to love them who sucked with me one breath.

The third journal of Barnaby terminates at Kendal, where there is this allusion to the Corporation, namely :—

> Nothing but a Mayor wanted.

And, afterwards, in another edition of the *Itinerary*, these lines occur :—

> Now Saturn's year has drenched down care,
> And made an Alderman a Mayor.

The first mayor, one "well-beloved Thomas Sleddale," was

elected to the office in 1636. These quotations, shew, therefore, not only when Braithwaite wrote these lines, but, further, that he watched and was interested in the civic politics of the borough.

There has been a diversity of opinion among our author's editors, and expositors, as to Braithwaite's personal character and conduct—whether he was, in fact, *in propria persona*, "Drunken Barnaby." I have, elsewhere, stated it as my opinion, that he was only a drunkard in disguise. My reasons for this conviction are: Firstly, that his habits of life negatived this conclusion: he was a voluminous author, and must have spent the midnight oil largely in reading and writing. His days were spent, mostly, on horseback, in journeys of observation, from north to south, and from south to north of England. Secondly, in habitude of person, he was so neat, that he went among his acquaintances by the nickname of *Dapper Dick*—i.e., a man of dapper exterior! The late Mr. Anthony Yeates, of Kirkland, informed me, that he had seen a portrait of Dapper Dick, at Dalham Tower, and that portrait represented the original as having all the lineaments and characteristics, both in feature and dress, of a perfect gentleman. No doubt, he was fond of company, as are all great wits; but exuberant wit is not incompatible with personal sobriety. Shakespeare has his prototype in "Love's Labour Lost"—

> A merrier man,
> Within the limits of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal.

I have lately ascertained that he was a Justice of the Peace for Westmorland. May not this be taken as a certificate of character? and also of his nativity?

Another of these Braithwaites was a distinguished scholar, and a noted Numismatist, when Numismatics, as a science, was in its infancy. He made a large collection of gold, silver, and copper coins, which he presented to his *Alma Mater*, the University of Oxford, in 1675, and they are still preserved there.

Most of these coins were found on the Roman Station, at Windermere.

We must now glance, for a moment—a hasty and imperfective glance—at the general history of the Border Wars, on the West Marches, where we shall find Westmorland men actively engaged, with many acknowledgements of their prowess.

It is very remarkable that no succinct and continuous history of the Wars on the Western Marches, so pregnant with disasters and striking features, has ever yet been published. At any rate, I have failed to discover it.* Scattered notices, there are many, in prose and verse. The ballad poets seem the best historians of those times, when there were neither "Special Reporters" nor Diarists. *Dr. Burn*, in the History of Westmorland, has fully and clearly described the Border laws and service—it was his *role;* but he has not given the operations and vicissitudes of the struggles. These wars occupied what we may call an isolated period in our middle ages. It was not a transition period, for it made no advances, and gave no signs of social evolution. It was like a chapter within brackets. Ten generations of men passed away without any marked change in the conditions of those who peopled that epoch. The relations of the feudal masters and the subject masses towards each other were maintained by the exigencies of the age, and the age left no impress on general history.

The demon of war reigned in the Borders for more than three hundred years, down to James VI, of Scotland, our James I, of England, in 1567. The quarrels first arose out of the desire for the acquisition of territory in the three northern counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland. In the reign of David I., of Scotland (1124—1153), Cumberland was subjugated and annexed to Scotland; but our native Westmeria did not lose its nationality. Edward I., with the Border

* There was a book published in Newcastle, at the beginning of this century, entitled, "A History of the Borders," by a Mr. Redpath, but I am informed, it was occupied altogether with an account of the Eastern Marches.

chieftains, invaded Scotland in 1305. Later on, "the debateable land" became more circumscribed, and consisted of an ill-defined area, "a geographical expression," lying on each side of the river Solway. The belligerents were alike greedy and insatiable, and what one could not recover by *black mail* from the other, was ruthlessly destroyed. In the almost total absence of specific records, it is difficult to supply anything like a picture of the actualities of the scene. We can only bridge over three centuries of conflicts and conflagrations, by supposing a succession of such lamentations as this :—

> "They burned my little lonely tower;
> It had not been burned for a year or more."

If the fires occasionally smouldered down, they instantly blazed up again. However temporarily the rents might get closed, they broke open again and again, with increasing and increasing violence. If there were a truce, it was a tacit truce, without treaty, and was soon violated. Lord Dacre, the English Lord Warden of the Western Marches,* shewed the temper and determination of himself and his followers by the following sorry boast: "I have caused miche of it [the land] to be destroyed and *brynt*, and I shall proceed till it be clearly waiste, without house or holde standing." Hand to hand fighting, it was, as old *Froisart* testifies: "They laye eche upon t'other [that is, they pummelled one another] without spayring," *coute que coute*. Hot-blooded internecine warfare it was, for plunder and personal vengeance. But there were martial episodes on a larger theatre—combats on a larger and more dignified scale —for political and dynastic objects, for throne and empire. Several engagements took place between the national armies, some of which were commanded by their sovereigns in person. Let us briefly notice two of these, *Bannockburn* and *Flodden Field*. Whilst on the borders one murder was making a

* The word "March," in Lord Warden of the Marches, signifies "boundary;" not, in any sense a marsh or bog, as some might suppose; nor yet trooping.

villain, on the larger field of Bannockburn, twenty thousand murders were making a hero! That hero was Robert Bruce, who completely defeated a large army of English cavalry and infantry, under King Edward II., not for lack of bravery in the English, but by the skilful tactics of the commander, Bruce, who devised a series of pitfalls for his adversaries, on the field, which became a Holocaust. That was in 1314. It was two hundred years after this, in 1513, when *Flodden Field* was fought, when the tables were turned on the Scotch, when their king, James IV., lost his life, with twelve thousand of his troops, and the flower of the Scottish nobility; and when the men of Kendal made themselves so famous. Thus sings one of the Scottish bards, in a sort of elegy on his countrymen :—

Round about their gallant king,
For country and for crown,
Stude the dauntless Border ring,
Till the last was hackit down.

[They had been "hackit down" by the billmen, evidently] Flodden Field was fought in the absence from England of the king (Henry VIII) who conferred on Howard, Earl of Surrey, the regency of the north, with supreme command of the forces. The ballad enumerates the forces which Surrey is to have in charge, and among these

There are the bows of Kentdale stout,
Who fierce will fight, and never flee.

[They had established their reputation]. Then follows the order of battle :—

The right hand wing with all his rout,
The lusty Lord Dacre did lead;
With him the bows of Kendal stout,
With milk-white coats and crosses red.

Again, ten years subsequently to Flodden Field, there were three hundred Kendal bowman, at the seige of *Fernherst*. "led

by your grace's servant, *Strickland*—hardy men, that went no foote back."

The wizard of the north pays tribute to the Kendal men; on another occasion, thus:—

> Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
> Spurred their coursers loosely round;
> Behind, in close array, and fast,
> The Kendal archers, all in green,
> Obedient to the bugle blast,
> Advancing from the wood were seen.
>
> Never has harp of minstrel told
> Of combat fought so fierce and bold.

The best archer was the man who had most temper and nerve in action. He knew nothing of the emotion of fear.*

Perhaps the best notion of the conspicuous part which Westmorland played in these unhappy wars is gained by one single fact, namely, that at one time the county mustered no less than 5,919 fighting men, commanded by the Howards, the Stricklands, and the Bellinghames; and, with all this, the Kendal district never was the scene of hostilities, after the "surprise," in 1220, by the Earl of Fife, previously mentioned.

Now, it is distinctly stated, what is of great interest here, that there were at least two later occasions when the Scotch freebooters "ravaged the country from Carlisle to York." The town of Appleby was "twice sacked and burnt;" and Penrith was twice sacked, presumably in 1318 and 1322. What, then, were the reasons that induced the plunderers to give Kendal a wide berth, on their way to York? It is easy to conjecture the reasons. First, the fear of the Kendal archers, whose fame had by this time awakened the echoes of Scotland; and, secondly, the frowning defences of the castle, the forts, and redoubts, that bristled along the shoulders of the Kent valley.

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* The battles of *Cressy* and *Agincourt*, in France, were both won by the English archers, in 1346 and 1415.

All the despatches, proclamations, and written missives in those times, were transmitted from place to place by special messengers on horseback; and every written despatch so conveyed, carried on the fore front of its cover, these winged words, "Hie thee, post, hie thee! haste, post, haste." There was no general post in that day, in the northern counties, though there might be local posts in some parts of the south. It was in 1680 that a penny post, for local circulation, was started in London: but it was the enterprise of two private speculators. When the project proved successful, the Government laid claim to it, and annexed the post office revenues to the crown.

Now, what is the moral that presents itself in this retrospect? Assuredly, it is to be found in the striking contrasts or antitheses between the manners and customs, the moral and physical condition of the population, in the centuries we have passed through, and the customs of our own time, *then* and *now*. Let me emphasise a few of these contracts by *then* and *now*. *Then* the rustic labourer was in a state of vassalage, and villeinage, sold and transferred, like a chattel of the estate to which he was fettered. *Now*, he is a free agent, a man and a brother! Lord Mansfield's famous dictum is a realised truth, that "a slave cannot breathe in England." *Then*, all was mutual hatred, plunder, and personal vengeance. *Now*, all is "sun-bright peace." *Then*, the cornage tenant, just one degree higher in civilization than the serf, was in a state of crass ignorance, devoid altogether of the means of instruction. His attributes were thew and sinew. His home and his family were without comforts. He had none of the rights of citizenship—none of the sympathies of neighbourhood. The son, in his teens, went forth with the father to fight; the daughter, if she budded into bloom companionless, drooped and withered on the spot, like other neglected flowers. *Now*, the rural population are well housed and well fed. They have the means of education at their doors. Ignorance is not now a misfortune; it is a crime. Habits of industry prevail, and yield

fruits and increase. Seed comes to the sower, and bread to the eater. *Then*, the fields were mainly untilled, and the cattle untended. *Now*, the flocks are in the fold, and the herds in the stalls. *Then*, the offices of religion at church, and the religious exercises at home, were alike unheeded. I have the authority, by the pen of a clergyman, for the statement, that when he went to enter on a new benefice, in a rural parish, in the latter part of last (18) century (about one hundred years ago), there was only one Bible to be found in the whole of that parish! If, then, printed copies of the sacred Scriptures had so little general circulation in the last century, what must have been the condition of things, in this respect, between, say, the 13th and 17th centuries? With respect to the opportunities of public worship, in this locality, there would not, at the period alluded to, be more than four churches in the whole county of Westmorland, namely, Kirkby Kendal, Kirkby Lonsdale, Kirkby Stephen, and Appleby; and the church of England service was formalism and sacerdotalism, that touched neither the heart nor the conscience.* *Now*, there is no lack of churches;

The temples of His grace, how beauteously they stand.

The ordinances of religion and the means of grace are everywhere abounding, and not least, I am happy to think, in Westmorland. Our lines have fallen in pleasant places, and our mortal lives have been given to us in a favoured era. We cannot be sufficiently thankful to the bountiful Giver of all good, for His manifold mercies. And we are most forcibly reminded of the possession of these mercies, when we look into the dark ages of the past. This is the true lesson of history.

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* *Pepys*, in his Diary tells how the Duke of York and ladies of high quality, kept themselves awake, during the tedious hours of Divine Service, *by talking*, in the Chapel Royal, "whilst Dr. Herbert Croft preached." And, in 1615, the Senate of the University of Cambridge, issued a prohibition against *smoking* in St Marie's Church, "upon payne of final expelling."

APPENDIX.

By way of Sequel, I now furnish a Ballad which commemorates persons and places mentioned in the preceding pages. This Ballad came into my hands when I was collecting the materials for the first edition of "*The Annals of Kendal*," now more than sixty years ago. I have never yet made any use of it. The author of the Ballad is *Anonymous*: but I feel confident that it has never, so far, been printed or published.

SIR ALLAN BELLINGHAME, OF BURNESIDE,

AND THE

LADYE ISABELLE, OF SIZERGH.

A BALLAD.

Why waits the steed by the castle wall?
And champs the bit and spurns the ground;
Why pricks his ears at the coming foot-fall,
And proudly prances around?

Why looks the page to the distant hill?
No sight can he see nor sound can he hear,
Save the shadows of night on the mountain's height,
Save the fall of *the Kent* that murmurs near.

Sir Allan was dight by the day's first light,
And he hasted away to the joys of the chase,
The hunter's song as he bounded along
Call'd echo forth from his hiding place.

Where the light of the day is stealing away,
And the valleys are sinking in night,
"Then saddle with speed my dapple-grey steed,
And have ready my armour bright."

For at that hour in Sizergh's bower
Sir Walter he holds high revelry:
There was many a dame of beauty's fame,
And many a knight of chivalry.

Fair were the maids from Cumberland;
And the Lancashire fair, with witches' spell;
But the fairest maid was of Westmorland,
The beauteous Ladye Isabelle.

Oh! Levens, in spring thy hawthorn blows,
And sweetness is breathed from the woodbine's bell;
And resplendently glows the maiden rose,
But not all are so fair as Isabelle.

Many a chieftain had wooed the maid,
To win her to be his wedded bride;
But the lady's love alone repaid
The stripling chief of Burneside.

Sir Allan had done some feats of arms
Tho' the dawn of youth on his cheek you might see;
For at high tournay on the lady's birth-day
He had worsted each knight most gallantly.

In every game he had earned his fame,
And well was he known on the border;
The moss-trooping thieves with England's beeves
Fled before him in great disorder.

The guests were met all in Sizergh Hall,
But Sir Allan came not at the hour;
Much wondered the maid why the chief delayed,
As she looked from the western tower.

The guests were met all when Sir Walter's call
Was heard by his daughter fair:
At her father's command Lady Isabel's hand
The goblet gave to each chieftain there.

But slowly to her the night passed away,
No joy to her heart was brought from the crowd;
She wept when she heard the minstrel's lay,
And she heard not the merriment loud.

She stole from the guests to the eastern tower,
And anxiously gazed on the dewy vale;
Of Sir Allan she thought at that midnight hour,
And breathed her sighs on the midnight gale.

The lovely scene swam on a flood of light,
For the full moon poured its copious tide;
But a cloud still hung on the mountain's height,
And lowered on the tower of Burneside.

'Twas silence all, when a soft foot-fall
Made glisten her eyes now swimming with tears;
Near and more near the hoof-sounds appear,
And music they brought to the lady's ear.

She strained her eye the knight to espy,
When darkly a moving object she sees;
'Twas the old dapple-grey that sped its way
Through the low arched vault of the spreading trees.

Oh! mournful the tale which the courier told,
His cheek wet with tears confirming the truth;
In the stillness of death the heart was cold
That so lately beat high with hope and with youth.

With the hound and the horn the mountains had rang,
The javelin was thrown and the spear was cast;
Loud and oft was heard the yew-bow's twang
Till the death-stricken game had breathed their last.

But a deadly shaft at random flew;
Oh! woe to the chief of Burneside!
It pierced the hunter's garment through,
And it pierced the hunter's side.

Ceased the loud laugh and the revelry
That shook the roof of Sizergh Hall;
Hushed are the song and the melody,
For the guests are departed all.

At the noon of night, by the pale torch-light
His body was borne to *Kirkland's* fane:
In the Bellinghame chapel they laid the knight
When they sang his requiem strain.

In sable was clad the funeral train,
Deep were the sighs and plaints of woe;
Through the five-aisled dome of Kirkland's fane
How solemn the funeral march doth flow.

Sir Walter was there with the father chief*
A father's woes what words can tell?
In silent, fixed, and heart-struck grief
Walked the lady alone, fair Isabelle.

One last look on the corpse she gave;
When the service ended and toll'd the last bell,
Her heart it was left in Sir Allan's grave
With the hopes and the fears of Isabelle.

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*Sir Allan's Father.

Oft she retired to the eastern tower
For Sir Allan her only love to mourn ;
And hiding herself in her secret bower
She wept for the days that can never return.

ASHLEIGH, VENTNOR,
May, 1886.

MALLERSTANG FOREST AND THE BARONY OF WESTMORLAND:

LOCAL HISTORY FOUNDED ON PLACE NAMES.

Read at Kirkby Stephen, July 4th, 1888.

A grand lesson of ancient local history centres in Mallerstang Forest, which was included in William the Conqueror's "Barony of Westmorland," commonly called the "Bottom of Westmorland." The lesson begins in the first century of the Christian Era, with the early occupation of this country by the Romans, "when Rome was mistress of the world." The Roman legionaries pushed their way through hordes of native Britons and thickets of wood, from south to north, by two famous military roads, each called by the Romans *Iter*, and these two roads flanked Mallerstang Forest, one on the north-east and one on the south-west. That notable chain of hills named indifferently "the Penine Chain," and "the English Appenines," interposed between these two routes; that on the north, which was Antonine's second *iter*, proceeding from Bowes, through Kirkby Thor, to Brougham, and on to Old Carlisle; the road on the south—Antonine's 10th *iter*—proceeding from Chester up the Lune valley, by Wicker-street, on Orton Fells, through Crosby Ravensworth and Mauds Meaburn, to Kirkby Thor. [I tracked this route with field-names for my guide-posts]. So the two military ways in question converged to a point at the Kirkby Thor Roman Station, forming two sides of a triangle, and the portion of Mallerstang which now interests us lay within these converging lines. Now what were the primitive natural features of this neighbourhood at that time?

Cæsar's account of Britain helps us to answer this question. Let us place ourselves by imagination, on a coign of vantage, say "Hugh's Seat" or "Nine Standards." They are both historical hills, and thence survey the scene. What do we see? A boundless forest of oak, ash, birch, and alder, with undergrowths of tangled thorns—a forest which, if we can see far enough, is in fact three forests rolled into one by contiguity, named, Mallerstang Forest, Stanemoor Forest, and Inglewood Forest. This umbrageous domain, beginning on the lower slopes of one of the spurs of this Penine chain, stretches right away for forty miles or more to the site of the then unbuilt city of Carlisle. There is thick foliage overhead impervious to sun, and soaking morasses underfoot, except where Agricola's legionaries compelled the slave labour of native Britons to construct paved causeways through the swamps. The Romans skirmishing occasionally with ill-accoutred hordes of Brigantes, had at this time for their companions in the forests, a number of aboriginal animals, such as the wild boar, wild cat, wild deer, and wild bulls. The river Eden (the classic *Ituna*), which takes its rise in one of theses spurs of metalliferous limestone—the river Eden, I say, flows hence, wandering "at its own sweet will" through these immense forests till it is replenished below Brougham Castle by the tributary Eamont, bringing the waters of Ullswater Lake, and then rushing on till it mingles its translucent flood with the tidal waves of the Solway. The natural scenery is interesting, but more interesting to us at present is the human history associated with these scenes. We take a leap in time after the Romans are gone to their sunny home—a leap of three centuries or so, during which the earliest British kings come after one another, by usurpation, upon the scene, about the 6th century. One of these early British kings, of quasi-fabulous character, was Uther Pendragon. He has filled many a page of history and romance, and many things written about him were purely imaginative, when fiction and the element of mystery dominated the age. One prominent and universally received mistake about him I must now correct,

perhaps for the first time. Uther Pendragon has been uniformly held to be a personal name. It is not so. Uther no doubt was personal. It is an abbreviation of Ughtred. But Pendragon was a descriptive title, conferred by the Saxons on the chief of the armies—a title analogous to our commander-in-chief. In the Saxon usage *Pen* is head or chief. *Dragon* is warrior; and Hallam tells us that this military title was in use in Britain during the Heptarchy, that is, during the time when this Bottom of Westmorland formed part of Northumbria, one of the seven kingdoms; that also being the time when Uther Pendragon is supposed to have held sway. So, whatever uncertainty or scruple there may have been, or may still be, about the doings of Uther Pendragon, there is no doubt about his etymology. His professional occupation is certified; otherwise he comes to us, like Hamlet's ghost, in a questionable shape. The castle itself is our next consideration. When was it built, and by whom? The patronymic "Pendragon" may point to Uther as its builder, but there are considerations against it. Dr. Burn says ("History of Westmorland," p. 561)—"The castle is said to have been built about the time of Vortigern," which is not very specific, nor very evident to enlightened readers. It harmonises, however, in a vague way with the presumed era of Uther Pendragon about the sixth century; and with events at that time in the history of Britain, as recorded by Sharon Turner, Hallam, and Dr. Lingard. It was the most turbulent period in English history. Usurper displaced usurper in rapid succession. Native tribes fought, first against invading Saxons, and afterwards united with the Saxons and fought side by side with them against the Scottish Picts, who had broken through that double barrier, Hadrian's vallum and the wall of Severus, converting these northern parts of England into a field of blood. Here, then, was work to do for any Pendragon who might distinguish himself, whether Uther or Hugh. But we are just now referring to the castle. That was not an age of castle building, and the castles in Westmorland and Cumberland were not reared till after

the Norman Conquest.* It is not at all unlikely, supposing any Pendragon to have been engaged in these scenes of strife, that he may have constructed a rude fortress of stone in this place. Tradition gives Uther credit as the builder of Stonehenge—miraculous work of wonder,—and the couplet which everybody knows, points to achievements here of superhuman power :—

> Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
> The Eden will run where the Eden has ran.

He had worked many miracles, but the miracle of surrounding this castle with water by making the water run up the hill was too much even for Uther. An old chronicler named John Harding introduces Uther Pendragon into his vaticinations, and makes him build the castle and dwell in it. His imperfect rhymes are at least pertinent, so I quote them :—

> And for he bare the Dragon so in warre,
> The people called him then *Pendragon*
> For his surname, in lands nere and farre,
> Which is to saye in Britayne region,
> In theyr language head of the dragon,
> And in the north he a castle made,
> *Pendragon* hight, *where he his dwelling had.*

This proves how widely Uther's fame was spread, but I am still incredulous of his dwelling here, having misgivings about John Harding as an authority. It looks to me like one of the myths of Geoffrey of Monmouth, done into limping rhyme—a sample of the mystical stories current when the waves of romanticism were sweeping over the land. Looking at the militant officer as a leader of men, there might be a succession of Pendragons, as there was a succession of Pharoahs in Egypt for countless centuries. I am only reminding you of what you already know, as a fable, that Uther Pendragon was the father of another famous king, whose deeds, mystical and

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* 115 castles were said to have been built in England during the reign of King Stephen.

actual, have filled the trump of fame, and filled many pages of legendary poetry—I mean King Arthur, of Round Table notoriety. This King Arthur has a double claim on our notice, first as the putative offspring of Uther Pendragon, and secondly, by his local association with this neighbourhood. He is said to have fought battles and held jousts in Inglewood Forest, and has left his footprints by a lasting memorial in a round table, formed in the surface of the ground, at a spot close to Eamont Bridge, not many miles from where we are now assembled. This monument is now placed under the Ancient Monuments' Act, 1882, and it may be interesting in passing, to note, that it is the only one in Westmorland placed under the protection of this Act. Arthur held courts at "Merrie Carlisle" if legends be truths. I deem it right, with your indulgence, to give you the questionable genesis of this King Arthur, which many of you may not have heard before:—Uther Pendragon, in the fullness of his pride and power fell desperately in love (naughty man) with the lady Igraine, wife of Goulois, Duke of Tintagel, and also Duke of Cornwall. Uther was resolved on making a conquest against the lady's inclination. She (very properly) resisted his advances. Uther, however, was fertile in resource, and had an accomplice at his beck and call, whose magic art was omnipotent; this was Merlin, the famous enchanter, "who walked unseen at pleasure." Merlin transfigured Uther Pendragon into the exact similitude, of Ingraine's husband, the Duke of Tintagel, and the result was the birth of King Arthur, in Tintagel Castle. Let me say that Tintagel Castle, like Pendragon Castle at a later period, is a reality, whatever you may think of the rest of the story. Those who desire to know the particulars of King Arthur's magical exploits may refer to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," or, better still, to William Caxton's "Morte d' Arthur," a prose epic, which was obviously the source and foundation of Tennyson's Idylls. And those who seek to know his *real* history may refer to Turner's "History of the Anglo Saxons," vol. i., p. 283. King Arthur's first engagement with the Saxons was in A.D. 530 and he died

in 542. His corpse is believed to be lying beneath the floor of the historic church of Glastonbury. If I have treated Uther Pendragon as a hero entirely fabulous, one of the myths of creation, I must not leave you with the same impression of King Arthur. His history is a mixture of the ideal and real, of fact and fable commingled, and it is not easy to unravel them and say which is which. I leave the task as a diversion to the reader. Coming down " the visionary stairs of time," we now encounter a blank space of three or four centuries. This long interval, although it is big with events of greatest interest, would be a blank in local history if it were dependent on published records, for no topographer has hitherto pierced this obscurity. Fortunately, we have a resource in the abundant place-names of this district, which, now that we understand them, are as good as a printed book. I don't know another locality so rich in place-names, and so pregnant in meaning. Small effort of the imagination is required with these helps, to re-people the dales around, and describe the former habits of the people, in the transitional ages. The first invaders, after the departure of the Romans, were the Scottish Picts, but their stay was short. They got what in the dialect would be called " a sneck posset," *id est*, they were repulsed before the gate--hurled back at the onset. Then came the Danes, who eventually took firm root here. We recognise their presence in such names as Ravensworth and Ravenstonedale. The national standard of Denmark is a raven, (rafen). We also recognise their abiding presence in our provincial dialect, both weft and warp being the *mudder tunga* of the Scandinavians. We may speak of these Danes as present in three aspects; firstly, as belligerents, their delight was in war; secondly, as to their mythology; thirdly, as to their naturalization. In the first aspect we know that they were long in fighting their way to a settled hearthstone here; how long we cannot even conjecture; but wars raged in the district in the procession of ages till that was accomplished. Fortified castles, such as Brough and Brougham and Maiden

Castle were tough customers. Old Leland, in his day, found the last-named fort, Maiden Castle, a great round keep 60 feet in compass.* Then War-cop tells of war. So does War-ton, (Guere-ton originally). Barrows are the graves of those who fell in battle. So still more strikingly does Battlebarrow by Bongate. At these and other places many battles took place, and destruction was so great that its evidences remained till 1080, when the Domesday surveyors came, who could make no schedule of the land in the bottom of Westmorland, it was "all spoilt and good for nothing." The second aspect of Danish predominance was in their Pagan ceremonials. They worshipped both the Olympic Greco-Roman gods brought hither by the Roman legionaries, and the Scandinavian gods which they themselves introduced. Thor,† the Thunderer, with crown and sceptre, presided at Kirkby Thor, with Jovis, (Jupiter) and Baal, the sun god. "Bal" in old Norse means sacrificial fire. Baal, found also at Baal-bec, in Palestine, seems to have been the most popular deity here. Hill Bell, 3,000 feet above the sea, preserves the memory of Baal. Sacrificial fires there rose above its crest, in all probability, and the mountain itself might be held sacred to Baal. But there is other evidence of Baal worship. Altars almost without number have been found dedicated to the god Belatucader in Westmorland and Cumberland, more especially the last-named; but it may be that Cumberland was more fortunate in her historian in this respect, who had a keen relish for Roman remains and inscriptions. The Scandinavian god Odin, god of battles, left his imprint here in Odendale. Temple Sowerby (in juxtaposition, if not also in conjunction, with Kirkby Thor) is a name full of meaning. The word "temple" was of old everywhere associated with heathen worship. Sowerby (Saurb) indicates a sheep-fold. So religious or-

* I take this word "Maiden" to be cognate with the Teutonic *maegon*, which means great—a great stronghold.

† Old Verstegan says "Thor" is an abbreviation of Thun'r. Carlyle says Pagan Worship was the outcome of Nature Worship.

dinances were here associated with pastoral duties. The Pagan temple was succeeded by a house knights templars. First, it was a Pagan deus ; secondly, a monkish mass, The third aspect of the Danish régime introduces a new and civilizing epoch in our local history in the 7th century. The idols and altars of Paganism are first thrown to the bats and moths. The day star from on high appears in the advent of the Christian religion. *Paulinus* was the preacher, before books were in the hands of the peasantry. Two sets of people, Britons and Danes, are now fused into Englishmen with renewed energies. A peaceful revolution takes place, social and spiritual. Rural life has acquired new dignity and a new departure. How do we show this change? By the abundance of Christian names in the locality. Crosbys and Kirkbys everywhere abound. Crosby and Kirkby are the same, with, perhaps, a chronological difference. The terminal syllable "by," which is both Saxon and Scandinavian, proves the existence of a village or hamlet wherever it appears. Crosby therefore would be given to a group of houses, however few, where a wooden cross was set up, and where preaching and prayers were offered in the open air. Soon as a church was built, Crosby became Kirkby. These stand, naturally, in sheltered situations by still waters. A cluster of habitations became a village, and villages became a community. The saxe and battle-axe are changed into the plough-share and reaping hook, barren fields yield clover* or oats, and the hill slopes are whitened with flocks of sheep. So, where turbulence and trouble once ruled the land, now peace and fruits of peace gladdened the smiling valleys. The voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land. These features of advanced civilization are recognised in all places which, as before said, made proclamation by their appellatives of the Christian faith, namely, Crosby, Crosscrake, Crosby Garrett, Crosby Ravensworth,

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*Smeardale (now Smardale) means cloverdale, so this is not an imagination but reality.

Crossfell, Baron Cross, Crosthwaite, and Crosby Gill, Birkstead, Kirkbergh, Kirkby Thor, and last but not least, Kirkby Stephen. In this way the civil history of the country and people is partially described in its nomenclature. In this way your handbook of topography is written in the names of your villages. In this way

> Old names survive
> When laws and creeds and people all are gone.

We now stand on firmer ground historically, and can resume the historical narrative with some confidence. The first grantee of this barony of Westmorland, which was first styled the barony of Appleby, included the manor of Mallerstang—the original grantee of this barony, together with extensive plains in Cumberland, was Ranulph de Meschiens in the reign of King Henry I. He somewhat slighted this barony, and devoted all his attentions to the "other sister," Cumberland. He founded Cockermouth Castle and Egremont Castle, and made the latter his dwelling place. It is not probable, then, that Meschines was the builder of Pendragon Castle. But the next mesne lord may have been he or some of his kindred. Sir Hugh de Morville (a Norman) struck his roots and the roots of his family into this soil. His sister Maude gave the name to Mauds Meaburn. He has left his name here on that cone-shaped mountain, "Sir Hugh's seat," which name will continue there whilst the mountain lasts. He was able and active. He did some good deeds and one sad crime. One of his good deeds was to convert drengage tenants (personal slaves) into freed-men, or bondagers,* on which occasion, in all probability, the neighbouring village took the appropriate name of Bongate. Sir Hugh de Morville was sheriff of Northumberland and Cumberland, (sheriffs and magistrates as well were itinerant in those days).† Sir Hugh was a zealous sportsman and

*Bondagers were cottagers obliged to work for stipulated wage.—*Brockett's Glossary.*

†Samuel was an itinerant judge in Palestine.—*vide* I Samuel vii., 16.

would help to clear the forest of its wild animals, for we shall shortly find the wild bull exchanged for the domestic cow. The one crime alluded to (a memorable event) refers to Morville's participation in the murder of Thomas à Beckett in the reign of Henry II. (1170), he being one of four knights who did that deed of blood in old Canterbury Cathedral.* For that offence he forfeited title, office, and all his possessions. Morville's sister Maud was married in the reign of King Stephen to William de Veteripont. It was Robert de Veteripont, son of the aforesaid William, by grant of the crown, on whom the shrievalty of Westmorland was conferred, to him and his descendants. This was in the 5th John (1204). So the shrievalty of this county continued a hereditary office from that time till the year 1849, 645 years, descending by three names successively Veteripont, Clifford, and Tufton, Pendragon Castle and Appleby Castle being held by them through all those generations, Such an inheritance is, I believe, without any parallel. Appleby is derived from three monosyllables, ea-pul-by, and means the town by the pool or river. In the next century, the fourteenth, we find the primitive forest partially essarted, and the wild bull, as before said, exchanged for the domestic cow. In the 8th year of Edward II, (1314) an inquisition was held in the vale of Mallerstang, when the jurors found "that there is one castle here called Pendragon, with a vaccary held by Sir Andrew de Harcla, of the rent of 6d. a year, and six vaccaries more worth 20s. a year each, and perquisites of court 13s. 4d." I must explain that vaccaries were cow-houses placed on detached pastures in different parts of the plains and forests of manorial estates, a practice now disused in this country, but still pursued in Austri-Hungary, and in Switzerland, as I find by a book entitled "The Balkan Peninsula," published only last year, 1887. In the 15th, Edward III, (1341) the castle suffered like the other baronial

* The present Cathedral was in course of erection at that time.

houses in the district, being "burnt down by the Scots." Who built it up again after this casualty is not certain, but it must have been one of the De Veteriponts, for the Pembroke memoirs—excellent authority—tell us that Idonea De Veteripont, (widow of Robert aforesaid), in *temp.* Henry III. made a great part of her residence at Pendragon Castle, in Mallerstang, "which was her chief and beloved habitation," another way of saying that she preferred Pendragon to Appleby Castle, or Brough Castle—which latter was also one of her residences. In *temp.* Edward IV. part of this estate passed into the possession of Sir Wm. Parr, of Kendal Castle. There is nothing said during that reign of the Castle,—it was probably again in ruins—but there is mention of the chase, for King Edward II. granted the office of bow-bearer of Mallerstang to Launcelot Wharton. The castle itself gets renovation and a fresh epoch in history by one of the most famous of our country-women, Anne Clifford, countess of Pembroke, she "who would not be brow-beaten by an usurper," who rode on a white charger, as sheriffess of Westmorland, before the judges to open the assizes. She says she formed the design of restoring Pendragon Castle as early as 1615; but she had several other demolished buildings to repair; Brougham Castle* and others, so it was not until 1660 that Pendragon was made a fit habitation to dwell in. She herself says, "she came to lye in it a little while in October, 1661, after it had layne in ruins without timber or any other covering since the year 1541.—Isaiah lviii, v. 12." She gives the text—I give the whole passage, there could not be any more appropriate: "And they that shall be of these shall build the old waste places. Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." Such was the inscription. The Countess did not, however, follow Scripture precepts in all things. She had a

* She died in Brougham Castle in 1675, "Christianly, willingly, and quietly," which, put into modern phraseology, would be with Christian resignation and fortitude.

weakness for commemorative inscriptions, unmindful of the maxim—

> Who builds a house to God and not to fame,
> Should never o'er the door inscribe his name.

Anne Pembroke built or rebuilt many houses, and she uniformly, without exception, placed her name, with all her titles, over the door. Pendragon Castle was finally demolished by the Earl of Thanet, in 1685. Pennant, the famous tourist, visited the vale of Mallerstang, 1750 (*sic*), and found both vaccaries and archeries, but he does not mention the ruined castle. It was then tottering to decay, and is now being frittered away, further circumscribed, by the decaying tooth of time. So the works of man perish, and so generations of men pass onwards to eternity!

ANCIENT FAMILY CHAPELS.

There were three ancient family chapels here called by personal appellatives after their respective sponsors and presumptive builders. These were the Hartley (originally Harcla) Chapel, before mentioned, the Wharton (originally Warton) Chapel, and Smardale (originally Smeardale) Chapel. I don't find anything to say about the Smardales, except that the manor of Smardale, with Smardale Hall, was held by Sir Andrew de Harcla in the time of Edward II. It was found in the possession of De Smerdale in 1291, and now belongs to Mr. William Henry Wakefield, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, who inherited it from his worthy father, Mr. John Wakefield, who was my greatest friend in this life. This date, 1291, synchronises with the settlement here of Sir Andrew de Harcla (1300-1310), and also with the residence of the first Wharton, then Sir Henry de Querton, in 1309. These three coincident dates seem to warrant the conclusion that the three family chapels in question were contemporary in origin, and

were all built in the early years of the 14th century. The church tower is still more recent, being built out of the ruins of Warcop tower in 1606. The bulk of the church might be of the same age.* These family chapels occupied the most honoured parts of Anglo-Norman churches, adjoining the chancel. By what title they were legally held and legally transferred is questionable. If a powerful baron built without any question, might was the measure of right. If there were no ecclesiastical law, and no faculty to give a legal title, there was none to take it away. Possession and presumptive ownership of the chapel would pass with the manors as an undefined appurtenance. The right of burial in the chapel went with possession. Divine ordinances were performed in these chapels, in pre-Reformation times, during the week, by the chantry priests in all probability; and some of these chapels had separate altars dedicated to separate saints, as, for instance, those in Kendal Church, The Harcla Chapel here went by escheat and King's warrant to the Nevilles of Raby, and thence by purchase to the Musgraves, in the 34th of Edward III., 1300, and so it comes to be called the Musgrave Chapel. What was the Wharton Chapel is now the vestry of the church. There were five Lords Wharton in succession; the sixth and last was raised to a Dukedom, whom Pope, lampooned, saying—

> He was the scorn and wonder of our days,
> Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.

There still stands in the Wharton chapel a conspicuous tomb, on which are three recumbent effigies, namely, Thomas Lord Wharton and his two wives. The inscription is in Latin,

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* These family chapels have no relationship to the many Lady Chapels in English ancient cathedrals. The latter were owned with the corpus of the Cathedral Church by the ecclesiastical authority, the Dean and Chapter. The Lady Chapel of a cathedral was specially devoted, in an age of mystical devotion, to the Virgin Mother, where daily mass was said to her honour.

which I need not transcribe, but it may serve to enliven these dry details, if I recite to you a paraphrase translation in English

Here I Thomas Wharton do lie
With Lucy under my head,
And Nelly, my wife, hard by,
And Nancy as cold as lead.
Oh! how can I speak without dread?
Who could my fortune abide?
With one plague under my head,
And another on either side.

TITHES YEARLY TENDERED AND PAID ON A TOMBSTONE.

There is a feature of local history connected with this Kirkby Stephen church which, as far as I know, is *sui generis*. I have no where read or heard of such a custom elsewhere; and the practice here, singular as it is, seems to have been hitherto overlooked both by Dr. Burn and all other topographers. I allude to the payment of tithe by the parishioners, on a fixed day every year, upon a tombstone which is still in the churchyard.* The identical tombstone stands not far from the cloisters. It is built of unhewn millstone-grit, covered with a limestone slab, whereon a heraldic shield was once traceable, supposed to indicate the ownership of the Whartons. Tradition says, however, that it is older than the tombs in the Wharton chapel. Among the parishioners it went popularly by the name of the "truppstone" or "the great truppstone," a corruption, perhaps, of *through-stone*. It is certain, however—and this is the gist of the story—that for generations, time out of mind, the money in lieu of tithes of hay was here regularly paid to the incumbent of the church on Easter Monday. The grey coats of this part of Westmorland assembled punctually

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* I have read of tithes paid on the village cross, in pre-Reformation times, but never on a tomb excepting in this case. Tithes were first granted to the parochial clergy in a general assembly held by Ethelwold, 840.

as Easter Monday came round, and there and then tendered to the vicar their respective quotas of silver. Some agreement, oral or written, must have been made between the parties, which does not now appear. The practice became the law of custom. The payment was called a "modus in lieu of hay tithe." I find that when Lord Wharton purchased the advowson at the dissolution of monasteries, the tithes of corn and hay were excepted from the conveyance, which points to this customary modus on the "truppstone." If this inference be correct, the curious custom dates back to the time of Henry VIII, and perhaps farther back, and gives it a continuance of some 300 years. We do not know its origin, but we do know its extinction. When Rev. Thomas P. Williamson became vicar, in the first decade of this century, a quarrel arose between him and the tithe-payers as to this modus. Law proceedings were threatened, and some preliminaries were taken. The parishioners, notwithstanding, attended on Easter Monday as before, and tendered their doles. The vicar also attended, but determinedly refused the money, until his death in 1835, which put a stop to the custom. After his death the vicar's widow set up a claim for the arrears, which had been offered and refused, so she took nothing by her motion. In 1836, the very next year, all the tithes were commuted in England, under the provisions of the Tithes Commutation Act, carried into execution by a Cumberland M.P., Mr. Aglionby, whom I knew very well, in Lord John Russell's Ministry. These particulars of the "truppstone" were furnished me by Mr. Matthew Thompson, of Kirkby Stephen, one of the county magistrates, who himself, (and this clenches it as a fact), yearly attended in the churchyard, with his quota, and who was present on the very last occasion.

SIR ANDREW DE HARCLA.

It has been wisely said that in the pursuit of archæology we "revive what we unveil." My present object is to unveil the relics and revive the memory of Sir Andrew de Harcla. A film of obscurity settled on his name and fame immediately after his degradation and execution in the beginning of the 14th century, and every succeeding age only served to thicken the film, till his own countrymen even, unconcious of his history, almost ignored his existence. I have a still higher object in view than the removal of this obscurity, to rescue his name from the infamy that has been attached to it, and show by circumstantial evidence that he was innocent of the crime for which he suffered a death punishment.

Professor Freeman,—enlarging Aristotle's aphorism that "Man is a political animal"—defines history to be the knowledge of man in his character as a political being. This, then is my key note. Sir Andrew de Harcla lived in stirring times, and was a typical figure in his time. In the north of England, in our two sister counties especially, he was conspicuous in the reign of Edward II., and although we do not find a word of disparagement of him in the ancient chroniclers; on the other hand, no writer of his time, or subsequently, came to his vindication. Ancient historians, bereft of personal interest, contented themselves with a bare record of the moving incidents of importance, without comment. So Harcla's true character and his illegal treatment were left unnoticed. In this way his tarnished reputation has ingloriously laid under the shadow of a dark cloud for five and a half centuries.

To get a true estimate of the character and conduct of Harcla it is necessary to look at the temper of the king whom he

served, Edward II. He was a weak and fitful monarch, easily moved by mean favourites and intriguants, who always surrounded the throne. He would hug a favourite to his breast to-day, and cut off his head to-morrow. This is scarcely a figure of speech, for when he had just landed from a foreign journey, and beheld *Piers Gaveston*, "the Ganymede of his affections," he hugged him to his breast (says a historian), and kissed him, regardless of decorum. At the instance of disaffected barons, Gaveston's head, like Harcla's, went to public execution. Like all persons of weak mind the king was hasty in council and impetuous in action, as when he rushed into the fatal fight at Bannockburn against the judgment of cooler heads. But his Nemesis overtook him at last. If his decrees, like the laws of Draco, were written in blood, so was the end of his own life. He was discrowned by parliament in 1327, and was finally assinated in Berkeley Castle. Sir Harris Nicolas says he "was ousted from the throne," and had so entirely lost the allegiance of all his subjects, that his corpse remained unburied and unhonoured for some years in the keep of Berkeley Castle. Look at Edward's conduct towards Sir Andrew de Harcla in a constitutional point of view. *Macaulay* emphasises the great constitutional principle, based on Magna Charta, that kings even, are bound to conduct the administrations according to law, and that no subject of the realm can be arrested or imprisoned by the mere mandate of the Sovereign. But Edward had little regard for constitutional rights or the provisions of the Great Charter. He not only ordered Harcla to be arrested and imprisoned on the first rumour of his disaffection but publically proclaimed him a traitor along with the warrant of arrest, an act in harmony with the subsequent acts of this painful drama. But I am anticipating my narrative. Let me adhere to the sequence of events.

The first event in which Harcla is a conspicuous actor is the siege of Carlisle in 1315, one of the most famous sieges in the history of the border wars. At that time Carlisle was the "Hougomont" of the battlefield. It was well fortified. The

city gates, strong in themselves, were supplemented by heavy stockades, fragments of which have been unearthed by the vigilance of Mr. R. S. Ferguson, a "chiel who is always takin' notes." The towering battlements of the castle were knitting their brows, and the warders were looking across the Eden, watching the approach of hosts of Scottish clansmen led by their commander Brus. Brus was no despicable foe, and was at the height of his fame and fortune. Only one year before he had shown his strategic genius at Bannockburn, where he defeated the English, and inspirited the scotch soldiery. Brus now with menacing confidence, made onslaught on Carlisle Castle, where Sir Andrew de Harcla, like a watchful sentinel was planted on the battlements ready to repel the storm.* On the battlements also, very likely, were the "Kendal archers, all in green," for one of our authorities says that darts and arrows were rained down on the assailants as thick as hail. So heroes met heroes facing each other in attack and defence. The chroniclers of Lanercost (contemporaries) say, that "after scattering fire and slaughter in his path, Brus now laid siege to Carlisle with a powerful army and with all sorts of engines and battering rams." Some of these engines threw large balls of stones against the gates and walls. Mr. Ferguson, with his explorers, found, about ten years ago, three or four of these stone balls, 8¼ inches in diameter (about 14lb. or 15lb.) weight, in one of the ditches or intrenchments by the Irish gates of the city.† What kind of an engine could this be to project with force, stones of the size and weight before mentioned? Fosbroke writing on this subject, says there was a military machine known in England and Scotland in the Plantagenet era for throwing such stones. It was called a *Balista*, from the Greek word "to throw," and was constructed on the large cross-bow

* I have the copy of an old drawing, given to me by Mr. Ferguson, which exhibits Sir Andrew in full armour on the ramparts of the Castle, hurling a spear at the Scotch assailants.

† Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorlanp Antiquarian Society 1879.

principle. Neither stones thrown with a huge catapulta,* nor spears, nor battering rams, nor battle axe could prevail against the bulwarks of Carlisle, defended by Harcla and his gallant garrison. And Brus, with his troops, retired utterly defeated after a siege of eleven days, leaving all their engines behind them. For this signal service the king enlarged the offices and responsibilities of Harcla, by a proclamation issued immediately thereafter, which commanded "all the inhabitants of the counties of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancaster to give him their attendance and obedience"—equivalent to nominating him Lord Warden of the Western Marches.† Before we leave the scene of his triumph let us take note of Harcla's moral conduct on the occasion, we shall find him bye and bye accused of treason in collusion with the very enemy whom he had just defeated. If there had been in his mind any thought of disaffection it would surely have betrayed itself here. He was in sole command of the garrison, in sole trust of the castle, with the key in his pocket. He could, therefore, unknown except to his own conscience, have opened the door of the citadel and let in the enemy. But his fidelity was unshaken. "All the ends he aimed at were his country's."

Sir Andrew's next exploit, in order of time, was in connection with an open rebellion on the part of some of the English barons, headed by the Earl of Lancaster, of Pontefract Castle. This nobleman, whilst in favour at court, was sheriff of Cumberland, and had held the office of the King's "conservator of truce," a trust of great responsibility. He revolted in the service of the crown (in 1319 ?) and was joined by the Earl of Hereford, by (I am sorry to say) one of our Cliffords, Roger de Clifford (of the third generation of Cliffords), and other powerful barons. Clifford's penalty for this open disloyalty was the forfeiture to the crown of his manor of Kirkby Stephen and the

*Mr. Thomas Wright F.S.A., observes that one of these engines hurled the stones backward on the assailants instead of forward.

†The word "March" means a border frontier. It may not be generally known that the title Marquis came by this designation "March."

neighbouring manors, which thus came to be confirmed to Sir Andrew Harcla. This rebellious confederacy of barons drew together their respective retainers at Borough Bridge, in Yorkshire, and Harcla was given command of the King's troops. We are not told how long the battle lasted, but we are told of a fact which speaks more eloquently than words for my theory of Harcla's high character. One of our authorities says, Lancaster at first *endeavoured to win Harcla over by bribes*. You will be pleased to keep this fact in mind to the end of the narrative. Harcla's skill and valour on this occasion proved equal to his disinterestedness. The rebel forces were scattered, and Earl Lancaster, with four score of his confederates, were taken prisoners. I notice here a naive comment by one of the old chroniclers, which makes one smile. He says, "the Earl of Lancaster was not allowed to make any defence of his conduct," as if this just principle of public law—a legal trial—had been an exception, and not the unvarying practice of the King. All Edward's judgments were despotic and severe. Is it too much to say that Harcla covered himself with glory? One knows not which to admire most—his military skill or his moral integrity. For this gallant service he was rewarded with an earldom: was created Earl of Carlisle in the fifteenth of the reign—that is the year of the battle—an earl, "to him and his heirs male;" "being," says Dr. Burn, "the first record that mentions an entail of a title to the heirs male." This earldom of Carlisle was first conferred on Randolph de Meschines, the original grantee of the barony of Westmorland, but without remainder. Harcla's life might have been safer without this dignity. It was a precarious eminence if it provoked jealousy among his rivals, as there is too much reason to suppose. How the King's ears were poisoned is not stated, and will never be known, nor what allegations composed the leprous distilment. All we know is that no formal indictment was preferred, but

> Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.—*Othello*.

Envy follows merit as its shadow, and merit pays the penalty of promotion. The rumours in royal circles that preceded Harcla's doom were—(1) That he had been in correspondence with Robert Brus or (mark the "or") some of the Scottish nobles; (2) that he had had clandestine interviews with Brus himself at Lochmaben; (3) that he was *suspected* of having an intention of asking the hand of Brus's sister in marriage! How like this is to the common gossip of a scandalous tongue; and yet it is all set down, years after, as history, by grave writers. How these inuendos reached the court we can only surmise. The King and his advisers (if he took any advice) were at this time in Yorkshire moving about—one day in York, another in Pontefract, another in Knaresborough. There was one person at court, however, if not more than one, who was waiting for dead men's shoes, namely, the King's brother Edmund, Earl of Kent; for no sooner was Harcla disposed of than this brother Edmund was put in his empty shoes, the King, by proclamation, enjoining "all the inhabitants of the northern counties to obey him," instead of the degraded Lord Warden.

At first Edward resolved to command the presence of the inculpated Harcla and hear what he had to say for himself. This would have shown a sense of fairness. It was too fair to be realized and was soon revoked. Instead, thereof, a special commission was appointed, with Sir Anthony Lucy at its head, to proceed to Carlisle and do—what? What would you suppose? Investigate the criminal charges against the culprit; and if a *prima facie* case appeared, carry him for trial before his peers or a court martial? No such thing. That was not the habit of the time, and there was no law of treason but the King's arbitrary will. The commissioners were ordered to go and seize Harcla, who was at his post of duty in Carlisle Castle, and were, then and there, to give a sentence "of the King's sole power" against him for his imputed crimes! The judgment, made, without a word of previous warning, and would fall on

the accused like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. The judgment (or "cedula," as it was lightly called), ran in these words namely:—That Sir Andrew de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle, should be stripped of his earl's robes and ensigns of knighthood, his sword broken over his head, his gilt spurs hacked off from his heels, and that he should be drawn to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck, his heart * and bowels taken out of his body, burnt to ashes and winnowed, his body cut into four quarters, one to be set upon the principal tower of Carlisle Castle, another upon the tower of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a third upon the bridge at York, and the fourth at Shrewsbury; and his head upon London Bridge." Dr. Burn (History of Westmorland) says "All this was performed accordingly." I would not, if I could avoid it, controvert the record of our favourite county historian, but he had no authority, that I can find, for the last statement. He obviously took for granted that *the whole* of the ruthless revolting schedule of butchery "was performed accordingly." The monks of Lanercost, making their notes at the time, *de die in diem*, only say that Harcla "suffered in the ordinary place of execution with great fortitude, affirming to the end that in his transactions with the King of Scotland he had meant no hurt to his own king or country." Made his defence on his way to the scaffold! These circumstantial chroniclers would have followed in their record Harcla's mutilated bones to the several places of public execration if they had been so dispersed. But all they say about his body, is to repeat the words he used on the scaffold: "You have disposed of my body at your pleasure, my soul, which is above your disposal I give to God."—

> From this instant
> There is nothing serious in mortality.

This brings us to the real gravamen of Harcla's offence which was, I believe, his engaging the preliminaries of a truce be-

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* The heart was burnt "because evil thoughts proceeded out of it."

tween the Scotch and English on the Borders. At that moment the actual combatants desired a cessation of the bloody strife. "They were weary of the struggle," says one of our ancient authorities, and so asked for "a respite from their miseries." Harcla's proceedings show that he sympathised with these sufferings. There was no intercourse then between monarch and multitude. The Lord Warden held the reins of power in the north, the only power recognised by the retainers. He who led the combat held the conscience of the combatants. They now sought a respite from the strife and bloodshed, and Harcla mercifully listens to the overtures for a truce. His enemies, or rivals let us say, declared he had no authority to do so. It is not easy at this distant day to discover the true from the false. But let us concede this point to the king's side of the question. Two facts present themselves on the other, Harcla's side, and facts are makeweights in the scales of justice The first notable fact is that he, the Lord Warden, had on previous occasions been endowed with power to make treaties on the borders: 2nd, that the convention on the face of preliminary rough draft, shows that its terms were to be conditional on the King's pleasure! Let me recite the terms, first asking you to note that there is not to be found a single obligation imposed on the English Crown.

Suggestions for a truce.—The first is a mutual covenant, and declares that Brus shall nominate six men and Harcla another six men who are to settle all disputed questions between the English and the Scotch. (This does not look very one-sided). The next article covenants that Brus is to build a monastery in Scotland for the succour of the poor, and endow it with 500 marks yearly. The next charges Brus with the payment of 4000 marks of silver as compensation to England within ten years. These two covenants are to be enforced only *if the King of England shall within one year approve thereof!* The last provision, whatever it may mean, states that the King of England should have the Prince of Scotland married to a relation. Such are the provisions, as exact as one can get them,

disclosed by a Draft Convention, and we defy the acutest living lawyer to point out any evidence here of Harcla's treason. Well, then, might he declare as he went to the scaffold, "that he meant no harm to his own king or country. And there it was, preparing his neck for the halter, that he fully explained the intentions of the suggested treaty."* But there was one public act of Harcla's, of very doubtful prudence as regards himself. He had, throwing personal policy to the winds, summoned a meeting of "the chiefs of the county" and communicated to them the salient terms of this inchoate convention, who all swore that they would defend the same with all their power." And it is added all the common people, "they who felt where the shoe pinched, were much pleased therewith, hoping they might live peaceably at home." Looking at all these statements dispassionately, as we can now do, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Harcla's offence at Court was not treason, but his promoting a truce which was openly popular with both barons and retainers, who ought to have had no voice in the matter! If Harcla suffered for death compassionating the suffering of his henchmen, his policy of peace received striking confirmation before his mangled corpse was stiff with cold, for Rymer observes that Harcla's *destruction* was soon followed by a truce between the kingdoms." *And that truce terminated in a treaty of peace.* So here is posthumous testimony to Harcla's statesmanship and humanity.

A word now by way of deduction from the preceding facts and arguments. When a criminal is arraigned in an English court of justice, the first point to which importance is attached

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* Burn and Nicolson state (History of Cumberland) giving no authority for it, that Sir Jeffrey de Scrope, with an armed force, arrived at Carlisle, "who tried and sentenced the said Earl to be hanged and quartered." &c. The word "tried" seems a distortion of the fact. It is inconsistent with the "King's sole power" and the practice of the King in all similar cases; and inconsistent, too, with what looks like the official instructions to Sir Jeffrey Scrope in the year book. He was to execute the King's judgment in a way that would make an impression on the people. The "armed force" was obviously a lesson of terror.

is a motive for the crime. What possible motive could Harcla have for treason against the state? He had proved both his valour and patriotism by the way in which he repulsed the Scotch at the siege of Carlisle. He had proved his disinterestedness by the way in which he rejected the proffered bribes of the rebel, Lord Lancaster, at the battle of Borough Bridge. He had nothing to gain by collusion with Brus, but everything to lose. He was in affluence, having estates in the two sister counties; with a noble castle in Westmorland, raised presumably by his own hands for a residence. In command of the western marches, in possession of the willing suffrages of all the retainers in the north of England, who hailed him as champion of their hearths and homes. What could ambition —vaulting ambition—desire more? And all these possessions, he well knew, would be wrested from him, by any disaffection. Let this consideration of motive, then be superadded to the facts and arguments I have gathered together in vindication of his character and conduct, and then public opinion, as I think, will pronounce a verdict of *acquittal*.

But I have to call *post mortem* testimony against the maltreatment of Harcla by a command of the next King of England, Edward III. This Edward was in moral purpose, very superior to his father, and possessed some bowels of compassion. He could not undo his father's brutal treatment of Sir Andrew Harcla, when his attention was called to it, but he could and did in one way show his sense of it. He could not reanimate the insentient bones, but he could and did authorise their reverent burial. Sir Andrew had a sister—" a perfect woman nobly planned," to borrow a fine line of Wordsworth. It has been said of her " that the memory of her warrior brother lay green in her heart." It appears, by logical inference, that she had petitioned the reigning Sovereign for the custody and conservation of her brother's remains. The prayer of her petition was granted in the 10th Edward III., (1337), by a Royal mandate which now lies among the public records:—" the King to his beloved and faithful Anthony de Lucy, warden of Carlisle Castle,

greeting—(the same man who in the irony of fate had been Harcla's executioner)—"We command you that you cause to be delivered without delay the quarter of the body of Andrew de Harcla, which hangs by command of Lord Edward, late King of England, our father, upon the walls of the said Castle to our beloved Sarah, formerly the wife of Robert de Leyburn,* sister to the aforesaid Andrew, to whom we of our grace have granted that she may collect together the bones of the same Andrew, and commit them to holy sepulture, whenever she wishes, or her attorney. And this you shall in no wise omit. Witness the King at York, the 10th of August, by the King himself."

This compassionate order seems to suggest that not only one quarter of his body but "other bones," other parts of the body, were at Carlisle. If the head had been on London Bridge, Sarah would surely have asked, and reclaimed it, because the head is the most precious part of the body, and London Bridge was a notoriously bad eminence.

Dr. Burn has thrown doubts, based only upon a gratuitous assumption, on Harcla's tomb and Harcla's burial in Kirkby Stephen Church. But he knew nothing of sister Sarah and Edward III.'s sympathetic order, which robbed her affliction of its bitterness; nor did the learned doctor know anything of what I am now going to tell of the grave. Great structural alterations were made at the east end of Kirkby Stephen Church in 1847. The Harcla tomb stood in the chancel against a large semicircular arch which had been pulled down and which necessitated the removal of the tomb—once before removed (I exhibit a drawing made at the time).† These ancient lineaments are gone, and our interest now centres in the grave. The disclosures by the opening of the grave amount to a certainty of the interment here of Harcla's *disjecta*

* She had married into the family of the Leyburns, of Cunswick, near Kendal, who were seated at Cunswick from 1302 till 1715. This fact strikes another chord of Kendalian sympathy.

† This was shewn when the lecture was delivered at Kirkby Stephen.

membra. William Close, of Kirkby Stephen, architect and builder, removed the tomb and opened the grave. He was a man possessing intelligence beyond his social status, who furnished me with the minutest particulars of the exhumation in writing, without his knowing my prepossessions. Beneath the spot where the tomb had stood was a walled grave 5ft. deep, and 5ft. 10in. in extreme length. It was broken in the middle into two widths, the upper half being 2 feet 3 inches wide, and the lower half 1 foot 9 inches, proving clearly to the masons that the grave had been built at two different times. Portions of two human skeletons turned up, those of a male and a female, which were taken out by William Close, my informant. The smaller bones—those of the female—were found in different parts of the prolonged grave without trace of a coffin which must have perished. But the larger, marrowless bones, confusedly mingled, were in or on a piece of thin sheet lead "about 4lb. to the foot," without vestige of a coffin. This winding sheet of lead had survived the lapse of years, along with the bones of Sir Andrew. But we may safely assume that the loving undertaker, in this case, would also associate with the leaden shroud some trophies of her brother's professional career, perhaps his martial cloak, in imitation of a more historic example, that of *Julius Cæsar*, whose murdured corpse was shrouded in a fragment of his ent toga.

Here, then, I confidently submit, is demonstrative evidence of the reality of Harcla's burial, and the explication of the bifid grave is apparent. When sister Sarah got possession of her brother's outraged *manes*, she, in wounded love, built the first part of his grave, and wrapping the relics in lead, reverently buried them. After she herself had paid the debt of nature, her mortal body, in obedience perhaps to her dying command, was committed to the enlarged grave. The bones thus exhumed were preserved till 1849, and were then re-interred in an old stone coffin, which was previously taken from beneath the floor of the church.

Before we quit the sacred shrine, I may confidently express my assurance that we shall all—reader and hearers—carry our thoughts, thrilling with emotion, back through the centuries in sympathy with sister Sarah, and feel grateful to her for the good part she played in this real life tragedy. We do not grieve with her, her grief had changed into "the oil of joy for mourning." A joy more bright for darkness past, that pierced the gloom of the future, and opened a vista of glorious immortality.

If the true character of Sir Andrew de Harcla, and his great qualities, have been overlooked in past times, it is right that we, better instructed, should cherish his memory and keep it fragrant. These Archæological Societies may be held to represent the intelligent aspirations of the people of Cumberland and Westmorland, and it accords with the best instincts of our nature to re-establish the fame of a distinguished countryman. No more grateful task can be ours than to wipe out the blot on the escutcheon of Sir Andrew de Harcla.

One word with reference to our authorities. The materials of which this paper is composed have been gathered up in heterogeneous mutilated fragments, from Pike's year books of the 11th and 12th Edward III., from the writings of *Holinshed*, *Fordun*, *Froissart*, *Rymer*, and the *Monks of Lanercost*. The ancient authors, here personally named, lived and wrote long after the event which they record—the two first-named about one century, and the others about four centuries after—which will account for incoherencies. But the Lanercost chronicle was contemporary with Sir Andrew de Harcla, and may be trusted for its fidelity. The monks at Lanercost not merely set down passing events as they occurred, but were eye-witnesses. Some of these monks, indeed, accompanied the English in the forays and battles of the Border wars. I am struck with wonder that not one of these historians should have paused in their notices to question the unproven charge of treason. From the early 14th to the end of the 19th century no one seems to have even hinted at the possibility of

Harcla's innocence until we come to our own generation. Our revered friend, the late Canon Simpson, and Mr. R. S. Ferguson separately threw out, by intuition, a *surmise*, saying, almost in the same words, "perhaps the charge of high treason had little, if any, foundation." I can only regret that in obedience to this happy instinct one or the other of these historiographers did not follow his own suggestion, and by researches deeper than these which I have undertaken, bring before the public the evidences of Harcla's innocence.

One word as to the date of Harcla's execution. Not one of the aforesaid writers, ancient or modern, gives any date, or any clue to the time when the transaction took place, and I began to despair of finding it. But going carefully through Nicolson's History of Cumberland, I came to the appendix, where there is a list of the sheriffs of Cumberland extending from temp. Henry II. to George III., and there I found the missing links of time. Sir Andrew de Harcla is shown to have been sheriff of Cumberland for fifteen years, from the first Edward II., to the fifteenth (1322). His office of sheriff ceased with his life. By this record we get both the date of his execution (1322), and the year of the interment of his bones in Kirkby Stephen Church (1337), which completes the history.

HARCLA CASTLE AND THE FAMILY.

The account of Sir Andrew de Harcla would not be complete without some mention of his castle residence in the county. The ancestors of Sir Andrew were connected with Westmorland as far back as the time of Henry II. (1154-1189). They held the manor of Harcla, in the parish of Kirkby Stephen, in that reign. It is not to be inferred that they resided here so early, or that the castle was reared so early. They were seated at High-head Castle, in the parish of Dalston, in Cumberland, and it is probable, if what is called "the accident of

birth " could be proved, that Dalston was Sir Andrew's native place. They, or at any rate Sir Andrew, migrated from Cumberland to Westmorland in one of the earliest years of the fourteenth century, perhaps when our military hero was about to begin the battle of life. Who built the castle is not told. Dates and designation would refer its erection to Sir Andrew. Tradition retained and maintained the name " Harcla Castle " till the reign of Henry VIII., after which it was corrupted to " Hartley Castle." Ancient personal names current before writing was practised, and printing was invented, were readily modernised. The fine old name De Camera was changed to Chambers, Querton became Wharton, Burgham became Brougham, and so on. Harcla Castle has been described as a noble pile of building, standing on an eminence that overlooked the village of Hartley. A fine park surrounded the house, well stocked with deer. In the border wars it was an object of attack, and no wonder ; for its owner was Warden of the Marshes. By the thirty-fourth Edward III. it was in the possession by purchase of Sir Thomas de Musgrave, for that King granted Sir Thomas in 1359, a special license " to rebuild and fortify Harcla Castle, *which had been burnt by the Scots*." This incidental fact from an authentic source, is one of the side lights of our history. I wish there were many more of them. The castle was besieged, presumably, in 1318, in a campaign with the Scots, when both towns of Penrith and Appleby were sacked and burnt in revenge for the defeat at the gates of Carlisle. We know that the Castle was re-built, but not when ; for it is on record that in 1612 it was " further enlarged " by Sir Richard Musgrave. At a subsequent date it was demolished by another of the Musgrave family, and all the materials were carted away to be used at Eden Hall. One would have liked these Iconoclasts to have left some skeleton of a wall, as a lasting memorial of Sir Andrew de Harcla, the putative builder of the castle.

Read at Kendal, July 6th, 1888. *The last Lecture Mr. Nicholson ever delivered.*

APPENDIX.

It has been thought interesting to insert fac-similes of some of the letters my father received from Mr. Wordsworth, and Mr. Hartley Coleridge.

That from the Poet Laureate will explain itself, especially to those readers who remember that his wife's name was Mary Hutchinson.

The poem by Hartley Coleridge has reference to three events, my own birth, the marriage of one of my cousins, and the death of Mr. H. Nelson Coleridge, who married Sarah, the only daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; in her interesting life she is stated to have made this remarkable assertion, "My Father taught me to *think!*" Her literary achievements fully verified that saying. In the works of Hartley Coleridge this poem is published under the heading, "On the death of Henry Nelson Coleridge."

C.N.

Dear Sir

I know nothing of the derivation of the Name Hutchin — My Wifes family Name is Hutchinson The present head of the family "George Hutchinson Esqr resides at Whitton near Stockton upon Tees where his Family have been long settled & I am inclined to think he could give you some information upon that subject & would I believe have pleasure in doing so.

Col Hutchinson one of the Persons who signed the Death warrant of Ch: the 1st was a Gentleman of fortune & consideration & lived in one of the Midland Counties, probably Nottingh.

The

Perhaps his genealogy may be found in the Memoirs of his celebrated wife Lucy — It might be well also to consult the recent account of the Gentry of England by a writer whose name I forget but it begins with a B — &c

I would take this opportunity thro you of suggesting to Mr Hudson that more than one Person has expressed a wish to me to have a glossary of local designations attached to his Book of the Lakes, & an explanation of such terminations as Thwaite & others that frequently occur. The late Mr Thompson of Kendal published several

Papers upon this subject, &
it would be useful to refer
to them.

I remain, Dr Sir

Sincerely yours

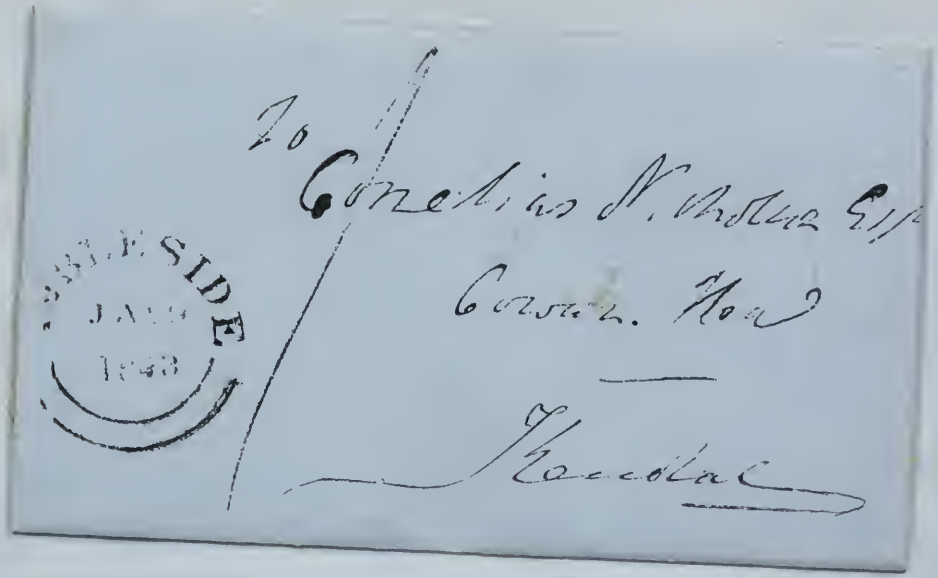
Wm Woodsworth

dated Septr 17, 1842

Superscribed — to

"Mr C. Nicholson

Kendal.



To
Cornelius N. Nicholas Esq
Corsair. Hon

Kendal

[illegible]SIDE
JAN
1843

On the birth of Cornelia

Great joy was mine. to hear a second hope
another little maid was born to thee.
On whom your elder darling needs must look
With some surprise, as on a legacy
From some old Miser Uncle never seen.
And when I learn the day the self ~~[illegible]~~ day.
That gave that pure sweet of new life
A softly breathing infant to the air
Made in thy family a wedded wife
A serious station of a maiden gay
I did design a furious gush of song
A merry multiplicity of Kisses
Where all the sense were needed since the sense
That one delight is in a scene of sorts
But Death hath struck me. God has called away
One whom the world and I among the world
That aspired to an honest course of glory
Whose earliest youth was crown'd with laureate wreaths
On the proud Banks of Isis and of Cam
Eton's prize scholar and the youth adroit
To turn the nicest ~~phrases~~ phrases of the Greeks
Re very quick to sense of Roman Speech
To modern newspaper to modish arts
Which neither Greek nor Roman ever knew.
Vain knowledge this, unprofitable skill
So may you think and truly would you say
But some thus. Hence accuses to mind awake

To all that is most beautiful, and heart-
To love the beautiful. the food a dove
And for that love - of all that lovely is -
And for a dauntless spirit unsubdued -
By a too general lack of sympathy
Fighting for truth - my sister loved him well.

She was a maid, alas a widow now -
Not easily beguiled by loving words -
~~[illegible]~~
Not quick to love - But when she loved - the fate
Of her affection was a stern religion -
Admitting nought less holy than itself -
Seven years of patience and a late consent
Won for the pain their all of hope - I saw
My sweetest sister in her honeymoon -
And then she was so pensive - and so meek
And now I know there was an Angel with her
That will Be wave!

But he is gone. and all -
Ye fondest passages of wedded life,
And mutual fondling of their prosperity;
And hopes together felt, and prayers, when both
Believed their precious in cause - and the wish
That they together may go nearer to the grave,
And early fruit - most holy and approved -
Of their two darlings - sinks in viewless night
And is no more.

Thus even in this world - we joy and wave
The one before the next comes hurrying after -
And evident thus we ever prove to flow -
In the quaint channels that were made by laughter.

Hartley Coleridge

Jan: 28, 1843

N. B. I must descend to plain prose in my post-
script. I congratulate you on the birth of
Mary Agnes Sister. What a pet it will be
But I am much disturbed by my recent
loss - and perhaps have adopted the form of
verse rather to disguise the agitation of my
feelings, than to express their real import -
But I have said all - when I say - my
Sister is a widow.

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